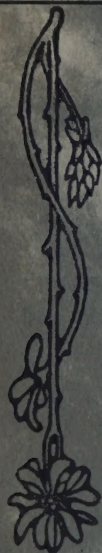




Agnes Knox Black



Emerson College Magazine



In memory
of William James Rolfe

Boston
Massachusetts



Vol. XIX. No. 1
November, 1910

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX

NOVEMBER, 1910.

NO. 1

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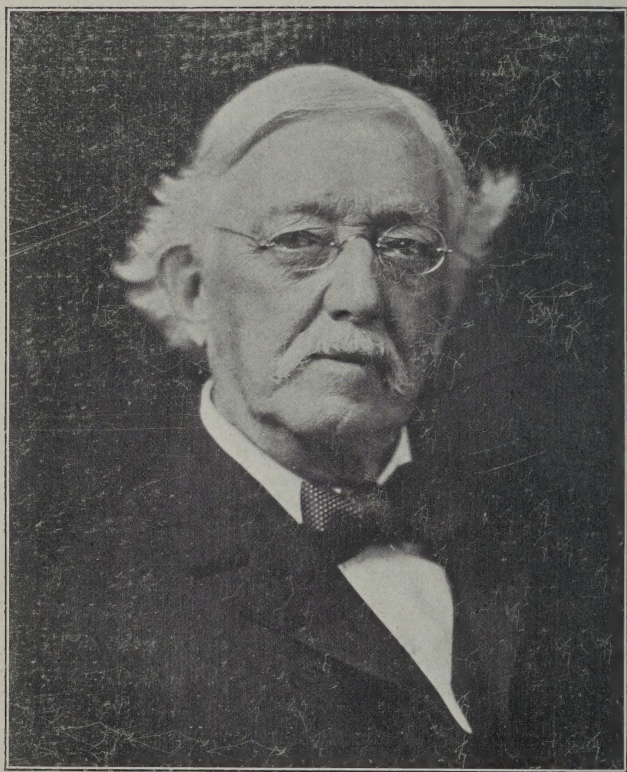
THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 20th of each month, from NOVEMBER to May inclusive. All literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Mgr. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

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Dedication

"There's rosemary ; that's for remembrance."

—SHAKESPEARE.

In life's fair garden sweet rosemary blooms,
Fragrant with memories dear ; and once again
We breathe its odorous balm amid the glooms
Of loss,—a healing power for sorrow's strain.
Dear friend and teacher, who with golden key
Unlocked the wealth of Shakespeare's poet-mind,
We offer this memorial unto thee,
And 'round it ever green rosemary bind.
As sets the sun when all the rosy hues
Fade from the mountains 'gainst the western sky;
Then morning smiles away night's tears, and
 beams suffuse
Th' awakened world with sun-born pageantry,
 So thy sun set,—to rise without alloy,
 In the effulgent light of heavenly joy.

—CAROLINE RICHARDS.

PRESIDENT EMERITUS, WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

Dr. William J. Rolfe, President Emeritus of Emerson College, died in Oak Bluffs, July 7, 1910. He was the son of John and Lydia Davis (Moulton) Rolfe and was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1827. His boyhood was mainly passed in Lowell, Mass., where he was fitted for college in the High School. He entered Amherst College in 1845, graduating in 1849. After teaching for some months in Kirkwood Academy, Maryland, he became principal of Day's Academy in Wrentham, Mass., where he remained until December, 1852; he then took the mastership of the Dorchester High School and held that position until the summer of 1857, when he was invited to take charge of the High School in Lawrence, Mass. After four years there, he removed to Salem; but the next year he was offered the mastership of the Cambridge High School. This he accepted, and continued to reside in Cambridge, though he resigned his position in the school in 1868.

From 1869 to 1893 he was one of the editors of the *Popular Science News* (formerly the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*), and for nearly twenty years had charge of the department of "Shakespeariana" in the *Literary World* and *The Critic*, being one of the "staff contributors" of the latter. He has also written articles for the *North American Review*, *Arena*, *Poet-Lore*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other literary, scientific and educational periodicals.

In 1865 he published a "Handbook of Latin Poetry" in conjunction with J. H. Hanson, A. M., of Waterville, Me. In 1867 he published an edition of Craik's "English of Shakespeare." Between 1867 and 1869, in connection with J. A. Gillett, he brought out the "Cambridge Course in Physics," in six volumes. In 1870 he edited Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and followed it up with editions of "Julius Caesar," "The Tempest," and "Henry VIII." Other plays were called for, both by teachers and the general reading public, and in 1883 the edition was completed in forty volumes. In 1906 Dr. Rolfe finished a thorough revision of this edition, also in forty volumes. It has long been reckoned one of the

"standard" critical authorities on Shakespeare, being quoted as such by leading English and German editors.

He also edited a volume of selections from Gray's poems, and others from Goldsmith's and Wordsworth's; also the minor poems of Milton, Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; the complete poems of Scott; Tennyson's "Princess," "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," and three volumes of selections from that poet; an *edition de luxe* of Tennyson's work in twelve volumes, and another (the "Cambridge" edition) in one volume; Byron's "Childe Harold"; two volumes of selections from Browning; and Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." He is also the author of "Shakespeare, the Boy" (with sketches of the home and school life, the games and the sports, the manners, customs, and the folklore of the time), the "Satchel Guide to Europe," and a book on the "Elementary Study of English." With his son, John C. Rolfe, Ph. D., Professor of Latin in the University of Pennsylvania, he edited Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." He published a series of elementary English Classics in six volumes. He also supervised the publication of the "New Century" *edition de luxe* of Shakespeare in twenty-four volumes, besides writing for it a "Life of Shakespeare," which is now published separately.

He received the honorary degree of A. M. at Harvard in 1859, and the same degree in 1865 at Amherst, where in 1887 he received the further honor of Doctor of Letters. From 1882 to 1888 he was president of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. He was also an instructor in the summer sessions of the University of Illinois, Colorado College, and several other Summer Schools. In 1903 he was elected President of the Emerson College of Oratory, a position which he held until his resignation in 1908.

Says the Outlook: "As a stylist Dr. Rolfe was himself notable. Master of six or seven languages, and with a wonderfully large vocabulary at his command, he always used the simplest, possible English."

The Boston Evening Transcript says of him: "The audi-

ence of the late Prof. William J. Rolfe was enormous; but more significant than numbers was the service he did for students almost without their knowledge. He was an editor more concerned with making his comments vital and true than with the parade of his erudition. The youngster in the high school made the discovery, to his intense surprise, that the 'notes' he was expected to study with the text of a Shakespearian play were interesting for their own sake. So far from finding them irksome, he would rather read them than not. This scholarship—he did not then know it by that name—pleased him in the high schools; in undergraduate days he learned from it that to be thorough and solid was not necessarily to be dull; and it pleased him again as often as he returned in later years to the convenient little brown volumes with the familiar 'Edited by W. J. Rolfe' in gilt lettering on the cover.

"Professor Rolfe popularized learning in unlikely quarters, but still more he humanized scholarship. Shakespeare was to him more than an intellectual exercise. This scholar, oddly among his brethren, bore constantly in mind that the raw material of his craft was, more than any other raw material in literature, the passions and wills of human beings, and that those who were to profit by his craft were chiefly of an age when nothing so appealed and interested as living men and women. . . .

"Professor Rolfe has contributed to the education of thousands to whom he is not even a name. He has added to the pleasure and profit of thousands more to whom his name was the first introduction to a delight in our greatest dramatic poet."

Dr. Rolfe was married, July 30th, 1856, to Eliza Jane Carew (a graduate of his school), daughter of Joseph and Eleanor (Griffiths) Carew. She died March 19, 1900. Of the union are three children, John Carew, Professor of Latin in the University of Pennsylvania, George William, instructor in the Institute of Technology, Boston, and Charles Joseph, who is a lawyer in Boston. Charles married Josephine Jefferson, a granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor.

They have one child, Josephine, who was a special pet of her great-grandfather.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE.

Services in memory of Dr. William J. Rolfe were held in Chickering Hall, Thursday morning, October the twenty-seventh, at ten o'clock. President Henry Lawrence Southwick presided. The services were opened by the singing of "How Firm a Foundation," and Scriptural reading by Rev. Stephen C. Lang of the Union Congregational church.

"We pause today," said President Southwick, "in the midst of our student work to lay a flower upon the grave of one who was himself a great student, a scholar rich and true.

"There are those upon the platform who will tell you of Dr. Rolfe's contribution to American critical scholarship. They will tell you of his friendships with the poets. They will speak of his superb editorial work, of his real service to the authors through the detection of errors in publication and in restoring the purity of their texts. They will tell you of his sound judgment as an annotator, of his work as a biographer, as chart-maker and pilot in that wondrous sea of Shakespeare's mind and heart. Greater than that of any other man of the English-speaking race has been the contribution of William Shakespeare to us. But to few is it privileged to do something for Shakespeare—William J. Rolfe was one of the few.

"Others who are upon this platform will speak of Dr. Rolfe as a teacher, as an educator. And you will learn how to this man, then Master of Dorchester High School—my own old high school—is due the honor of establishing for the first time English and the standard authors as a required study, and that thus was he the pioneer in introducing the study of English into the curriculum of American schools.

"Some are here to-day who will speak of the personal side, the unwritten things in this life that was so generous and altruistic, so fine and so tender, for their memories are filled with the subtle and unconscious ways in which personal contact with his daily life endeared him to them.

"It is for me to speak of Dr. Rolfe only in relation to Emerson College, as our President for four years, our lecturer for more than twenty years. I have known Dr. Rolfe for a quarter of a century, but it was in 1887, when he was President of Martha's Vineyard Institute, and I a young teacher, newly put in charge of my first class, that I felt that sympathy and steadying, and that real friendship which has gone on ripening through the years. I recall with gratitude that time does not lessen the encouragement and counsel he gave me—a stripling and novice struggling with a situation that was difficult and delicate. I was a boy of barely twenty-four and he a ripe scholar of sixty, a man of international reputation. I felt the real quality of his friendship. His letters to me have always been signed, 'with love' or 'affectionately yours.' And with him it was not a convention, it meant helpful friendship of the older man for one who could repay only in appreciation, in love and reverence for him.

"In 1903 he honored us by accepting the President's chair, which he held for four years. He accepted the call with hesitation, for he was then past his seventy-fifth birthday. He felt he could not assume active official duties, that his relation must necessarily be advisory, and his contact with students confined to the lecture room. For popular 'Elocution' he had little sympathy. With a school of expression, as such, he would have had no affinity. He accepted the presidency because he had the insight and the opportunity to discover what we are doing here. He saw that Emerson is a school for teaching literature. I would better say, perhaps, a school for revealing literature. He knew that it is a school of personal development, a school of life. He saw that our mission is unique, meets a living need. He gave to it his name and presence and earnest advocacy.

"Dr. Rolfe believed with Hiram Corson, and with most of the really great teachers of literature, that literature should be taught interpretatively, that we do not know all there is in poetry or in noble prose until we hear it read; that we cannot feel its subtler substance, its spiritual essence until it is spoken by the human voice. And so he was in deep

sympathy with what we are doing here. The students will remember how often he has reminded us that for revealing the meaning of an obscure passage, we are indebted to the good actor who grasps the situation by intuitive perception and dramatic sense, more frequently than to the researches of the scholar.

"As students you have seen Dr. Rolfe in the lecture room. You have seen the editor and critic and teacher. But apart from the fruits of his erudition with what have you been impressed? First, perhaps, with his genius for detail. No fact was too insignificant for his notice. He took infinite pains, examined all things for himself, accepted little on the basis of mere authority; but, possessing himself of a wide range of facts, he reached his conclusions inductively. His method was a telling rebuke to the unprepared and the indifferent. His scholarship would brook no inaccuracies, tolerate no guesses, accept no short cuts. He knew that all noble achievement is as difficult as it is rare.

"And, too, he appreciated the nature world and the outdoor life. He loved the sea. For many years he made his annual voyage to Europe, even when so crowded with literary work that he could not land for a week ashore. He went for the voyage, for rest, and the message of the sea. You knew him as an old, old man. But even so, he walked here for his lectures more often than he rode. It was three miles from his home in Cambridge, and this man of eighty covered the ground in forty-five or fifty minutes. Often in winter he wore no overcoat. I would ask him if he did not fear taking cold. 'No,' he would say, 'I have been walking and am over warm.' And that spring in his step remained to him for it was the interest on the investment of all those years of out-door recreation. Once I spoke to him of a recent climb in the White Mountains. He told me that fifty years ago he had climbed nearly every one of the White Mountains, many of them before there were any paths or trails upon them.

"And you knew his simplicity of heart. Never was a man more modest, more singularly unconscious. While touched by appreciation he deprecated applause and was frankly em-

barrassed by demonstration. To know that another saw the truth he saw, appreciated the beauty he felt, lived for the things he believed best worth while, was the only tribute to his leadership he cared for.

"It is not always possible in paying the debt of recognition to a man of real achievement to whom society owes much to speak without some reservations. However valuable his contribution there are often things which we wish had been different. We try to forget what was not in the memory of what was. But the life of William J. Rolfe was 'as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.' Fearless and generous in his judgments, he had charity for all shortcomings and errors. I would not say he scorned even meanness—he could not understand it. Clean of mind, clean of heart, absolutely direct, every look and action reflected frankness and fidelity. He had the brain of a scholar and the heart of a child. I revered him as my master. I loved him as my friend. We will look upon his benignant face no more. His ideals will abide with us—his gentle spirit remains a benediction here."

President Southwick introduced Prof. Louis C. Elson, of the New England Conservatory of Music, who said in part:

"A good Shakespearian must always be a broad and sympathetic man, for Shakespeare, himself, extended in so many different directions, was vibrant with so many human sympathies, that all his commentators must needs be so as well. The theologian would approach the character of Shakespeare from his knowledge of theology, the physician from his knowledge of medicine, the lawyer from his own point of view, all pay tribute to the knowledge of the great poet. Others will, undoubtedly, speak of Professor Rolfe's worth in elucidating these fields. I can only pay tribute from the musical side. When we bear in mind that Shakespeare was the most musicianly of all poets, it becomes a matter of some concern that his commentators should also be sympathetic with this subject."

"I came in touch with Professor Rolfe away back in the nineties, and at that time in the New England Conservatory.

It was very different from the large institution of to-day. In those very old days before Professor Rolfe came to the Emerson College of Oratory, he had a little flock there, anxious to learn, and in some degree echoing his own enthusiasm. I saw him with his few, patiently teaching, trying to implant a study that he knew would be of value in after life. His patience was a most remarkable element at that time; very remarkable also was his personal sweetness even in dispute.

"Professor Rolfe, if not a musician, was at least much in sympathy with the music of Shakespeare. In studying his works afterwards I found many evidences of this. It has been said that Shakespeare is best studied in Germany. But America has given its full quota to the band of Shakespearians: Furness, Henry Austin Clapp, Dr. Black, and not the least in this scroll of fame will be the name of William J. Rolfe."

President George Harris of Amherst College was then introduced. He described Dr. Rolfe's career in his Alma Mater, which is situated in the beautiful Connecticut Valley, very dear to the great man. He told of the eighty Rolfe editions of Shakespeare in the college library. Of Dr. Rolfe's writing in each copy: "To Amherst College Library from William J. Rolfe." President Harris announced that among the portraits in Amherst Chapel the sons of Dr. Rolfe have placed a portrait of their father.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was introduced. The entire audience arose as he came to the front of the platform. He spoke as follows:

"The days of saints (when St. Thomas Aquinas praised that class as the only important one) has now pretty nearly vanished from the world; and those men are rare (especially in our changeable America) who have deliberately chosen one department and pursued it without essential change, but only expansion. A teacher by profession all his life, the faithful and loveable William James Rolfe's especial sphere was the English department, which he may, indeed, be said to have created in our public schools and thus indirectly in our colleges. He spent in youth three years at Amherst College,

but finding himself unable to afford to remain any longer, he took to school-teaching in the meanwhile. There was a bankrupt academy at Wrentham, twenty-five miles from Boston, which was offered to him rent free, if he would keep a school in it; and for want of anything better, he took it. He was expected to fit boys for college, was the only teacher, and heard from sixteen to twenty classes in school alone every day. Besides these, was added the enterprise, then wholly new, of systematically teaching English with the study of standard writers. This was apparently a thing never done before that time, in the whole United States. It was not down to the year 1846 that even Worcester's 'Elements of History and Geography' was added to the original departments of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics at Harvard. Rolfe's boys alone had studied English literature and enjoyed it, but feared lest they might fail in the required work in classics, unless they were excused from English. To relieve their anxiety and his own, Rolfe wrote to Professor Felton, afterwards President of Harvard, asking permission to omit some portion of his Greek Reader, then required for admission. Professor Felton replied in substance: 'Go ahead with the English, and let the Greek take care of itself.' As a result all four of the boys entered Harvard without conditions, and it is worth noticing that they all testified that no part of their training helped them more in college, than this in English. It is also worth mentioning that the late Henry A. Clapp of Boston, long eminent as a lecturer on Shakespeare, was one of these boys.

"In editorial and literary work, Rolfe had also been unique, not only in Shakespeare, but in the most familiar books in the English language. In such as Grey's 'Elegy of a Country Church Yard,' and Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' for instance, he has made scores of corrections, since the early editions. It has been said that every Shakespeare critic ends with the desire to be Shakespeare's biographer, though, fortunately, most of them have been daunted by discouragement or the unwillingness of book-sellers. Mr. Rolfe's persistent courage has, perhaps, carried him nearer to this than anybody,

to this airy palace in which the great enchanter, Shakespeare, dwelt. How far the occupant of the palace still remained also a thing of air, it must be left for Miss Delia Bacon and her school of heretics to remember. For myself, I prefer to believe with Andrew Lang, 'that Shakespeare's plays and poems were written by Shakespeare'."

Prof. Katherine Lee Bates of Wellesley College was next introduced.

Miss Bates spoke substantially as follows: "To Wellesley, too, the death of Dr. Rolfe brings loss and sorrow. For many years we have counted him among our friends. He has spoken in our lecture halls, taught in our class-rooms, dined with us, played with us; and it is sad to realize that his bright, genial presence must be henceforth only a memory. He made his last visit to Wellesley two years ago this autumn, when he read to the Shakespeare class a new lecture on Shakespeare's idea of womanhood. Gladly as we heard it, it was far from satisfying him. He said that he would come again the following year with a second lecture on the same theme, insisting that his inmost thought had not yet found utterance.

"He remained with us for an hour or so after the lecture, surrounded by the girls in the Shakespeare Society house, and writing his autograph for them in their visitors' book. He had much to tell them of his little granddaughter and her Shakespeare recitations, which he insisted we would all enjoy far more than any lecture of his. He planned to bring her out in the spring, but when spring came he could not find the right day for us, and sent instead his new edition of Shakespeare's plays. We are not quite so fortunate as Amherst, in that these do not bear his autograph. Last autumn, again, he failed to come, hesitating to make a definite engagement lest rough weather should keep him at home and disappoint us all; but it was only a postponement, he insisted, and renewed in the last letter which I received from him expressions of his kindly feeling for the College.

"In an acquaintance with Dr. Rolfe extending now over many years, I have always found him the same, invariably

modest, gentle, wise, merry and gracious, and singularly generous in all that he said of other Shakespeare scholars. Recollections throng upon me, yet I am not proposing to fill these few minutes with those, for to any true man the idea of his life, the service to which his life was given, is far more precious than the life itself. I think Dr. Rolfe, who always heard his own praises with diffidence, would be glad to have us talk of Shakespeare in this hour, rather than of him. His edition of Shakespeare, that pioneer American school edition, remains to this day, in the opinion of many educators, the best for class use. Only a week ago I noticed, in looking through the pages of Shakespeare bibliography in the newly issued 'Questions on Shakespeare,' by Professor Tolman of Chicago, the statement in regard to Dr. Rolfe's edition: 'This is the best edition, containing all the works, that is both annotated and expurgated.' Through this edition, which has now been doing its work in American schools and colleges for forty years, Dr. Rolfe has brought the knowledge and love of the supreme poet into countless American homes. I wish that we, the thousands upon thousands of us who have used these books, might commemorate Dr. Rolfe in the way that I believe he would like best, by furthering his work; for America does not yet honor Shakespeare quite enough. Shakespeare plays figure largely in the curricula of our public schools and colleges and universities; Shakespeare is steadily, as the publishers would tell you, a 'best seller'; our public libraries are well stocked with copies of Shakespeare's works, and our American bibliophiles pay lavish sums for the possession of an early quarto or folio. According to Mr. Sidney Lee, one-third of the one hundred and eighty copies of the First Folio known to be still in existence are owned in America. Eleven years ago a wealthy American paid for a full set of the four folios \$50,000; and yet, in the face of all this, something remains for us to do. I was in London last summer, and saw a little of the work of that Nebraska professor, Dr. Charles William Wallace, whose successive discoveries in the field of Shakespeare biographical research—a field which it has long been supposed was practically exhausted—have already added

new lustre to American Shakespeare scholarship, and made all lovers of the dramatist his debtors. Yet we leave Professor Wallace to do his work alone at his own cost, harrassed by the fear that the bread-and-butter necessity may drive him forth from the Record Office before he has followed out his trails to the end, and bring him back to the teaching that so many men can do, leaving unfinished the invaluable work which years of patient and persistent toil have made his own. Surely this ought not to be. If it does not occur to our millionaires that they might honor Shakespeare as truly by investing in living scholarship as in the time-worn books, why might not the multitude of men and women who have come to know their Shakespeare through Dr. Rolfe's edition unite in establishing a William James Rolfe memorial fellowship of Shakespeare research? We are grieving to-day for the loss of a true scholar and a noble man, but mere passive grief seems peculiarly inadequate in its relation to one whose own activity knew no old age. Let us express our affection and our veneration for the dead by seeing to it that American Shakespeare scholarship, in which he holds so bright a place, shall live, and live, through such a fellowship or through some wiser and better endowment, in perpetual association with his name."

President Southwick then introduced Rev. William Harman Van Allen, Rector of the Church of the Advent and ex-President of the Browning Society. Dr. Van Allen paid tribute to Dr. Rolfe's adorning and beautifying the work of common school teaching. He spoke of his own use of Dr. Rolfe's Shakespearian texts, and of Dr. Rolfe's work for that kind of study surpassing that of any man of his generation.

Rev. Sampel M. Crothers, of the First Unitarian Church, Cambridge, brought a message that only the author of "The Gentle Reader" could bring.

Marie Ada Molineux, Secretary of the Browning Society, was introduced. She spoke as follows:

"It is quite difficult for those who knew Dr. Rolfe personally to say what they wish, and it is from the standpoint of pupil, friend, and long acquaintance that I say just a few

words that must be merely a repetition of what has been said already.

"When so often we must excuse or condone the failures and faults of men it is with gladness we say 'Aged honour cites a virtuous youth' when we view such a life as has ended with the passing of William James Rolfe.

" 'Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear.'

"Dr. Rolfe was the Third President of the Boston Browning Society, of which the Second President, Colonel Higginson, is with us, as well as the retiring President, Dr. Van Allen, today. From 1885 until his own departure, Dr. Rolfe took a steady interest in the Society founded by a few of us so long ago. The Browning Society owes him much of which it is unaware, because of his quiet content to remain out of sight while giving of his best, since his distinguishing characteristic was a retiring modesty that was full of courage. For whenever a fact needed defense, he sprang forward without thought of self; it was only recognition and praise, compliment and flattery that abashed him. Essentially a critic of details, he was broad and scholarly in their treatment; always he saw the best as clearly as the worst, praised, encouraged, gave of his stores heartily, frankly, generously, ever was ready to meet and assist anyone, gentle or lowly, who came to him.

"Quiet, unostentatious, digging deep to the root of things, making tangles plain even to the unlearned, always patient with the young minds struggling up to the light, of varied interests, he believed with Browning that it was

'Man's prerogative—knowledge once gained
To ignore—find new knowledge to press for.'

"Dante's words fitly may be applied to Dr. Rolfe:

'He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth

* * * * *

Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die
* * * * *

Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served his world.'

Dr. William G. Ward of Emerson College spoke as follows:

"I wish to congratulate you on having heard what Colonel Higginson has said to-day. When he told you that Dr. Rolfe was the first to begin the study of English literature in the American schools, I wish you to know that he spoke with authority.

"It was Colonel Higginson himself who made this fight for the study of English and American literature in the schools and colleges of our country. By pouring out ridicule and contumely upon the heads of his stubborn opponents, he finally compelled attention to this noble field of human achievement, as a proper subject for instruction in our schools and colleges, because he was convinced that its value as a cultural study was fully equal, if not superior, to that of any foreign language, or any foreign literature. Colonel Higginson fought this battle for a long time before he realized any great success, and therefore when he tells you that Dr. Rolfe was the first to make the practical application, you may rest assured that he was the one man who was closely observing this movement, and therefore could speak about it accurately.

"Dr. Rolfe died during the same week as Mr. Furnivall of London, the President of the new Shakespeare Society. Some of the papers remarked upon the almost simultaneous death of these two men, referring to one as the commentator for scholars, and the other as the commentator for the people. The friends of Dr. Rolfe are very glad to remember that he was indeed the commentator for the multitude; that he thereby did much to secure the enormous popularity which Shakespeare has come to enjoy in this country, where five copies of Shakespeare's Plays are now in existence for every single copy that is possessed in England.

"Dr. Rolfe, no doubt, contributed more than any other single editor to secure this popularity, but it was because he chose to be the servant of the people. No man was ever better equipped than he for the technical and verbal discussion which is so common with the philological editor of Shakespeare. He had all the literary faculties and the detailed information

of verbal niceties which was necessary for such a purpose. But the world was already full of such studies which had been turned out, in almost infinite profusion, in the thousands of books which were already in existence concerning Shakespeare's text. He therefore chose the wiser course of commenting on Shakespeare as literature. Students and readers of Shakespeare were astonished to find that Dr. Rolfe's notes were interesting in themselves considered.

"Some teachers were inclined to think that Shakespeare might be studied to the best advantage without voluminous notes, but others did not think so. Professor Childs, of Harvard, wrote to Dr. Rolfe strongly approving his work, and declaring that, in his opinion, such notes and annotations were absolutely necessary to the progress of the student of Shakespeare. I notice that the present Head of the Department of English in Harvard has always continued the use of Dr. Rolfe's text as the basis for his instruction, as hundreds of other schools and colleges in America have also done, ever since the appearance of Dr. Rolfe's editions. It would therefore seem that scholars have found his works quite as interesting and profitable as have the younger grade of readers. There are probably but very few scholars who would regard Furnivall's work as any where near as valuable, or as important, as that of Dr. Rolfe."

Prof. Charles E. Fay of Tufts College was next introduced. He said in part:

"I am very glad that I came here this morning. Not knowing that I was to appear before you, I have felt no responsibility, as I have sat here enjoying what has been said. I cannot represent Tufts College here, because Tufts College, as such, had no connection with Dr. Rolfe, save as an appreciator, but with the leave of the chairman I shall present myself as a representative of the Cambridge Shakespearian Society, of which I have had the fortune to be a member for thirty years, and where I first met Dr. Rolfe. In those years I have had ample opportunity to become a true lover of the man as well as an appreciator of the scholar.

"Let me refer to one or two incidents in this long asso-

ciation with Dr. Rolfe. One occurred, and falls in line with what was said by a previous speaker in regard to the sweet reasonableness of Dr. Rolfe in discussion. It was at a meeting of the Round Table Club, of which Colonel Higginson has also been President. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Clapp, and the paper read was on the sonnets of Shakespeare. In the debate that followed, Dr. Rolfe took exception to some points that had been made by Mr. Clapp, and the discussion reached a point which, if it had been in Italy and Dante had been the subject, I think things would have reached a greater heat, but there was nothing of that sort. The only point where I thought Dr. Rolfe took a little advantage was when he said, 'Now, Henry, you know.' The teacher and the school boy were before us, and we could decide which was likely to be right.

"One thing which is suggestive to me of another side of Dr. Rolfe's character, is that I share the belief that Dr. Rolfe would never have been the Shakespearian scholar that he was, if he had not had a scientific basis beneath it. I believe that those books that have been referred to on astronomy, etcetera, were of great influence in the making of that Shakespearian scholar, for it gave him an appreciation of the value of the truth. To my mind, Dr. Rolfe had all that has been claimed with regard to the appreciative study of literature, but to me he is more distinct as a Shakespearian scholar.

"Dr. Harris has referred to the books that they prize on the shelves of the Amherst College Library. In my little collection, are two books which I prize highly. One is the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' presented to me by Dr. Rolfe, one evening when I had read one part of that play at the Shakespearian club. The other is a copy of his latest edition of 'The Tempest,' which he presented to me on an occasion which has a very pathetic fact connected with it. When I invited Dr. Rolfe to come to a meeting of the Boston Shakespeare Club he sent me a very pathetic letter, stating why he could not be present, and this touches a very tender side, which is perhaps too tender to be mentioned in public—the very close bond that existed between him and Mrs. Rolfe.

Never after her death could he attend a meeting in which the social side was dominant. This letter bore evidence to that fact, and it brought with it the little copy of 'The Tempest,' to which I have referred."

From the remarks of Col. Homer B. Sprague:

"Before the Civil War it was my fortune to be for several years principal of the Public High School of Worcester, Mass. In Yale I had fallen in love with John Milton, and I now formed a class of some of the brightest pupils for the study of Milton's minor poems and the first two books of 'Paradise Lost.' The object was not at all to 'parse,' after the old fashion of 'gerund-grinding'; but, discarding technical grammar, to get at the beauty and glory of the best English literature. Colonel Higginson may remember this, for he was in Worcester then, and visited my classes. It was the first school attempt of the kind I had heard of, very crude of course.

"While so engaged, I heard that Mr. Rolfe, at that time principal of the High School at Cambridge, Mass., was similarly but more effectively instructing a class in Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice.' I was so much interested in what I heard of him and his splendid work, that I soon made a visit to him to learn of his method. He was, I believe, a pioneer in this sort of teaching, especially in Shakespeare; and all subsequent teachers of our great literature are deeply indebted to him for setting the example.

"His activities, not only in the class-room but in the preparation of excellent text-books in many subjects, as we have heard this morning, were multitudinous. It has always seemed to me that his services to the cause of higher education, particularly in literature, in public and private schools in America, surpassed in value those of any other teacher or editor.

"Repeated reference has been made this morning to his connection with the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, the earliest, and for years the largest, of the world's general Summer Schools. Pardon my egotism in speaking of it, but it may be proper for me to say that when I started that enterprise in the 'seventies,' my thoughts naturally turned to Dr. Rolfe as the best professor I could secure for the chair of the Higher

English Literature. After some time I succeeded in securing him for that department, and just before I left for Europe in 1882, I induced the trustees of the Institute to elect him as my successor in the office of President. How well he discharged the duties of President and professor, and how valuable was his work, has been testified here this morning by the distinguished President of the Emerson College of Oratory.

"More egotism of mine, which I beg you to pardon! Some years later than his acceptance of the presidency of the Summer Institute, President Bragdon of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, invited me to become Professor of Shakespeare in that seminary. I declined, but recommended in strong terms Dr. Rolfe. He was accordingly appointed, and during many years the students of that fine seminary, perhaps a thousand of them, enjoyed the benefits of Rolfe's invaluable instruction.

"No man seemed worthier of honor at the hands of great educators. Some six or seven years ago, without the knowledge of Dr. Rolfe, till long afterwards, I visited President Eliot of Harvard and urged upon him, as best I could, the propriety of recognizing, by awarding the degree of LL. D., the immense services rendered by Dr. Rolfe for forty or fifty years to the cause of education. He answered courteously, but said that my suggestion came too late for action that year, as the proper committee had completed its work. Accordingly, I the next year urged it again upon Dr. Eliot, but I grieve to say it was without success. About two years ago I informed Dr. Rolfe of what I had done. He very modestly answered that he felt he had been sufficiently honored.

"For thirty years or more as a teacher of classes in Shakespeare, and in answer to many inquiries, I have been accustomed to recommend Rolfe's editions of the plays of Shakespeare as on the whole the best, and in the seven which I have myself edited, I have usually awarded to Dr. Rolfe's the palm of superiority.

"His death came as a great shock to me. One of the most brilliant and thorough young students of Shakespeare in New York City, Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, who had never

met Dr. Rolfe, but had corresponded with him lately, expressed himself to me as greatly grieved, as at the loss of a dear friend. For not only was he a great teacher by voice and pen, but he was a man loved much, even by many who had never seen him.

"He has left us for a little while; but let us trust that we shall meet him again. May we not well believe that he has been promoted even to higher service?"

"Let us say with Byron in the words of one of the noblest stanzas of 'Childe Harold', looking forward to the "All-Hail Hereafter,"

"How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labors light;
To hear each voice we feared we'd hear no more;
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right."

Dr. E. Charlton Black of Boston University, New England Conservatory of Music and Emerson College was the last speaker to pay tribute to William J. Rolfe.

President Southwick announced that letters of regret had been received from George W. Cable, John T. Trowbridge, Miss Heloise Hersey and President Lowell of Harvard. Julia Ward Howe, he said, had accepted an invitation to be present only two days before her death.

The following letters have been received:

Wallingford, Pennsylvania, October 25, 1910.

Miss Eleanor W. Pomeroy, Emerson College, Boston, Massachusetts:

Dear Miss Pomeroy:—It is eminently befitting that by a commemorative service, or any other means, the impression made on all who came in contact with Dr. Rolfe should be renewed and deepened.

By his gentleness, his ready sympathy, and his vivacity, he won hearts at once; and it must have been a high privilege to be his pupil, where his patience, insight, enthusiasm, and swift comprehension, (indispensable qualities in a teacher) must have been hourly revealed! To me, personally, his loss is irreparable.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

I remain, dear Miss Pomeroy,

Yours respectfully,

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

A letter of suggestion from Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Cambridge, Mass., October 31, 1910.

My Dear Professor [Black]:

I had a thought come into my head which I think quite desirable, if some few persons would take it up, relating to the memory of our friend, Rolfe. You know how much was said about his great variety of knowledge, much of which was put into type in the shape of his little books, under a variety of titles, and many of them in co-operation with Miss Hersey. I think that the greatest memorial of him to be made is to collect these books, as far as possible, (together with reports and so on drawn up by him) and make them into a Rolfe Library in the ante-room where we met the other day. All these to be accessible to those who wish to study the same subjects that interested him. By way of experiment, I have already brought together eight or ten specimens of these little books, with many notes or memoranda inside of them, and hope to find others; and I am about to write to Miss Hersey to consult her on the subject. It will be the best possible memorial of his service to literature and knowledge, generally. Tell me what you think of it, and whether you would like to take a hand in it?

Cordially yours,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE

I was "born at an early period of my life," as somebody is reputed to have said; or, to be more specific, Dec. 10th, 1827, at 10 P. M., in Newburyport, Mass. I was the eldest child of John Rolfe, who was lineally descended from Henry Rolfe, one of the earliest settlers of the town, having come from England in 1635, with his wife, named Honour, and his son, John.

Until I was about sixty years old I knew nothing about my ancestry farther back than my grandfather, Samuel Rolfe, but a cousin of mine, who was interested in the genealogy of her own family, the Pillsburies, one of whom married my father's sister, investigated the Rolfe pedigree also, tracing it clearly back to Henry Rolfe aforesaid, whom I represent in the ninth generation. It was no easy task to make out the line of descent, on account of the large families along

the road, and the many repetitions of baptismal names—John, Samuel, etc. Benjamin, grandson of the original Henry, had ten children. His son Samuel had only three, but his son Samuel had seven, followed by Jacob with seven, and my grandfather Samuel with nine. All these heads of families settled down in their native Newbury or Newburyport (originally a part of Newbury) while the other Rolfes scattered themselves through Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and other states. All the Rolfes in the country appear to be of this stock, except those descended from John Rolfe, who married Pocahontas and who came from another part of England, where there are still several distinct families of the name.

The most interesting fact for me concerning Henry Rolfe of 1635, is that he was closely related with the Whittiers from whom the poet Whittier was lineally descended in the seventh generation. It is only within the last ten years or so that I learned that a nephew of Henry who came to this country with him was Thomas Whittier, to whom the ancestry of the poet has been clearly traced. Thomas afterwards was one of the founders of the town of Salisbury, across the Merrimac River from Newbury, and later moved to Haverhill, 15 miles up the river.

Henry Rolfe, who died in March, 1643, bequeathed to Thomas Whittier in his will a hive of bees—the first ever brought into the town of Haverhill, where the fact was regarded of sufficient importance for formal record in the town annals. I am honestly proud of being a cousin of the poet in direct line, though seven generations removed. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who always addresses me as “cousin,” is a descendant of the same Henry Rolfe, through the marriage of a Rolfe with the Hale family in 1659.

My mother always insisted that I was sent to school when I was eighteen months old, and it is certain from other evidence that it must have been before I was two years old. The school appears to have been a combination of a day nursery with an old-fashioned “infant school,” kept by a nice old woman in the neighborhood of my grandfather’s house.

As I was the first grandchild in the family, my grandmother persuaded my parents to make their home with her for the first two years after my birth. But I was so mischievous a child after I began to run about the house and its grounds of an acre or more that it was thought best to send me to school to get rid of me for some hours at least of the day. Either I vaguely remember, or was told later in life, that the good dame had a bed in the corner of the room where I could be put if I needed a nap. I am sure that no attempt was made to teach me anything.

Later of course I went to a primary school of some kind in Haverhill, to which town my father (a hatter by trade) removed when I was two years of age or thereabouts. All that I remember of that early stage of my education is my intense interest in everything that I read, and an equally intense desire to understand it thoroughly. A single illustration must suffice to illustrate what became a fixed habit with me from the first. In the primary reader then used in school was a story of "The Discontented Squirrel." The creature longed to see more of the world than his native surroundings. At the beginning of the tale it was said that he "fell into the following soliloquy," etc. I took this as a literal statement of a tumble into some strange and fearful abyss; but the mystery that perplexed me was how he got out of it before he set out on his travels. I understood perfectly that what followed in the narrative was his thoughts about starting for the journey; but how could he start until he escaped from that "following soliloquy?" I read the context again and again and it bothered me badly for very many days. I can recall distinctly to-day certain corporeal sufferings of those childish years,—toothaches, cut fingers, and the like; but the memory of none of those fleshly pains is like that of the mental pang I felt when I finally gave up that squirrel problem as one of the things "no fellow could find out." The teacher never explained anything that we read, and at that time, as for years afterward—until I got into the high school—it never occurred to me that it was proper to ask any explanation from a teacher.

At the age of eight I was in the Grammar school, where my experience was similar—so far as depending on myself was concerned. The teaching—if teaching it could be called—was of the driest—purely memoriter type; but, dreary as it was, I got up a sort of interest in it, especially in the geography, the dry facts of which, illuminated by the wretched woodcuts, had a real fascination for me; and in the grammar, which I comprehended instinctively, and applied intelligently in the “parsing,” though the teacher did his best to make the exercise a weary and unprofitable drudgery. Again and again, I was one of two or three boys who were dismissed at the end of the grammar recitation, which came last in the day; while the luckless majority had to “stay after school,” on account of some blunder in the “noun-common-noun-third-person-singular” gibberish.

The “Arithmetic” that we studied was a manual of problems and dry rules, absolutely without explanation,—unless there was something of the sort in the “Appendix,” to which our attention was never called, and which, though I remember looking at it occasionally, I never suspected of being a key to the subject, and therefore did not attempt to master. The fact was, I early made up my mind that the rules were purely arbitrary in their nature, and not susceptible of explanation. “Carrying tens” and arranging the “partial products” in that queerly uneven way in multiplication seemed to me a sort of legerdemain that somebody had luckily discovered, and that “always came out right.” That, as I used to think, was really wonderful! As it was mere trickery, one would expect it to fail now and then, and I had a notion that perhaps it would; but, so far as I could see, it never did. I thought it one of the queerest things in the world, but uncommonly lucky for folks that had much figuring to do.

I was born, I think, with a love of fun and keen appreciation of the comical and humorous (that, indeed, was the main-spring of a great part of my infant mischief), and some of those arithmetical operations seemed to me capital jokes—the rule for the division of fractions, for instance: “Invert the divisor, and proceed as in multiplication”—turn the divisor

upside down, and go ahead as if you were doing the very opposite of what you want to do! Could anything be more ridiculous? And yet, like all the rest of the numerical foolery, it answered the purpose! You "got there" all the same! I am quite sure that I didn't see any sense in it until I studied Algebra in the high school.

If I was not fortunate in my teachers in those early days, I was particularly lucky in having for my most intimate friend in the grammar school and somewhat afterwards a boy, Warren Cudworth, nearly three years older, who was a most congenial companion in all my tastes and pursuits outside of school. He afterwards studied at Phillips Academy, graduated at Harvard College and Divinity School, and was an eminently successful Unitarian clergyman in Boston until his death in 1883. He was less patient and proficient than I in the drudgery of the regular school drill, but he entered heartily into all my juvenile schemes for self-culture outside; and I am amazed now at the amount of work we did in one way and another to supply the deficiencies in our formal education. We were not conscious that our school training was defective, and we did not go into this outside work from any sense of duty or of its probable value to us in after life. With me, it was simply one of the forms of diversion to which my bookish tastes drew me, just as athletic sports and out-of-door recreations were the primary attraction for Warren; but he followed my lead as readily in the former as I did his in the latter.

In school, we had no writing of "compositions" or English exercises of any kind whatever. I had a fancy for scribbling, and suggested to Warren that we get up a "debating society" among the boys for practice in composition, declamation, and discussion. Half a dozen or more of our schoolmates united with us in the plan, but I fancy that Warren and I had the chief burden of the work, and I distinctly recall some of the exercises in which we were associated. One was the rendering of the dialogue between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu in the "Lady of the Lake," in which I took the former part and Warren the latter. He had far more of the oratorical

and histrionic talent than I, and played the brave Gael admirably. He "coached" me in advance on my part; but I know I did but poorly, though Warren praised me for the spirit with which I leaned back against a bureau and cried,—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"

We must have found the dialogue in some school "Speaker" or "Reader"; for in one of my speeches there was a couplet which, years afterward, I was surprised at not finding in the standard editions of Scott. After Roderick has sneered at Fitz-James for wearing "a braid of his fair lady's hair," the Saxon replies:

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
I had it from a frantic maid
By thee dishonored and betrayed," etc.

The last two lines were probably inserted by the editor to explain the oath that precedes. I quote them as I remember them after the lapse of more than seventy years.

At another meeting we discussed the question, "Was Sir William Wallace or George Washington the greater man?" We were fresh from the reading of "The Scottish Chiefs;" and I chose the side of Wallace, while Warren, more patriotic, maintained the claims of Washington.

We both wrote sundry compositions for the society; but this did not satisfy our literary ambitions,—or it may have been after the society was disbanded (the other boys probably soon got tired of it) that we used to write things solely for each others reading and criticism. It was understood that no other living person was to see them, not even our friends at home; and I am pretty sure that this agreement was strictly adhered to by the contracting parties. Once, we wrote a pair of stories, each filling seven or eight pages of letter-paper. I laid my scene in Rome

at the time of the Christian persecutions, about which we had just been reading in some Sunday-school book; but Warren's was a tale of rural life in New England. He thought mine was "written better" than his; but I told him that his was the "more original," as I know it must have been, for I felt that I should have been very proud to have written it. I was more accurate than he in spelling, punctuation, and the like, and often corrected him in these externals of style; but, though I could play the pedagogue when he began a proper name with a small letter or stuck a comma where he should have had a period, I was critic enough to appreciate the directness and vigor with which he expressed himself. Besides, as I have said, he was two years and a half the senior, and proportionally more mature in mind, though I was in some respects the better scholar.

I can hardly understand how we accomplished so much of this intellectual work, when we were going to school regularly and spending much of our spare time in the woods and fields, nor how we kept it so entirely to ourselves; but it is certain that, except for our connection with the debating society, none of our schoolmates knew anything about it, and our parents and friends must have been almost as ignorant of it. The only sister of Warren seems to have had no inkling of it, or she would have referred to it in her memoir of him, published in 1885. It was an unusual intimacy for two boys, and a rare instance of mutual discipline and training of the best kind under the most unfavorable circumstances; for our education in school was about as bad as it could be, and neither of us had much help or guidance in study or reading at home.

We both had a taste for natural science, and a fondness for "looking into things" and experimenting with gun-cotton and the like. We got a taste for chemistry from "The Boy's Own Book," (which was a veritable cyclopaedia of juvenile games and recreations); and it is a wonder that it did not prove the death of us. It certainly led to many a perilous "blowing up," besides what our parents gave us. Warren once burnt his right hand terribly with some phosphorous with

which he was trying to write letters of fire on a board fence at night. He had to carry the hand so long in a sling that he became almost ambidextrous, for the accident did not check his restless activity in the least.

He was never willing to be outdone in any athletic or gymnastic exploit. He used often to "stump" the other boys to feats of strength and daring, and not unfrequently tempted me to a trial of the latter sort. In the former, I had not the ghost of a chance in competition with him. I recollect how once, after sundry experiments from lesser heights, I at last ventured to jump from the roof of the woodshed in his back yard,—a bold leap, to which he had repeatedly challenged me. Of course he was not going to let a little tellow like me come up with him; and, as there was no higher place whence he could conveniently jump, he declared that he would turn a somersault while leaping from the shed. He did so, but, instead of alighting on his feet, came down flat on his back, and was lame for a fortnight after. Of course, I made no attempt to rival that gymnastic achievement.

Walking and climbing trees were the only exercises in which I was a match for him. Our "tramps" in the vicinity of Lowell extended for miles in every direction, but the wooded banks of the Merrimac below the city were our favorite field of exploration. Often we forgot how far we had wandered, and did not get home until long after dark, much to the anxiety of our mothers. On one occasion, Warren induced me to go with him to see a friend seven or eight miles from Lowell. We did not reach the place till nearly sunset; and the good people made us stay to supper, for which we had excellent appetites. Then we wended our way back to the city, but it was almost ten o'clock before we arrived. I was soundly whipped,—being a smaller boy and having a father still in flesh,—and was, moreover, admonished that, if the escapade were repeated, I should be forbidden to "go with that Warren Cudworth at all,"—a punishment which would have been more dreadful to me than forty whippings.

And how we used to climb trees! If, in our rambles, we came upon one that was particularly tall or difficult of ascent,

we felt the same ambition to conquer it that a member of the Alpine Club does to add a virgin peak to his list of mountaineering victories. It was bad for our clothes, but we rarely gave up till we accomplished the feat. There were two tall trees on the Dracut side of the river, the topmost branches of which formed twin seats, wherein we were specially fond of sitting and swinging, ten or more feet apart, for hours at a time. What pleasant chats we had in those airy arm-chairs swaying with the summer wind! and often wise talk withal, for there was an intellectual side to our friendship, as I have already shown.

I dwell on this schoolday period of my life because, as I look back upon it, I find it one of the most important periods; but it would take too much time to illustrate it fully. I was interested in everything that was going on about me in the city of Lowell, where my boyhood, from six to seventeen, was spent. Everything in the history and growth of the city attracted me—particularly in regard to its development as a great industrial centre. I became thoroughly acquainted with its cotton and woolen mills by personal inspection in the company of schoolmates whose fathers were connected with them, and by study of their operations and products as described in the newspapers of the day. I knew the whole history of the water power of the city, its development by new branch canals, the changes in locks, etc. Architecture was—as it has been ever since—a favorite study with me. I watched the building of every new church and other public edifices, managing to get sight of the plans as they were going up and everything connected with the work of construction. Political affairs attracted me no less. In the presidential campaign of 1840, in my thirteenth year, I was a stanch Whig partisan, hurrahing for “Tippecanoe and Tyler too” with the crowd that followed the torchlight processions, and hooting and blowing fish-horns with other boys, mostly older than myself, to annoy those of the rival party—sometimes being chased into side streets and dark alleys to escape pursuit by stragglers from the line of march.

I was admitted to the boys' high school when I was eleven

years old, and found it a delightful change from the mechanical routine of the grammar school, though the teaching under my first master was little better. He was a man with no gift for the work, which he soon gave up for a business life in which he became rich and later was a governor of New Hampshire. His successor was of a better type—remarkable for that day as a sympathetic and inspiring instructor. I became greatly attached to him, and was one of his favorite boys. He often got me to help him in some of the clerical work connected with school affairs, sitting beside him at his desk in school hours when I could spare the time from study—which was often the case, as I could maintain a high rank in my classes with very little labor. We had no special work in English, except writing compositions, and the Latin, Greek, mathematics, and science (natural philosophy, chemistry and astronomy) were mere play for me.

I wrote not only my own compositions, but sometimes those for other boys, which did not strike me then as at all improper, and it afforded good opportunities for practical jokes. There was one boy whom I didn't like personally, but who persisted in teasing me to write compositions for him. We sometimes had subjects assigned for them, and "Gunpowder" was one of them. I wickedly wrote one for that boy which was a most absurd sketch of the history of the explosive. I remember some of the points in it. One was that the earliest account of the use of gunpowder was of a duel with pistols between Priam of Troy and the Emperor of China, described in ridiculous detail. Another was that Pliny the Elder was killed by an accidental explosion of powder—which, as I added, gave rise to the story that his death was due to an eruption of Vesuvius. Everything in the composition was equally preposterous. I wondered what mark the fellow would get for it. I happened to be sitting at the master's desk in a vacant hour when he was looking over compositions and saw him when he examined this one. He was a portly man, and his sides shook with suppressed laughter as he perused it; but, to my amazement, he marked it ten—the highest possible figure! Later I guessed the reason. He

took it as a capital burlesque of the subject! Some months afterwards I tried the same thing in a composition of my own, with a like result, and got a special compliment for it in addition to the usual ten.

The one trial of my life in school was the required declamation at intervals before the assembled school. I hadn't the slightest talent for elocution then or since, and, as somebody once said, I couldn't open my mouth on the platform without putting my foot in it. This troubled my good old friend, the master, who liked to bring out his best boys as speakers at the public exhibitions. He often introduced dialogues with several speakers and scenes from plays—occasionally a complete dramatic composition of moderate length; but he was always careful to give me a very subordinate part—a servant or messenger. Only on one such occasion did I blunder into an unexpected success. It was a Latin dialogue (translated from an English one in a school speaker) with three persons in it—two men who get into a dispute and come to blows, when I, a servant, rush in and beg them to desist. I had just one speech of a half dozen words, equivalent to "Stop, stop, or I'll call the neighbors!" I came on, with hands duly upraised in astonishment, and stammered out the first two words or so, but the rest stuck in my throat! I felt that I was forever disgraced, and would fain have sunk into the earth—or floor. After the show was over and I met the master, I begged almost tearfully that he would forgive me for spoiling the dialogue. He laughed and said, "Why, you couldn't have done better! For once you acted perfectly!"—or to that effect. At the moment I almost suspected that the praise was ironical, but on reflection I knew that he was right. My amazement and bewilderment were perfectly natural! That was my first and last histrionic triumph. I knew that I had blundered into success then, and I have been wise enough to see that I could not count upon doing it again, and it was my final appearance upon the stage—that is, in any dramatic performance, however slight.

I have referred casually to my early interest in astronomy. It must have begun when I was nine or ten years old—at least

a year before I entered the high school. I happened to hear a few lectures on the subject, given by an old clergyman, who had an old-fashioned magic lantern for illustrating them. I felt an intense desire to know more about the fascinating new field of study to which I had been introduced, and when I look back to that period I am amazed at the amount I managed to learn with no other text book but the "Old Farmer's Almanac" and my juvenile observation of the heavens. The brief references to the position of the planets, particularly in conjunction with the moon, enabled me to find all the brighter ones—Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn—and I followed their movements from that time for many years. Some young friend of mine had an atlas of the Heavens, from which I also got track of the leading constellations. When afterward in the high school I studied a small dry treatise on Astronomy, there was little in it that I did not already know. The master of the school, who some how found out my interest in the study, gave me a copy of "Dick's Celestial Scenery"—an excellent popular book on the subject, worth a dozen of the school textbooks, which helped me immensely and greatly increased the fascination which the science already had for me—and has had ever since. In all other subjects that attracted me I managed to be my own teacher with very few books to consult and few other sources of information.

My first interest in poetry dates back to my primary school days, when I was taken to church every Sunday before I was capable of understanding the sermons. I was allowed to amuse the tedium of the service with the hymn book, and learned by heart scores of the hymns, picking out those which I could understand which appealed to my taste—and later I found that I had made selections that my maturer judgment almost invariably approved. When visiting in my native town of Newburyport, where the old-fashioned inferior books were used, I distinctly remember how I was shocked and disgusted by some of the hymns of good old Orthodox Doctor Watts and his contemporaries, particularly those of the "hell and damnation type." Some passages that later struck me as blasphemous seemed merely ludicrous to my juvenile appreciation.

I am glad that I did not learn many of those by heart, but I can recall an occasional stanza, like this, from one of Watts's lyrical pictures of Hell. (I think it was his):

"There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain his strength the monster tries
Pressed with the weight of both thy hands."

That description of God holding Satan down with both hands seemed to me equally profane and comical, but it was sung (think of it!) with pious satisfaction in those days. You'll not find it in any modern collection of church psalmody; but there were many like it in those of sixty or seventy years ago. "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc., (Revelation vii, 14) was my favorite hymn at that time.

My love for other poetry dates back to the same early period. There were few books in the household library, but among them was an old copy of Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare*, which had a peculiar fascination for me. Many of the shorter extracts in it fastened themselves in my memory.

Later I was keenly interested in the extracts from Shakespeare,—like the tent scene in "Julius Caesar,"—in the reading book we used in the grammar school; and when I had reached the high school a more advanced "reader" and Lovell's *United States Speaker* furnished a few more selections from the same source, which shared my affections with Milton's "Lycidas,"—the only other poetry which I recollect particularly enjoying at that time.

When I first read an entire play of Shakespeare I do not remember, but it was probably in my high-school days, or before I entered college; but I made no study of the poet, except in a casual way, until I began to teach in a country academy after leaving college. To that work I shall recur later on.

I was fully prepared for admission to college when I was fifteen; and I had then anticipated a good deal of the work of the freshman year in Latin and Algebra for the mere pleasure of it, without any serious expectation of going to college. Meanwhile I spent a year in the counting-room of one of the

large manufacturing companies in Lowell. My chief duties were to go on errands from headquarters to the mills, showing callers and visitors to various departments, and incidentally doing clerical work for the Superintendent of the concern, who was a cultivated man and soon became interested in me. He was surprised at my familiarity with the details of cotton manufacture, as well as my facility and accuracy in composition, and often entrusted me with writing which otherwise he would have done himself. When he learned that I was fitted for college he strongly advised me to decide to go there. Other friends gave me similar advice. My father could do little to help me, but my maternal grandmother, who lived with us, and had a pension on account of her husband's losing his life in the Navy in the War of 1812, offered to give me that money. I also learned from a schoolmate who had gone to Amherst College that there students were allowed an extra six weeks in addition to the regular long vacation of six weeks in the winter to enable them to eke out their income by teaching in country schools, many of which were kept only ten or twelve weeks in winter and the same in summer. This could not be done at Harvard; besides, the expenses at Amherst were much less—both for tuition and rooms, and for table board. Board was of course one of the chief items of expense, but it was cheap compared with modern averages. In the best places in town in private families it was only \$1.50 per week (\$1.75 in one epicurean establishment), while at the hotel—a first-class house, frequented by visitors at Commencement and other great occasions, it was \$2.00 a week! At "clubs," managed by students, where I generally fed, table-board seldom exceeded a dollar, and sometimes was a few cents less. At that rate we had good wholesome food, with fair variety, and plenty of it.

All one's necessary expenses in college could be kept within \$100 for the year, and, with strict economy, somewhat less. This is not a mere rough guess, more than seventy years after the college experience. I have a copy of the College Catalogue for 1846-47, in which the "Necessary expense, exclusive of vacation" are stated thus:

Tuition (\$11.00 per term),	\$33.00	\$33.00
Room rent (\$3.00 per term),	6.00	6.00
Orninary incidentals,	6.00	6.00
Fuel and lights,	9.00	11.00
Board (lowest price) \$1.00 per week,		
Board (highest price) \$2.00 per week for 39 weeks,	39.00	78.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$93.00	\$134.00

By teaching in the winter I saved \$6.00 on board at the lowest price, reducing the total expense to \$87.00, or, allowing for contingencies \$100.00. With what I earned by teaching, my expenses for three years, travel and vacation expenses included, were about \$225.00. This left me in debt for a part of that amount, which I paid up easily in my first year after leaving college.

The lowest possible expense at Harvard would have been more than twice as much.

At Amherst now the estimate (36 weeks) is: Lowest, \$309; moderate, \$380; liberal, \$450. At Harvard: Lowest, \$320; liberal, \$650 (with fewer items than at Amherst).

As I have intimated, I was thoroughly prepared for college, and had anticipated much of the work of Freshman year. I could easily prepare all the Latin and Greek for the week in a single evening, and going to bed early at that; and the Algebra and other work were mere fun. This allowed me a large part of the time for literary work in the college societies and browsing in the libraries. There were two societies to which all the students were impartially assigned on their admission to college. Each society had a library (about as large as the college library then was) and met once a week for debates and other exercises. There were also two "Greek letter" fraternities, to which the best scholars belonged, and which were then strictly literary in their character—as much so as the other societies. Of course they were "secret," but I betray no secrecy in saying that there was no formal initiation like that of to-day in such fraternities, and the social

element was entirely subordinate to the literary. The laws of the college forbade open connection with them until Junior year, but students who made their mark early as scholars, writers, or debators, were elected at once. I was a member of the "Psi U" before I had been at Amherst six weeks, though not allowed to "swing out" by wearing the badge of the society until Junior year. This was not unknown to the faculty, some of whom actually belonged to the fraternity.

In the regular literary society of which I was a member, I was chosen in my freshman year, on a committee with two seniors, whose business it was to select and purchase books for the library. It was a compliment to my acquaintance with standard and current literature, in which, though we had absolutely no regular training in college, there was, I honestly believe, a more general and hearty interest among the students than there is at the present day. Carlyle, then just coming to be known here, was immensely popular (especially his Hero-Worship) and his style was much imitated. Tennyson also (first reprinted here in 1842) was in great favor. I think I was the first to start a "boom" for Mrs. Browning, whose poems had been published in two volumes in Philadelphia not long before, and I had become enthusiastic over them as a schoolboy. According to Edward Everett Hale, who was at Harvard a few years earlier, the literary atmosphere there was similar in the absence of any literary education. "Thereby hangs a tale" and a moral, on which this is not the place to comment.

My acquaintance with good literature, and my special love for the best poetry, as I have already explained, had begun much earlier, though I had had very few books and no school training whatever in that line of study. I knew very little about the history of literature, and for the most part only such select examples of the literature itself as were to be found in school reading books and the few books that I was able to buy. While in the high school I earned some money as a newspaper-carrier, travelling three miles or more twice a week to deliver a semi-weekly journal to the subscribers (a part of the time twice a week more for another paper), and

I was allowed to spend the pay as I pleased—mostly for books.

In my school days I was active in at least three literary societies in addition to the one (when I was nine years old) which I have mentioned more at length; but one (not to be termed a society) made up of two boys (one my most intimate friend in the high school) and three girls, who used to meet about once a week at the house where the girls lived, to read and discuss poetry (with some prose) had a far greater influence on my culture and taste in that line. I shall refer to it in another connection.

In college a few of us (one of us was afterward president of Amherst and another became head of the law school in a Western university) were not satisfied, with what we found to do in the two societies to which I have referred. The five of us therefore formed a secret society of our own—secret only because we didn't wish to be importuned to admit others; we called it the Zeta—the Greek initial of Zelotai, or Zealots. We met weekly for an hour and a half (sometimes on a "tramp" into the country) for reading, discussion, and criticism. We had no formal organization, no constitution, no regular officers. Each man presided in turn, and each in turn was "Scribe," or secretary, who kept the record of the meeting, and acted as "Critic" of its proceedings. Criticism was a main feature of our work—criticism of each other's writing and speaking, of our college studies and the books we read, of the questions of the day, and of whatever else we were interested in. Being so few in number, each of us had to do far more work than we could have had the opportunity of doing in the other societies.

We were also the prime movers, though not in our official capacity, in founding a college magazine, which flourished for some years after we all left college. Three of us were among its five editors and among its chief contributors. I wrote both prose and verse for it—all of it anonymous, as all the contributions were.

This literary work and the social element in the college life are all that seem to me to have been of much real value

to me at Amherst or to have had any serious influence in my after life.

The Greek, Latin and German (which we had as an optional course) with the mathematical and scientific studies—in all of which it was easy enough to do what was required and sometimes more than was required, had their value and interest of course, but it was all insignificant in comparison with what we did voluntarily outside of the regular course—as I believe it generally is with the better class of students.

Even in the case of the classics that we studied, what we got from them as literature, rather than as language, and got for ourselves, with little or no help or suggestion from our teachers, who were better than the average of college professors, both as scholars and instructors,—what we really got and assimilated and retained, was due to the fact that they were masterpieces of literary art, not for their use in purely linguistic training. I had found this out for myself in reading Virgil and Cicero and Horace in the high school; and we who were members of the Zeta discerned it and discussed it in connection with our college work in the Greek and Latin authors we studied there. Hardly one student out of a hundred now-a-days does anything of the kind, or even suspects that it can be done, in either school or college.

My first teaching was done in the winter of 1845, my freshman year. I was only eighteen years old that December. The school was one of the "district" type in a small town about thirty miles from Boston, away from the railroads and of a peculiarly rough and rustic character. I was recommended to it by the college authorities, who in those days had many applications for winter teachers. It had the reputation of being a "tough" district, where teachers had sometimes been driven away by the boys. I didn't have that bad luck, but it was a trying situation and I was glad when I got out of it. It was the only school in which I ever had to use the rod, and I had to use it often and vigorously. I count that first school as a dismal failure, partly on account of its disagreeable character, and partly because I cannot recall anything that was really pleasant in the twelve weeks I spent in the

school. Outside I was well treated in every respect, as far as I remember. The village clergyman, a good representative of his class, was a member of the school committee, and one of my best friends.

The next winter I was more fortunate in my school, and enjoyed my work heartily. It was in a rural district, thinly settled in the southern part of Vermont. There I had the novel experience of "boarding round"—a practice then obsolete except in a few of the out-of-the-way parts of New England. There were about thirty pupils, from two large families (with seven and five children respectively) and six or seven smaller families. It was a novelty for them to have a teacher from college, and I was an honored guest everywhere. It seemed to be the rule when the schoolmaster came, to kill a hog and bake a bushel of doughnuts, with incidental mince pies, and other festive preparations. It was good country fare and plenty of it. There was variety enough in the cooking of the pork, but the doughnuts were somewhat monotonous. I felt ever afterward that I had eaten my mortal allowance of them.

The first boarding place appointed for me was in the family with the seven scholars, and two other children, one too old and the other too young for school. It was a small story-and-a-half house, apparently suited to the wants of the man who said he had "a numerous wife and child." Where the nine children were packed at night was a mystery that I never solved. I had a snug little room on the ground floor. The family seemed very comfortable and happy, and everything about the house was admirably neat. In the evening the whole household gathered in the living room, and we had a good sociable time together. The older sons and daughters were intensely interested in hearing about my college life and the many things about school studies I could tell them which were new to them. I had a large fund of such material that I had gathered in my own schooldays outside of school. None of the family had had any high-school or academy training, and I seemed to them a prodigy of curious learning—an amazing amount for one small head on such young should-

ers. They were evidently sorry when the time came for me to go to the house of the five children, where I was received with no less cordial welcome. It was one of the best houses in the district, but I had no better time there than in the little cottage with the impossible store of children.

Every time I had to "move on" I wondered what sort of a household I was to drop into, and whether it might not prove an unpleasant contrast to those already allotted to me; but not a single one proved to be so. Of course, as the families were small, my stay with each was for a few days at most; so if they had not been invariably pleasant I could have endured it philosophically.

Altogether this was a unique experience that I should have been sorry to miss. The houses were widely scattered through a large district, with seldom one in sight of another, among the hills. Occasionally when I went to school in the morning I was not sure where I should be taken at night (the children and I were always carried by sleigh to and from school, where we spent the noon interval), but if the people who were to have me next found it inconvenient to receive me just then, another domicile was always in reserve, through the foresight of the committee.

The school was a particularly good one, with many pupils as old as I was, or older, but with a sprinkling of very young ones. Among them was a young man of twenty or twenty-one, who had been a candidate for my office. He prided himself on his knowledge of grammar, and sometimes tried to puzzle me with complicated problems in parsing; but I was not only a match for him there, but already had a good acquaintance with the history of the language, which enabled me to teach him many things that were more important and more interesting than the mechanical routine of "parsing." So we became thoroughly good friends, and it was a pleasure for me to give him credit for what he did know. I hoped that he would get the school the next year, for he would have been a better teacher than the average candidate for district schools in the country.

We did not lack for social diversions. Evening parties,

mostly devoted to old-fashioned games with forfeits, were common, ending with refreshments of a substantial country type,—mince pies and the like, washed down with plenteous cider. Spelling schools were also a favorite entertainment, sometimes in rivalry with the pupils of a neighboring district, sometimes from another town. The noon interval at the schoolhouse was enlivened by games like those at the evening parties, and I became one of the boys for the time, much to the delight of the larger girls when I had to submit to the hugging and kissing of the forfeits. I could go into the fun of it all as heartily as the youngest—I was younger than some of them—without any fear that it would interfere with my pedagogical authority. Indeed, I believe it made the discipline of the school easier rather than harder.

In the course of that winter I became acquainted with a gentleman, who was one of the two proprietors of a large country store in a flourishing little town ten miles to the south. He invited me more than once to spend a Sunday with him, sending a sleigh for me on Saturday and bringing me back on Monday morning. He was a man of literary tastes and had a library of a thousand or more volumes. Through his influence I was invited to teach a "select" school in his town the next winter. Later he offered to take me into his own house during my stay if I would give him lessons in Greek, to which I readily agreed. It proved to be a very pleasant arrangement, and the school—really a private school supported by the best families in the town—was no less enjoyable. My pupils were mostly of the high school age, and I had classes in many of the studies of that grade. I was under no committee and had everything my own way. It was in fact the beginning of my work in that line of teaching, and gave me a genuine liking for it.

I remained in college only three years, mainly because I felt that I could not afford it, and, with the start that I had got I doubted whether the training of the last year would be worth to me what it would cost. I did not care for the degree I should get, and did not ask for it afterward, though I was told that I could have it if I wanted it. In fact the first col-

lege degree I had was an honorary A. M. at Harvard in 1859, awarded without my solicitation, or even my knowledge until I read about it in the newspaper the day after Commencement. I was gratified at receiving it, because I had earned it by what I had done as a teacher, and particularly as a teacher of English, though nothing of preparation in English was at that time required at any of the colleges. In 1865 the same honorary degree was given me at Amherst, and in 1887 the further degree of Doctor of Letters.

My first teaching after leaving college was with an old college friend in an academy in Maryland, where we worked together for about a year. I was then invited to take charge of a country academy in Wrentham, Mass., in place of another college friend who was going to Germany for a year. It was understood that if on his return I chose to retain the situation, I could do so. As he secured a better position at the time, I remained at Wrentham from the spring of 1850 until December, 1852. The academy had no endowment and the people were glad to have anybody take it for what he could make out of it—so I had absolute control of it in every respect. At first I was the only teacher, but for the last year or so I employed one of my former pupils as an assistant for the younger classes. Many of my pupils were older than I was, and a few of them were fitting for college. I taught Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, and Italian (partly out of school), with arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physics, astronomy—in short, all the ordinary high school studies, in addition to those of the grammar school grade. For a time I had, by special request, a small class of girls, eight or nine years old, in English grammar, taught without text books. I had, on an average, sixteen or eighteen recitations a day.

The only novel feature of the school was the voluntary work in English literature, which I introduced at first as a diversion or recreation in the multiplicity of my school duties. It had, however, a most influential bearing on my life and labors from that day to this. Except for it I should not be here to-day. I might have continued to be a teacher, but how or

where it would be impossible to guess. The current of our lives, when we can trace it back to its sources, we often find to have been largely controlled and directed by causes which seemed slight and insignificant at the time but which afterward prove to be of vital and enduring importance.

There are localities among the mountains of Switzerland where great rivers or their branches have their origin in tiny streamlets, the course of which you could block or divert by a small stone or a handful of earth. The rivulet would naturally find its way to the Rhone and thus to the Mediterranean. Turn it aside, and it descends to the Rhine and finally reaches the North Sea almost a thousand miles away from its original destination. So with the course of the river of life; we know not what trivial occurrence or agency may modify its progress and change its entire history.

I began this literary teaching, as I have said, purely for my own diversion. I had known nothing of the kind in my regular training in school or college, and had heard of nothing like it anywhere else; and it did not occur to me that it could ever become a feature in formal education. I only knew that I should enjoy it, and hoped that my pupils would like it, even if they got little or no profit from it. I began by talking in a familiar way about the poetry in our school reading book as literature. We had not studied rhetoric, but naturally I had to refer to some of its elementary laws as we went along, leading my pupils to recognize and illustrate them from what we read. They enjoyed the work from the start far more keenly than I expected or would have believed possible. It soon became a distinct feature in our course of study. After exhausting the suitable material in the reading-book I added to it by extracts from poetical literature in my own little library, copying the pieces and letting the pupils make copies of them. We also drew from such suitable books as they found at home or among their friends. There was no public library in the town, and few books accessible anywhere, but we found enough for our purposes. The only Shakespeare I had was a London, one-volume edition, without notes; but of this I made some incidental use in oral instruction. We read none of the plays systematically.

I endeavored from the first to carry out the idea to which I have referred in a former lecture—that is, to make my pupils critics for themselves—to understand and explain and criticise what they read, and to appreciate and enjoy it. I laid no special stress on becoming acquainted with the general history of English literature, except so far as the specimens from single authors led to curiosity concerning their lives, their contemporaries, and their times. Incidentally I excited their interest in regard to these authors and others by preparing miscellaneous questions about them, which the pupils were to answer if they could, or get light upon among their friends. This awakened an interest in the subject throughout the community, and affected the social atmosphere of the entire village; and that influence, as I have been surprised to learn, continues to the present time. The children and grand-children of my pupils have perpetuated it.

I cannot dwell on these matters here, but I must explain briefly what I mean by saying that this work—or play, for it was play rather than work, though it led to more of profitable work than teaching in a country village generally does—how this work or diversion of mine almost sixty years ago, came to have a most influential bearing upon my after life, practically controlling and setting it.

In November, 1852, I happened to see an advertisement in a Boston paper, stating that a master was needed for a high school to be established in the town of Dorchester, at a salary of \$1,000; and that candidates would be examined on a certain specified day. I was moved to try my chance with the rest—the first time I had attempted anything of the kind. I had no influential friends, and the only testimonial I secured was from the village clergyman, who had known about my career in the academy. At Dorchester I found myself to be the youngest and least known of nineteen candidates, and the last who had made application for the position. One of the candidates, the oldest, was a member of the school committee, who in former years had been at the head of a flourishing academy not far from Boston. We assembled at two P. M. and were called in singly before the committee.

My turn, as the last in order, did not come until after six P. M. The committee was a very good one, made up mostly of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and other cultivated people. They questioned me about my scholarship and my experience as a teacher. They seemed a little surprised that I was not a college graduate, but they became interested in what I casually told them of my novel work in English. I could see that, but it did not occur to me that it would materially influence their choice of a teacher. This was not decided at the time, and I returned to Wrentham with slight hope that I should be chosen; but a few days later I received notice of my election, and subsequently I learned that it was my work in English that had turned the scale in my favor.

I did not, however, understand until long afterward how extremely fortunate I was in becoming the master of a high school after three years' experience in teaching a little bankrupt academy quite unknown except in its immediate rural vicinity. And the local conditions in the high school were exceptionally favorable. Though only three miles from Boston, it was just established after several years of effort on the part of the better class of inhabitants. A considerable number of the pupils were beyond the average age of those generally entering such a school, having been waiting for its establishment. Some of them were only six years younger than I was, for my work in the school began on the day I was twenty-five. The school committee, as I have said, was a good one, and the organization of the school was left almost entirely to me. The course of study was absolutely under my control, both in the English and the classical departments. The only feature of note was the prominence given to the English language and literature for both sets of pupils. This was a novelty, and so far as the study of the literature was concerned, and entirely without precedent in preparing boys for college, where no requirements in English were then made for admission. My insistence of this feature of the classical course was at first a surprise to the school committee, parents and pupils, but no serious opposition was made to it. The committee, in electing me, had virtually approved of it fully

for the English department, though it had not occurred to them that it was desirable for the classical department. In both it was a complete success from the start. This is not the place for particulars. Suffice it to say, that we began with the reading of poetry—Longfellow and Lowell (his *Sir Launfal*, then recently published)—insisting on critical study on the part of the pupils, with the minimum of help or instruction from myself. I suggested and stimulated independent thought and discussion by questions, which I very rarely answered, even if some of them had to be left unsettled for weeks. It was perhaps an advantage rather than a disadvantage that annotated editions of the authors we read were then unknown. We had to use the ordinary editions with few or no notes, and do our own annotating, illustrating, and commenting. Occasionally I couldn't explain some perplexing passage myself, and in more than one instance girls wrote to Mr. Longfellow for help on a historical or other allusion.

At the suggestion of the committee or some of the parents, a book on rhetoric was introduced after a while, but we used it chiefly for reference—though sometimes for criticism of certain of its definitions, rules, sweeping or inadequate statements, and the like. In all my teaching afterward in other schools, this was practically the only use I ever made of such books.

The *Histories of Literature* I never used for class-work. I finally came to advising all classes to own *Stopford Brook's* little *Primer of English Literature* as a sufficient book for reference purposes in school or for private study.

I gave some oral instruction in the history of the English language, in which the boys and girls soon became heartily interested.

The work in English composition was wonderfully stimulated. A weekly journal filled with voluntary compositions was written and read to the school; and at the end of the year a special number was printed.

The boys also formed a debating society of which I acted as president. We met once a week in the afternoon. Occasionally a dramatic entertainment was got up, to which par-

ents and friends were invited. All the parts were performed by boys, the female parts being altered to male ones. Later the girls organized a similar society.

The boys' society was kept up as an active literary club for many years after they left school. It was interrupted during the Civil War, in which many of its members enlisted, but was revived after the war as a social club, meeting once a year, as it still does, after the lapse of more than fifty years.

My first college class of four boys, who had been fitted in less than four years, entered without conditions in 1856. It was the distinction they gained as writers and debaters that led to my getting the honorary A. M. in 1859, my first collegiate degree. This was another result of the literary work I had begun in the country academy.

I may mention incidentally that, so far as I have been able to learn, my Dorchester school was the first in this country in which girls studied Greek.

The discipline of the school was easy, and my relations with my pupils, were natural and sympathetic, though as I have said, I was a young fellow then, barely six years older than some of my pupils, and looked younger than I was. I was just twenty-five on the day I began work in the school (December tenth, 1852), but people said that I didn't look to be twenty. A single incident must suffice to illustrate this. In the half-hour recess of the daily session I used to play baseball (a simpler game than nowadays), with the boys in a barren field back of the school house, where we could do no harm and anticipated no objection to our sport on the part of the owner. But one day when we were playing there, he made his appearance and berated us harshly for the intrusion. I explained and apologized, and he was mollified, going off without further complaints. I learned a few days later that he had told a neighbor how "one of the boys had talked so nice about playing in the field that he concluded not to complain to the master," as he had thought of doing! This greatly amused the boys, as it did me. I forget whether he found out afterward that the "boy" who "talked so nice" to him

was really the master of the school, but he never interfered again with our playing in his field.

In those days I not only looked like a boy, but I felt like a boy, and the boys regarded me as a boy rather than a man; and I think that this made our school relations, in regard to authority and discipline easier rather than harder. We worked together just as we played together, and enjoyed both work and play. Those of us who have continued to live in and about Boston—and some who have wandered far away—have been good friends ever since; and curiously, the worst of them (never very bad) have been among the best of the number.

It will be seen that my work (or recreation) in English literature got me my first high school, with the opportunity of showing what I could do in organizing and conducting such a school; and that this work gave me a reputation and brought me the first college degree I received—the more welcome because it was an honorary degree and the recognition of what I had done as a teacher, not merely a certificate of a certain amount of work as a student.

What was of infinitely more importance, the school gave me my wife, who, after being my pupil for three years, became my teacher for forty-four years in all that was pure and lovely and lovable in womanhood—until the angels called her back to her native heaven.

In 1857 I was induced to become a candidate for the mastership of the Lawrence High School. A very successful and popular master had been called to a better position, and it was found difficult to get a successor who could fill his place. Five men had tried it in little more than a single year. The committee then advertised widely for a master, and just forty candidates offered themselves. After about a month's consideration five of the number were selected for further examination, and after a week two were chosen from the five. I was one of them and after another week I was elected. The committee was a remarkably able one, with at least three college graduates on it. They were pleased with my work in discipline and school management and equally

with that in English. They had looked very thoroughly into my Dorchester record, and had sought information concerning my earlier life at Wrentham and in college.

The Lawrence school at that time was in charge of the Superintendent of Schools and the assistant teachers. He had been a teacher himself and a very successful one, and enjoyed hearing the classes in Greek and Latin. One day, when I was visiting friends in Lawrence, before my election had been finally settled, he got me to hear a Greek class while he listened to the exercise, and he seemed well pleased with my work.

After I became master of the school I had no trouble whatever in managing it. Everything went smoothly from the very first day. I had an exceptionally good set of pupils, and they took readily to my methods of teaching English. Among the books we read was Tennyson's *Princess*—probably the first time it had ever been used in that way. Of course we had no annotated edition for that or for other authors. The boys formed a debating club, which was as prosperous in its way as the one at Dorchester.

In the summer of 1861 my school was visited by a delegation from Salem, Mass., who invited me to become master of the high school there, with an increased salary. It was in some respects a worse problem than the Lawrence situation had been when I took it. The school for many years had had a master who was for the greater part of the time sufficiently successful and personally very popular outside of school relations; but he had outlived his pedagogical abilities, and the state of the school had become so bad that the committee decided to remove him from the mastership, and his warmest friends felt obliged to acquiesce in their action. I hesitated to accept the position, but finally made up my mind to do it, on certain conditions to which I hardly expected the committee would agree, but they did so without hesitation.

The situation was the worse from the fact that the school year ended in December, and the senior class would be under my control less than three months before graduation. They had been especially troublesome under the former master,

and I feared that they might make things hard for me during the remnant of their school career; but, on the contrary, they behaved as well as I could have desired, and seemed to regret that they were to be under my instruction for so short a time. A few of the younger boys were somewhat refractory at first, but soon became reconciled to the new regime. My predecessor had had spasmodic fits of corporal discipline, sometimes whipping a dozen or more boys at a time, but I never had occasion to resort to the rod in the most desperate cases.

I had been in Salem only one year, a period too short for the complete reorganization of a school in the condition in which I found it, though everything was progressing in the right direction, when I had a visit one day from two gentlemen who expressed a desire to see something of the school work, but gave me no hint that they had come from Cambridge to see me "on duty," before offering me the mastership of the high school in that city, which had become vacant by the resignation of the master on account of failing health. A week later I received the formal offer of the position and gladly accepted it.

I found the school in exceptionally good condition, except that it had outgrown its quarters; but a new building had been planned and was erected the next year. I need not dwell on my work there for the six years of my mastership, as I made no material change in my methods and habits as a teacher.

In 1868 I resigned in order to devote myself to teaching by my pen rather than my tongue—making books for others to use instead of using books that others had made. That, with miscellaneous teaching and lecturing in summer schools, colleges of oratory and other institutions, private classes, and incidental literary labor, has been my employment from that day to this—more than forty years, or from 1868 to 1909.

I have enjoyed all this work in some respects more than that in high schools, because I have not been confined to regular hours and the routine of a restricted line of labor, under the control, direction, and supervision of others; but

have been my own master, to all intents and purposes, working when and where and how I pleased. I have worked as hard, and in the main as continuously and regularly as before, and I have enjoyed it as thoroughly, because it has been essentially the same kind of work—teaching in one way or another from first to last, and (with the exception of my first district school in 1845) teaching that has been almost unalloyed pleasure for the sixty-four years of its continuance.

As to my books, a few words must suffice. In addition to the eighty volumes of the two editions of Shakespeare, which were independent of each other in their essential features, I count up sixty-four other volumes, only a few of which were prepared in connection with other persons—or one hundred and forty-four in all.

In this list I do not reckon a considerable number of books which were enlarged or remade to such an extent that they might be reckoned as separate works. The Satchel Guide to Europe, which was once entirely rewritten, and has been revised for every year from 1872-1909 I count as one book. Some other books to which I have largely contributed I omit altogether. My contributions to periodicals and other printed matter, if collected in volumes, would add forty or more good-sized books to the list, making at least two hundred in all.

Of lectures, averaging an hour in length, of which only a small part have been printed, I have written more than a hundred, about forty of them having been delivered at the Emerson College. My first public lecture was given at Wrentham in 1851, followed by others—many to teachers—while at Dorchester, Lawrence, and more recently.

Of the writing that I did for print from the age of fourteen to my going to college (1841-1845), including much matter in both prose and verse, only two or three specimens are now in my possession; but I find that they are about as well done as I could do them to-day—if not in some respects better. I may say the same of a few manuscripts of that period prepared for reading before juvenile clubs or societies, but with no intention of using them in print. Some of them, however,

I did print twenty or thirty years later, with little or no change in style or treatment.

From the first I formed the habit, in school compositions and all other writing, of finishing the work in the first draft, and I have kept it up ever since. If the matter is to be printed or to be delivered as a lecture, I often make slight verbal alterations in the original copy; and of course I have often revised or re-written matter for new editions of books and new use of lectures. But this has been done as a result of further study or thought, not for mere improvement in expression. When I have attempted anything in the latter line I have not infrequently decided afterward that the original form was the better one and have restored it.

Another habit of mine has been to do all the work from beginning to end myself. I have never had a secretary or amanuensis, and have never had any help, even in copying, from any member of my family. In making books in copartnership with others, I have always done the final preparation for the press and the main part of the proof-reading.

Mental weariness I have never known and cannot understand, and I have never suffered in the least from "writer's cramp" and similar muscular troubles. If I tire of sitting for hours at my desk I turn to other work—hunting up things in books, taking a walk out of doors for half an hour or more, or some change of labor that serves as variety or recreation. If one kind of literary work becomes tedious or "doesn't go well," I take up another. It is a sufficient rest or relief to change to a different kind of work just as hard in itself. I have liked to be making two books at the same time to afford me this kind of variety.

I have learned also when writing to be absolutely independent of outside distractions or interruptions. I have always had a working-room to myself when I wanted it, but I can work as well with other people talking in the room; and when my children were young they had free range of the library or study when I was at work, except in rare instances. I can stop in the middle of a sentence to answer a question or to meet a caller or for any other momentary interruption.

It is well for anyone engaged in literary labor to cultivate such habits—or at least never to go to the other extreme, like Carlyle, who could work only in his sound-proof room at the top of his London house in one of the quietest of streets.

My friends and acquaintances have often expressed their surprise at the amount of work that I have done; but it hasn't been half as much as I might have done and ought to have done. But perhaps if I had seriously tried to do much more I might really have accomplished less. I have worked pretty hard and steadily, and yet in a sort of lazy way—if you can understand what I mean by that. It is a matter of feeling rather than of action—a way of looking at the work rather than of performing it—of not worrying over it, no matter how difficult or exacting it may be—in short, being invariably optimistic, not pessimistic. I have in mind here such work as I have done for forty years, or since giving up regular school-keeping; but even in the twenty years or so of that kind of labor, when daily hours were fixed and definite daily duties prescribed, I cultivated a similar feeling about it or of spirit and temper in doing it. As I have explained, I was fortunate in always being the head of the school, but I was nevertheless under the control and supervision of employers and felt the responsibility which that fact involved, and the added burden of being responsible to my employers for the employees under me—sometimes ten or more assistant teachers. But I never knew what a burden and care and responsibility it all was until I got rid of it. That proves that I had borne it without worrying much about it at the time, though it had sometimes afforded occasion for worry. At first, after giving up regular teaching, after being out of school, the sensation of being my own master, working as hard as ever, but doing it when and how I pleased, was a pleasant surprise to me. A certain strain on brain and nerve of which I had not been thoroughly aware was gone, and it was a blessed relief. I had always enjoyed the teaching, strictly so called, but had merely tolerated, endured, the attendant care and responsibility of running a school. I had not broken down under it, and had borne it patiently and cheerfully; but

my health, though always good, was better after I was freed from it, and has been better ever since. As a schoolmaster, I had never allowed myself to become a mere pedant, but had cultivated breadth and variety of literary tastes and habits. School teachers, of both sexes, too often fail to throw off the habits and manners of the "shop" when out of it, and even in the longest vacations. You can "spot" them whenever you meet them—at the seashore, the mountains, anywhere. It was always a satisfaction to me that in vacation I was never taken for a teacher—not that I was ashamed of it, but that I wanted to feel that I was getting the benefit of the vacation, and being my plain self—a man, not a workman of any distinguishable trade or profession.

One of the advantages of teaching is that it keeps one young, or should have that effect. The entire philosophy of teaching is summed up in two lines by Coleridge:

"Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school."

And love is the greatest of these graces—in itself and because it includes the others. Love the work, and the hopefulness and patience under it must follow.

REMINISCENCES AND PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF DR. ROLFE BY A LIFE-LONG FRIEND.*

The writer of this paper had the pleasure and the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Rolfe for well nigh three score years.

This acquaintance began and continued in true friendship and lasted uninterruptedly during the greater part of the lives of both. Two friends could hardly be on closer terms than were these. It suggested the case of Damon and Pythias. The writer has visited his friend at his home in the various places where he has resided, probably over two thousand times. They have walked together many hundred miles, among and over the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and

* John Orne, Curator of Arabic MSS in Semitic Museum, Harvard University.

through a great part of Massachusetts as well as in the vicinity of Boston and Cambridge. They travelled together in Europe.

The acquaintance of the writer extended also to nearly all of his friend's kindred, with several of whom he was more familiar than was the subject of this article himself. It cannot be denied, therefore, that a friendship so close and so long continued should enable the writer to know thoroughly the traits of character and the mode of life of his companion.

The achievements in the world of letters of the late William James Rolfe have been made well known by the press, but there are some characteristics of this eminent scholar, pertaining to his private life, which are not generally known, but which may be of interest to those familiar with him only through his works.

Dr. Rolfe, in person, was of medium stature and of slender form. In his early manhood he was still boyish in his appearance. He has always been very active in his movements. In the first half of his life his hair was jet black, copious, and allowed to grow to considerable length. His complexion was dark, his face smooth and thin, his eyes large and prominent and full of intelligence in their expression. He bore the aspect then as always, of a scholar. His speech was correct and precise. Distinctness of enunciation has ever been a characteristic of his mode of utterance. He had the appearance of having a delicate constitution, and his relatives predicted an early death, but he outlived by many years all those who held that opinion. His long life was owing to his regular and sensible habits in regard to food, exercise and sleep. Abstemious in his diet, taking what, to him, was moderate exercise in walking, and retiring early to bed, combined with ceaseless activity of mind in his waking hours are the secret of his longevity. As a pedestrian he might well have been a champion. His feet never gave him any trouble. His shoes never pinched. His limbs were never weary. Often when the writer has walked with him twenty miles a day, excessively wearied, and suffering excruciating pain from blisters and tired muscles, his friend has paced along the whole

day unwearied, and sound in all his members. No matter how far he had walked he would never admit that he was tired. Another interesting fact about our friend's bodily constitution was his perfect immunity from sea sickness. He had crossed the ocean more than a score of times and had sailed on other voyages, but never once had he any symptoms of this dreadful illness. Even in a terrible storm when the captain and other officers were upset by the violence of the waves, Dr. Rolfe was no more affected than was the freight beneath the hatches. And it is a singular circumstance that no member of his own family, near or remote, was ever affected with seasickness. It would seem that an inoculation with some of the Rolfe blood might render the subjects secure against the dreaded mal-de-mer.

The writer was so well acquainted with Dr. Rolfe's powers of mind and his achievements that he considered him one of the great men of his generation. By greatness he means the possession of certain qualities of mind in an unusual degree. In this sense he was great as a teacher and administrator of school affairs; great in the versatility and accuracy of his scholarship; great in his resources and acquirements; great in his assiduity, industry and power for work; great in the strength of his will; great in his optimism.

Others have spoken of his superior qualities as a teacher and manager of high schools. To the success he had in this field, the love and respect which his pupils have ever had for him are a constant testimony. His great scholarship, shown especially in English literature is known to all readers of his editions of Shakespeare and other English authors.

Dr. Rolfe's mind was so versatile in its tastes and capacities that he could excel in any branch of investigation to which he might give his attention. He was much interested in scientific thought and discovery. He had a clear understanding of scientific phenomena, theories and reasoning, and had he been so disposed he could have taken high rank among the scientific writers of the day. He chose English literature, and we see what he accomplished in that field.

His capacity for work was remarkable. He knew no

limited hours for labor. The writer, in his many visits to his study, has generally found him at his little desk busily engaged. His hours were from eight A. M. till bedtime, with interruptions for meals. Even when he went away on a vacation he took his proofs with him and indulged in very little recreation. The printers were always after him in every place to which he had retreated. When in town he sacrificed nearly all social functions, lectures and entertainments, in order to accomplish his great tasks undertaken for the benefit of the world of readers and students. It was on account of this unrelenting work in literature that Dr. Rolfe was not generally known in the community. He was at home nearly all the time, and only appeared on the street when some important errand required it.

Dr. Rolfe was great in his accuracy. So particular was he that he would never take the authority of any previous editor for a reference, but he invariably sought out the original authority even though he might have to spend hours at a library in investigating all the accessible early editions. Hence his editions of Shakespeare and other authors are noted for their correctness in every particular. His feeling of annoyance was extreme if, as rarely happened, some slight typographical error had crept in anywhere, due to the carelessness of the printer, after Dr. Rolfe had sent in his last corrected proofs. In his work he never employed an amanuensis or typewriter, or used a fountain pen or any other facility to relieve his heavy work. He said that the exercise of writing, and of frequently stretching out his arm to the ink-stand was in itself a physical relief. He cared little for fame. He loved his work for its own sake, and for the good it would accomplish, and he left his reputation to the care of others. He kept up this indefatigable industry to the last. He never seemed to realize that he was nearing the limit when most men retire from their activities and take a needed rest before it becomes too late. At the age of four score he was not only applying the same energy to his literary work that he had given during his many previous years, but he was looking forward to undertaking more of the same kind, and to an indefi-

nite continuance of existence in this world. The idea of death did not seem to enter his mind. If it did ever enter, he was prepared to die in the harness.

As an evidence of the energy and fertility of Dr. Rolfe's mind, as well as of the great store of facts and ideas he possessed, he prepared four or five new lectures for delivery at the Emerson College of Oratory, while he was convalescing from an accident which in the summer of '09 almost cost him his life. On the writer remarking that he must have nearly exhausted the resources of his favorite author, Dr. Rolfe replied: "By no means. I have material for fifty more lectures." It is much to be regretted that he was not spared to verify this statement.

Dr. Rolfe was great in his optimism. Nothing ever discouraged him. He always looked on the bright side of things. When ill he was cheerful and regarded his ailments, which were really often serious, as small trials from which he would soon recover. Even at the time when the valuable manuscript of his life of Shakespeare was stolen, although saddened, he did not give way to despair, but summoned his energies and re-wrote the whole work of five hundred printed pages from memory, the notes and references having been previously destroyed.

As a conversationalist Dr. Rolfe was gifted. Ordinarily he would not, himself, suggest a topic, but when once questioned on any point he was ready with ideas and information which he would impart at great length and in the choicest language. One little peculiarity in Dr. Rolfe's mode of speech may be mentioned, as the writer has never noticed the same in any other person. Many persons have the habit of unconsciously supplementing every sentence with some superfluous expression, or interjection, such as "You Know" or "Sure".

Dr. Rolfe's peculiarity was, while apparently thinking what to say next, or what expression to use, instead of pausing a moment therefor, to repeat two or three words at the beginning or end of a clause. This was done whether he was talking rapidly or slowly. It was probably a habit of which he himself was unconscious and not an intentional repetition for

the sake of emphasis. The writer never alluded to this singular fact in his conversation, although he has noticed it a great many times. His written productions were models of perspicuity and clearness. They contained no useless repetitions, and no one could mistake their meaning.

Dr. Rolfe wrote very rapidly in a fine, running hand, not always observing the conventional forms of the letters, but his writing was very legible, notwithstanding its apparent carelessness, and type setters never found any difficulty in reading it. This style was characteristic and unvarying. His style of forty years ago and at the last was the same.

Dr. Rolfe's home life was pleasant. He was kind in his demeanor, to all. The writer has often sat at his hospitable board where he was happy in entertaining his friends. Gentleness and love prevailed in that household. His generosity was liberal, but never made conspicuous. He never voluntarily alluded to his acts of kindness to others. His family was never large. The loss of his devoted wife several years ago was a severe stroke to his happiness, but his domestic life was cheered during his remaining years by the presence of one of his step-daughters who superintended the household affairs and gently administered to him in his illness. His little grand-daughters too were a great comfort to him, and he watched, with interest and wonder, the gradual development of their minds and characters.

Dr. Rolfe died at Oak Bluffs, Mass., on July 7th of this year at the home of one of his sons. He had no premonition of his death. When the writer saw him and conversed with him just one week before he passed away he seemed as well as usual. He was cheerful, and was contemplating a return to his literary work after a few weeks of needed rest. How these hopes were blasted we all know. He had reached the limit of his strength and his bodily powers at length, at a ripe age, gave way, and his brain so long active and fertile in thought, ceased to perform its functions. The transition from life to death was easy.

The funeral services took place at his old home in Cam-

bridge, conducted by the pastor of the Arlington Street Church.

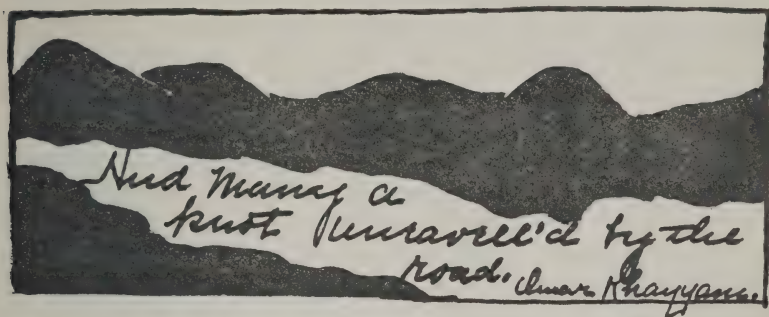
Once, in talking about the anxiety which some persons feel as to the disposal of their bodies after death, Dr. Rolfe said that he cared nothing what disposal was made of his body after he had done with it. His ashes now lie buried in his family lot in Oak Hill Cemetery, Newburyport, Mass., by the side of his parents, his brothers and his wife. After a long and laborious life he was returned to the city which had given him birth. It was the sad experience of the writer, a few days ago, to visit the spot where lies all that is earthly of the remains of his life long friend. The scene was peaceful, and suggestive of many recollections. The near-by oaks cast a sombre shade over the graves of the departed. The roar of the Atlantic waves that are continually breaking and rolling up on the not far distant sandy shore, and the moan of the can-buoy, as it rises and falls, undulating over the dangerous bar, sound his eternal requiem.

SUCCESS.

"He has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the trust of pure women and little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction."

"Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure."

—Emerson



A Word of Explanation.

In presenting a Rolfe Memorial Number of the Emerson Magazine we have eliminated therefrom all material that does not have a bearing on our tribute to President-Emeritus, William James Rolfe. We feel that we wish to make these pages as fitting in every way as we possibly can, and to that end we have put forth our every effort in our choice of material.

To those students, alumni and friends who have awaited Rev. Allen A. Stockdale's splendid opening message to us, we will say that this will appear in full in our December number, "The Endowment Issue" of the Magazine. President Southwick's opening address, "Finding One's Place in the Line," will be published in "The Speakers' Number" of January. The class, alumni, sorority, fraternity and Emerson College Club Notes will be doubled in "The Endowment" issue. We regret exceedingly that the addresses delivered on Rolfe Memorial day are not complete in this issue. Some three or four we have been unable to get at all, hence their omission.

"The Autobiography of William James Rolfe," printed in this issue, was written in 1909 for the students of the Emerson College, and delivered to them in 1909-10. Through the kindness of Prof. John C. Rolfe, we are allowed to use it.

Because of Prof. Rolfe's love for Dr. Henry Van Dyke's poetry, we close our number with his beautiful "Sleep Song." It is fitting that our Memorial to one so dear to Emerson College, should end in music.

The A word concerning the Endowment Move-
Endowment ment must be said here, since this is the only
Movement. mention of the same that the Magazine can
 make before November 30th, when we trust
that the whole sum of \$35,000 will be raised.

Should any good Emersonian happen into Mr. Rieed's office at Chickering Hall one of these bright Autumnal days, it would not take him long to realize that the great Endowment Movement is in full swing. Mr. Rieed, secretary of the Board of Directors, impresses one as being fully able to bring that work to its culmination.

Those of us, who are on the scene of Endowment doings, are impressed, not alone by the vastness of the work, but particularly by the loyalty and co-operation of the student body in giving the Movement its ready support. During Chapel hour, several weeks ago, Mr. Rieed called for student volunteers to aid him in his office work, at various times during the coming days. Scarcely had the call been made, when every student was on his feet. That afternoon in the "Endowment" office, besides Mr. Rieed and his stenographers, was a big table surrounded by students, and beside them a bushel basket full of letters, rapidly overflowing their quarters.

On November the first, a mass meeting, presided over by Dr. E. Charlton Black, Chairman of the Board of Directors, was held in Chickering Hall. Prof. Charles W. Kidder, Treasurer of the Board, Dean Harry Seymour Ross, and Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, of the Board, addressed the students. Dr. William G. Ward brought his good word also. As a result of this meeting an addition of \$2,663 has been made to the fund.

Besides the gift and service of the student body, we are impressed by the constant testimonies of love to their Alma Mater that Emerson's sons and daughters are sending. We know that they will be richer, better and more abundantly blessed because of these expressions of love to the College that has done so much in fitting them for their life work. We know that the blessing will not stop with them, but will flow on to the future sons and daughters who are to enter the Emerson portals.

Now that we are on the home-stretch of this, our undertaking, let us assemble, as one body, beneath the Emerson standard; let us fuse our enthusiasm into one feeling of harmony and sentiment; let us aid in every material way, the onward march of the Endowment Movement. And when November thirtieth dawns may we be able to say as one people, "Our work is done! The task we set for ourselves is finished!"



SLEEP SONG

Forget, forget!

The tide of life is turning;
The waves of light ebb slowly down the west;
Along the edge of dark some stars are burning
To guide thy spirit safely to an isle of rest,
A little rocking on the tranquil deep
Of song, to soothe thy yearning,
A little slumber and a little sleep
And so, forget, forget!

Forget, forget!

The day was long in pleasure;
Its echoes die away across the hill;
Now let thy heart beat time to their slow measure,
That swells and sinks, and faints and falls, till all is still,
Then, like a weary child that loves to keep
Locked in its arms some treasure,
Thy soul in calm content shall fall asleep,
And so, forget, forget.

Forget, forget!

And if thou hast been weeping,
Let go the thoughts that bind thee to thy grief;
Lie still, and watch the singing angels, reaping
The golden harvest of thy sorrow, sheaf by sheaf;
Or count thy joys like flocks of snow-white sheep,
That one by one come creeping
Into the quiet fold, until thou sleep.
And so, forget, forget!

Forget, forget!

Thou art a child and knowest
So little of thy life! But music tells
One secret of the world thro' which thou goest
To work with morning song, to rest with evening bells,
Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes are lowest
Thou still can lay thee down in peace and sleep,
For God will not forget.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

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The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1910.

NO. 2.

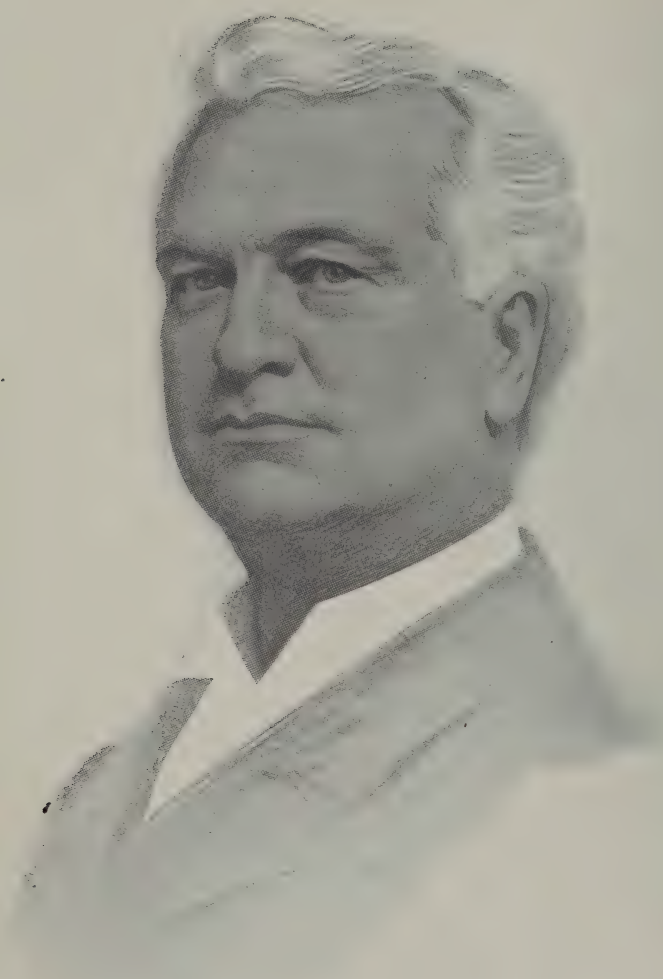
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THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. All literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

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CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

BY ALICE HUBBARD.

Expression Necessary to Evolution. *

Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson was only seventy when he died—a short life for a man of power—but he had traveled far, very far, in the threescore years and ten. In the one life he had lived many, for he was a man of imagination, of the keenest sympathy, of wide interests. . . .

Dr. Emerson was by nature a scholar and a philosopher. When as a young man his own health, or lack of it, became an object of deep interest, he came to conclusions that have become of vital interest to many, many thousands. This was before the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five.

Some of these convictions were as follows: Man was made for joy. Man was made to be well.

The health and well-being of the body is dependent upon the man's mental attitude towards life. Good health is more contagious than the measles.

* This excellent tribute to Dr. Emerson was published in "The Fra" of March, 1910. We regret that space prevents our printing the entire article.

The exercise of every function of the body should be an absolute joy.

The powers of the mind of man developed would make a perfect being.

Man is an evolving divinity, and it doth not yet appear what he shall be.

In seeking and finding his own health, Dr. Emerson found that the use and quality of the speaking voice has a direct effect upon the health—that the human voice is an index to the soul.

“Speak that I may know thee.”

“When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.”

When these great truths came rushing into the mind of Dr. Emerson, I can easily imagine how his great heart went out to humanity, and the desire became intense to teach this gospel to every creature.

He started a School of Oratory in Boston in Eighteen Hundred Eighty. It was in a little room in Pemberton Square. There was only a small handful of people, earnest, eager, intent on finding truth.

The Emerson College of Oratory had a phenomenal growth, but it was built on the solid foundation of health and reason, hard work and good thoughts, and much joy in the work.

Dr. Emerson's method of teaching was very like that of the Master, Liszt. He inspired his students. Awake the soul and the eyes will see, was the great Doctor's plan.

Believing that man had a divine desire for truth, this teacher had this faith in the Infinite, that He has equipped every one with a complete outfit for attaining to a high estate. So the Doctor's students were never sent out to buy apparatus of any kind.

“You are all ready! Begin! Keep on!” were the commands of our General. Exercise every muscle and nerve of the body each day, and exercise the part of the body harmoniously with all other parts. Teach the body to respond to the mind, for the mind is supreme. Also, know that the body

has an intelligence all its own, and this we must respect and not interfere with.

When the soul is awakened, and the body inspired, the way of doing our work will take care of itself and the way will always be intelligent.

Dr. Emerson had the faith of a scientist, that the results would be sure when you had complied with Nature's laws. Have faith in your body! Have faith in your mind! Trust to the infinite laws! The law is sure—all we need is to comply.

The leading principle of Dr. Emerson's life seems to have been to seek for the cause, and then when he had found it, to use the knowledge to benefit humanity. He would not tolerate palliatives. He was satisfied with nothing less than the genuine and the true. All hypocrisy and pretense were obnoxious to him. He was infinitely gentle and kind to everything else.

Dr. Emerson was not a mystic in any sense of the word. But in the Unseen forces—those spiritual laws which are operative within us—his faith was absolute. He was the first person I had ever met who had actually relied upon them. The mind has the power to idealize, he said. It is the divine gift which above all others evolves man into a higher being. The child has an ideal circle in his mind. His drawing of a circumference satisfies or dissatisfies as it approaches or varies from this mental picture.

We criticize people and things when they do not fulfil the ideals we have of them. Naturally man's face is toward the light, but to acquire high, beautiful standards approaching the perfect ideal is what we term Salvation for man. This is what the struggle toward the light has been. In soul we grow towards our ideals. Hawthorne gave us a classic illustration of this truth in "The Great Stone Face."

Some say that the gift stolen from the altar of the gods and given to man was Imagination. Without it, man is a clod, hopeless and sorrowful. With a trained imagination man is godlike, or, to speak more respectfully, he is man.

One of the distinguishing features of Dr. Emerson's

work was his training of the imagination to be under the control of the will, and to will that it should work to a purpose. Flights of idle fancy are not imagination. Imagination has character, form, and brings results in action.

Imagination is creative; it is the creative power of man. The civilization of the world is the work of the imagination, made manifest to the senses. Every structure, each work of art, all formulated thought, are results of the trained imagination. The imagination creates the ideals. It takes a suggestion, a hint, and builds that which gives benefit and happiness to humanity.

Dr. Emerson believed in the powers of the mind. And he also emphatically believed in the sacredness and power of the body. There was in his life more than a hint of the Greek idea of making the body a perfect dwelling-place for the soul.

"Emulate the ancient Greek," was the watchword of Emerson College.

How our hearts glowed with triumphant joy as the Doctor pictured the glory and beauty of a body that could perfectly manifest the highest functions of the soul! Many times I have seen an audience of more than five hundred people carried into an ecstasy by contemplating the divine ideals which this great man in his eloquence made us see.

It was the beauty of the truth we applauded, not the man. There is one of the secrets of his greatness. He could present truth.

This fact, too, Dr. Emerson made clear: You must have a healthy body if you would have a healthy mind, and you must have a healthy mind if you would have a healthy body. They act and react upon each other. In fact, where does mind begin and body leave off? Surely the body has an intelligence; all its own, or how could you walk or perform the involuntary actions of the body or the voluntary actions which become habit?

Then if you trust to this intelligence, and if the muscles are free and educated, you can be a monocoque and go in safety even over dangerous places. Trust, have faith in the body!

But first be sure you have trained it to respond to the mind and to be a fit tabernacle for the divine spirit to dwell in.

It was because Dr. Emerson was a believer in this great truth that he brought upon himself so much criticism twenty-five years ago. People who said that the mind was one thing, the soul another, the body something else, and at war with the good, were not monists. They said you had to teach a person exactly what gestures and physical attitudes and tones to use to express thought.

If you wanted to express emotional sentiments, operate the tremolo stop, put your hand to your heart at such or such an angle or curve, and then say your speech. Dr. Emerson said, Understand your thought, take on the conditions of the sentiment, through the power of the imagination become the sentiment, and your body and tone will tell the story without your taking thought as to what garments of mourning or joy it shall be clothed with.

Walt Whitman expresses the idea exactly, "I do not feel as the dying soldier, I am that man."

This is the dramatic. Without the dramatic instinct there would be no sympathy—without sympathy, no Golden Rule. For how can you do unto others as you would have them do unto you if you can not put yourself mentally in the place identically of that other? Our entire social relations depend just upon this dramatic instinct. Is it not worth while paying a little attention in an educational way to this natural instinct? Dr. Emerson thought so. And so did many thousands of students who went to the Emerson College of Oratory to study with this great teacher.

These thousands of earnest souls, awakened by the divine spirit which played through this great man, went out into every part of this country teaching and inspiring.

It is strange that during all these centuries of civilization, as we call it, in all our search for education, that only recently has a thought of the practical entered into our wise schemes. Froebel said, and he demonstrated his theory, "Teach the child how to live by teaching him to live right now." Rousseau, too, pointed to a better way.

The Greeks knew a superior education, but the modern school was turning the thought from life. Academic conning of the pages of books kept on and on.

"The only adequate preparation for life is living," said Dr. Emerson. "That is an artificial system of education which breaks up the life of an individual, devoting one half to a preparation for living, the other half to living." . . .

Dr. Emerson arrested the attention of the looking backward and forward, and taught the Now. "What is good for you today? What will benefit you here and now—the Greeks who are at your door?" In his lecture on Socrates, I remember his dramatically-told story of the last day on earth of the philosopher: "What kind of a man will I be in Elysium?"

"The same kind of a man you are here," answered Socrates his questioner.

"What shall we do with you when you are dead, Socrates?" "Anything you wish, providing you can catch me."

Live your highest and best to-day and make the next to-day better still, and any future for you will be an evolution of good. To live to-day should engage all your attention to-day. Be well to-day. Get into harmony with Natural Law. Then you will be at peace with yourself. And when you are at peace with yourself the universe is in harmony with you. "One day health will be the rule. Men will learn to look for health rather than for disease; they will learn the importance of being dominated by healthy mental states—serenity, magnanimity, hope, faith, love."

This was the Great Man's hope for the human race and his faith in mankind.

"Lead me to the fountain of truth—this is the cry of the heart of humanity. Obedience to this cry is the test of all art. Only that is high art which points men to the truth of Nature."

Dr. Emerson grew like the ideals he contemplated. He was one of God's Noble Men. His appearance was regal. His teaching was, "Be Yourself!" This precept was exemplified in his life. The sweet, simple life of honesty was to him the best life, and this life was his.

Deeply religious by nature, he was always moved by beauty and majesty in any form. Architecture was his passion, and again and again he built and beautified. His life was his work, and when his work was no more his spirit gently withdrew. Lovingly and most tenderly his Beloved and his loved ones laid him to rest on the hillside at Millis, Massachusetts, overlooking his home. Down through the pine branches twinkled the starlight, as we left him sleeping. And if he saw and felt and heard, perhaps he said:

"And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening-star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan,
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet."

FOUNDER'S DAY

Founder's Day was observed November the thirtieth. At the services in Chickering Hall, Mrs. Anna E. Marmein of the Boston Emerson College Club, presided.

ADDRESS OF ANNA E. MARMEIN.

"Fellow Students and Friends:—As a representative of the Emerson College Club of Boston, I extend to each and all a hearty welcome.

"We meet here to-day to pay tribute to the memory of the Founder of Emerson College, Charles Wesley Emerson. This day was instituted at the request of the Hartford Emerson Club, of Hartford, Conn., and it was agreed upon to call this Founder's Day. The date, November 30th, was chosen as a significant one, for, by a strange coincidence, it is the date both of the birth and death of Dr. Emerson.

"The program as originally planned was to have been taken charge of by the Hartford Club, but because of unforeseen happenings, the plans miscarried, and the present day program was volunteered by the Emerson College Club of Boston.

"Before introducing the speakers of the morning, I feel that I wish to pay my personal tribute to the memory of Dr. Emerson. This may seem strange in view of the fact that it was not my good fortune to study here in the days of Dr. Emerson; but, as a student of the principles which have survived the test of thirty years, I feel myself a great debtor to the man whose personal influence I have never known.

"Dr. Emerson's contribution to the cause of education is unique in its character. Unlike Mr. Gradgrind, the character given us by Charles Dickens, Dr. Emerson recognized the three-fold nature of personality, and the equal claim of each in the development of the individual. Thoroughly equipped by the principles of psychology, together with a knowledge of the evolution of art in its progressive stages of development, backed by a deep insight into the needs of our common humanity for freedom of expression, and inspired by a faith in the potency of spirit, Dr. Emerson proclaimed and demonstrated the emancipation of the individual from the law of limitation.

"The time was ripe for the evolution of these very principles, for the rapid progress of achievements in the field of science and invention during the past century demanded that, and art and education should take equal strides in order that the age might attain symmetrical proportions. To the days of Pericles and ancient Greece Dr. Emerson turned for inspiration and guidance in the crystalization of his plans. Had the ancient Greeks been a puny race, the acropolis at Athens would be still an unrealized ideal. Dr. Emerson realized this and from such sources which teach the gospel of beauty and symmetry, he evolved his system of physical culture, a system which emphasizes the co-ordination of mind and body, thus eliminating physical self-consciousness, by the thought of freedom held in concept.

"Recognizing the fact that the development of character is the end of all true education, Dr. Emerson encouraged and fostered the cultivation of sympathy and sentiment, thus awakening the imagination to the needs of common humanity expressed through the medium of both literature and life. Dr.

Emerson's philosophy sounded the death knell of superficiality, for simplicity and sincerity constitute the warp and woof of his teachings, without which we indeed become 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.'

"The perspective of years serves only to deepen our sense of gratitude, for the principles underlying the teachings of this college are applicable to the every day needs of the individual, helping him to live a better, saner and more balanced life.

"It is this later recognition of good which comes to us after the college doors have closed upon us and we go forth to battle and achieve; it is this later recognition that holds us close to our Alma Mater. Once having partaken of the inspiration of the life at Emerson, the need is created for frequent draughts of the same spirit, and so we return to these scenes from time to time, some as teachers in the field of expression, others as lecturers and readers, and again as organized clubs made up of members or students from a given locality banded together in the interest of our Alma Mater, and for the re-awakening and stimulus of the old spirit of our college days.

"This morning we have represented on this platform at least four of such organizations. Members from the Hartford Club, the New York City Club, the Minneapolis Club, and the Boston Club.

"I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mrs. Marian Blake Campbell."

MESSAGE FROM THE HARTFORD CLUB.

Mrs. Marian Blake Campbell ('90) was introduced. She spoke substantially as follows: "I am here to-day as one of the representatives of the Hartford Emerson College Club. Our President, who is deeply interested in this movement for the Endowment of Emerson College, regretted her inability to be present to-day and has sent to you the following letter: 'One December day two years ago, several women met to hear an account of the service which had been held at Millis a few days previous. With swimming eyes and overflowing hearts

they paid again their loving tribute to Dr. Emerson, and one exclaimed—"I wish that a day might be set aside each year for the Emerson students to learn of our leader—our teacher—our founder"—and from this thought grew the petition and its gracious acceptance by our good President.

"To-day you meet for the first observance of Founder's Day—and the Emerson College Club of Hartford sends its expression of loving loyalty—and prays that in the years to come the memory of Dr. Emerson may live within your halls—an inspiration and a benediction to all.

"When this college—having his name—becomes an independent institution it will stand a permanent monument to his memory. Let us band together to do this thing with reverent hearts and willing hands.—Clare Plummer Dresser."

"As Mrs. Dresser has sent to you words of greeting from the Hartford Club, it is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to add anything along that line, but I should like to say a few words for my class, the class of 1890, and for the members of the classes of that period, whose feelings are, I am sure, in harmony with ours.

"To those who had the great good fortune of being students in the College during the early days of its existence, and who experienced the blessing of an intimate acquaintance with its great Founder, the name of Emerson is a word to conjure with; it has power to call up for us the vision of a noble gracious presence, a radiant smile, the sound of a deep, eloquent voice, and the grasp of a firm sympathetic hand. I can never turn the pages of Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship* without thinking of Dr. Emerson, for to me he was a hero, as Carlyle defines heroes; for he tells that hero worship is 'transcendent admiration of a great man.' That Dr. Emerson was a great man is found by the fact that his influence still lives; to many of us his name has been a household word; we have taught our students, our children of his life and work, feeling that we could do nothing better for them than to give to them a noble ideal as a guide in their life work.

"I will not speak of his original application of the world-wide principle, of his successful attempt to revolutionize the

teaching of oratory in this country,—I cannot—for my mind turns persistently to the thought of the man, himself, and after all, the man is greater than any word he uttered or any act which he accomplished. What Dr. Emerson was, to the students who knew him and loved him, words are inadequate to express, but to me, and I am sure to many others, his spirit has been a source of guidance when problems have arisen that must be solved, or when important questions have called for wise decision.

“Carlyle says that a great man is a ‘living light fountain—a flowing life fountain,’ and this Dr. Emerson was to us, for light radiated from his presence, light of the mind, the heart and the soul.

“To my mind Emerson College might be described in the words of Carlyle,—‘All things which we see standing accomplished in the world are probably the outer material result—the practical realization and embodiment of the thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world.’

“Emerson College has made progress since the time of which I have spoken, its curriculum has been broadened and the college has become more widely known. We should not make the mistake of looking too much into the past, we should consider the present, and look forward into the future. We are with you in all good work for Emerson College, and we are ready to do all in our power to further its interests. We must act in the present and plan for the future, but let us return once each year to the ‘living light fountain’—let us come back to drink deep draughts of refreshment and inspiration from this fountain which has ever been a source of inspiration to Emerson College.”

NEW YORK CITY CLUB REPRESENTED.

W. Palmer Smith ('98) of the Stuyvesant High School, New York City, was introduced. He said in part:

In one of the volumes of *The Perfective Laws of Art* there is a paragraph beginning with the words, ‘Let us rejoice that we behold this day.’ I rejoice that I behold this day. It is good to be here, to feel the atmosphere of Emerson College

again, and see the members of the faculty. I bring you a hearty greeting from the E. C. O. Club of New York City—a club of thirty odd members who find real pleasure in keeping the ties strong that bind them to their Alma Mater.

“In voicing a brief tribute to the memory of Dr. Emerson, I know that I express the feeling not only of the New York Club, but of hundreds of alumni that knew our great teacher. We came to the college in those old days for voice culture, for elocution, for public speaking, for training as teachers; but we who were alert enough to receive it, found more than this, we found a philosophy of life. The Emerson principles given us are few in number, but, like the primary colors, admit of wonderful combinations and wide application. The primary colors have been combined into masterpieces of Titian and Michael Angelo. Emersonian principles have again, and again, transformed the work of the school room, vitalized public reading and speaking, sweetened home life and led to better business methods.

“If you could have been present at the banquet of the New York City Club last April, when we had Dr. Emerson’s portrait on exhibition, and could have heard the tender message given by Mrs. Emerson, and seen the tribute of tears that followed, you would have realized that Dr. Emerson’s influence is not dead. His principles are great truths that cannot die, and that is the reason the Emerson College Club of New York City gladly pledges its mite to the Endowment Fund, in order that Emerson College, and all it stands for, may become a permanent institution.”

ADDRESS OF DEAN HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS.

Only a brief synopsis can be given of the address by Dean Ross, who spoke first on The Characteristics of Great Teachers, applying these to Dr. Emerson; and later introduced the subject of the Endowment of the College by showing that institutions are but “the lengthened shadows of men.” He said in substance: “I am the bringer of a three-fold message, as I speak for two others besides myself. The first is this telegram from our absent President who says ‘My greetings from

far away Georgia to you and all loyal Emersonians who are celebrating the establishment of their Alma Mater, honoring the founder, and working to set the college on the rock of permanency. God speed the efforts is the prayer of all the Southern alumni that I have met.'

"The second message that seems most appropriate at this time is from the other extremity of our union and brings reminiscences from one who came here nearly twenty years ago from the state of Maine; a member of the class of eighteen hundred and ninety-three. This covers the ground of personal tribute to Dr. Emerson so well that I shall make it my own, and then speak on certain attributes of the teacher, leaving you to apply them to our founder. Time would fail if we should attempt to enlarge upon the requirements laid upon a good teacher. You cannot catalogue all his qualities. One said that while qualities are valuable, quality is something much greater. The old negro servant of the South appreciated this when he spoke of those who were 'quality folks.'

"Those capable of shaping others must have something about them that cannot be set down or conned from a book by rule or rote. This we may illustrate by a Shakespearian quotation:

" 'Kent—You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.'

" 'Leah—What's that?'

" 'Kent—Character.'

"The ability to leave an impress on the mind and character of the student is the test of the true teacher. This rests not simply in his acquirements but in the very warp and woof of his own character. Having this, all that he says and does weighs mightily. 'Words have weight when there is a man behind them,' says Emerson, and again he relates that when Lord Chatham spoke that those who listened felt that there was something finer in the man than anything he said, and this additional force was given to every sentence he uttered.

"I count it as one of the best things that have come to me in several schools that I have personally come in contact with a few who could answer the definition and measure up

to the standard of great teachers. One or two of these are still radiating centers of life and light, and others have been promoted to higher service. But their good deeds do follow them. Their lines have gone out through all the earth, their words to the end of the world.' In this list, as one who embodied the essentials of a great instructor and exemplar, I must place the one to whom we pay tribute at this service.

"In the school that we are rearing to-day there have been many willing workers. Upon the strong foundations of Dr. Emerson's philosophy and enthusiastic teaching, Dr. Rolfe's sane and notable scholarship, and President Southwick's idealism and vision, a loving, loyal and hard-working faculty have placed stone upon stone, building nobly for the school that is to be."

THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

Prof. Charles Winslow Kidder was the next speaker. Professor Kidder said that he came as a representative of the past and also a prophet of the future. After announcing that a portrait of Dr. Emerson was on exhibition at the studio of Mr. Folsom, Boylston Street, Mr. Kidder made the following financial statement relative to the *Endowment* fund:

On hand Sept. 1 (Alumni fund).....	\$3,100.00
On hand Sept. 1 (Students' fund).....	1,448.50
Contributed since Sept. 1.....	7,631.50

Amount of *Endowment* fund to 10 A. M., Wednesday, Nov. 30th.....\$12,180.00

GREETINGS FROM THE NORTHWEST.

"It is indeed a pleasure to have the privilege, on this occasion, of representing the Emerson College Alumni Association of the Northwest, as a body, and to bring greetings from the twenty-odd graduates of Emerson College who are located in that section of the country.

"Perhaps a few details pertaining to this organization may be of interest to you: This Association was organized but a very few years ago and has since then rapidly increased both

in number and in efficiency of work. Its membership is drawn principally from the three states of Minnesota and the Dakotas and although some of those connected with it have withdrawn from active public life, for domestic reasons, the large majority of members are actively engaged in Expression work, in institutions, ranging in kind from private schools to state universities. All meetings so far have been held in Minneapolis, both because that city is centrally located and because frequent occasions tend to bring members of the Association to the Twin Cities. Three meetings are, as a rule, held in the course of the year, at times convenient for all concerned. A general program is planned for the entire year, and details are arranged at any given meeting for the one next following; papers on topics of general interest are prepared and then read and discussed at each meeting. We have found this plan of work most profitable and helpful.

"Now, what does this Association stand for? What are the reasons for its existence?

"Its object can perhaps be expressed in no better way than as we find it stated in its constitution: 'Its object shall be to bring members into closer touch with each other and with the College, and thus afford a stimulus for the furtherance of Emerson principles.'

"The most important point in this statement is that we believe in Emerson principles. We believe in Emerson principles, not only because they constitute a firm, sane foundation upon which to build, in theory; but also because they embody a system of teaching that has proved to be most successful in practical application.

"Since, then, we thoroughly believe in Emerson principles we also believe in the perpetuation of these principles, and since we believe in the perpetuation of these principles we naturally, also, are heartily in favor of the Endowment Movement. Our Association from the first has strongly endorsed this movement and about a month ago its officers undertook to carry on an active campaign toward accomplishing the concrete realization of the object sought.

"With Emerson College an Endowed Institution we may expect at least two results:

"A. The perpetuation of the principles upon which the institution is founded.

"B. The permanency of the institution itself, thus providing for the maintenance for all time, of a worthy Alma Mater.

"There is much work yet to be done; the campaign that will bring the desired result has but begun. The Emerson College Alumni Association of the Northwest is willing to do its share in this work, and in the capacity of representing its members I wish to close with the expression of this wish and motto: Success to the *Endowment* Movement."

Jessie Eldridge Southwick was next introduced. The subject of her address was:

"DR. EMERSON, AS PHILOSOPHER AND EDUCATOR"

Mrs. Southwick said in part:

"The world of thought to-day recognizes Ralph Waldo Emerson as America's greatest philosopher, although in his day those who did not appreciate his profound insight said he had no system of philosophy. When asked to defend his philosophy he only said: 'I am a reporter; I write down what I see.' His mind has been likened to a placid lake—reflecting the stars of truth. And so his kinsman, Charles Wesley Emerson, was held by many not to have any new thing to teach because he used the material furnished by Delsarte and others for classifying the forms of expression of the human body. He had no new forms to devise; no new rules of technique to offer; no new tones of voice to classify; but he changed the whole front of personal development in expression by his perception of a few fundamental truths regarding manifestations of human life and development. Steele Mac-kaye was the first pupil in this country of the great scientific classifier of human forms of expression, Delsarte. One of his first three pupils in America was Prof. Lewis B. Monroe, first connected with the Boston University, in the department of Expression.

Simultaneously Charles Wesley Emerson received this in-

struction under Monroe, who, recognizing in the able preacher and student, Dr. Emerson, more than a mere pupil, secured his assistance as lecturer and teacher at the Boston University.

"Dr. Emerson afterwards named his own school for his beloved friend and instructor, Prof. Lewis B. Monroe. The Monroe Conservatory of Oratory, when I entered it as a student in 1883, was a school of about twenty-five or thirty students.

Dr. Emerson entered the work of Expression for his health, when suffering from a severe prostration after years of preaching during which his success as an orator and liberal thinker had caused crowds to follow his preaching. He had also taken a diploma of medicine in Philadelphia, and had studied principles of law in the Boston University. He saw in the philosophy of expression a new field of teaching;—a broader field of influence, through the education of the human personality by means of unfolding the forces of expression, evoking the natural forces, instead of imitating the manifestations of human emotion and thought. In the earlier teaching of the art in modern times form had been the chief thing emphasized.

"The perception of this truth alone gave him the rank of a philosopher and reformer in the world of education through personal expression; and the motto of the school which afterward came to bear the name of the educator whose philosophy it exemplified, was chosen: 'Expression necessary to evolution.' The philosophy underlying this phrase is far reaching and profound. Expression must come from within!

"Dr. Emerson began by applying the principle of reflex action, which had been discovered through medical experiment, showing the response of agents in co-ordination upon the application of stimuli to certain nerve centres. The perception of the law of the dominance of centres, which Dr. Emerson called the 'law of dominant centres; was made a fundamental force in the harmonious unfolding of the natural tendencies of expression. Some centre of action dominates every co-ordinate expression; some centre of consciousness controls every harmonious psychological experience.

“Dr. Emerson asked the question:—‘If the scientific classification of forms of expression as given by Delsarte is true to nature; *what stimulus of appeal to those natural forces may be applied to call forth from within and not to impose from without the fulfillment of the criteria?*’ This task of discovery of the *keys to natural sources* was Dr. Emerson’s self-appointed task! That he succeeded in finding many of these keys his success in after years may testify. His knowledge of technique was adequate; but always applied to *reading the signs and regulating the efforts of manifestation*. While many teachers of ‘technique first and emotion afterward’ criticised crudities in young students of this new method—the sincerity and real influence of all exponents of its principles vindicated the founder of this philosophy to the world at large; and everywhere educators bore witness to its superior *reality* and educational value as contrasted with more superficial methods.

“Always there have been exponents of expression whose personal genius has transcended the limitations of mere technique; but Dr. Emerson was the pioneer in that *method of scientific natural appeal* which has the tendency always to develop according to educational principles the natural genius of every student who pursues it with understanding and appreciation. The philosopher is such by virtue of his preception of the spiritual significance of material and psychological facts; the educator is such by virtue of his perception of the laws of human activity and their relation to forces of appeal which may call forth those activities of mind, heart and soul. Dr. Emerson found in Delsarte a beautiful philosophy of spiritual correspondence which relates to universal mystic philosophy, and which is much influenced by the spiritual teachings of Swedenborg. Our modern educator, Dr. Emerson, sought to discover the natural order of evolution as revealed in the discoveries of Darwin and other modern scientists and also traceable in the growth of ancient art and civilization, in order to apply it to the study of expression.

“The student of history here applied the stages to be discerned in the earlier forms of art, and classified these stages according to the Evolution of Expression,—explained and illus-

trated in the four volumes of that title. Also the modern scientific discoveries of earlier forms of activity were used to verify the formulation; and modern psychological definitions also were shown to be in harmony, though not carried so far into the realm of the ideal as the later stages in art would seem to warrant. So, the suggestion or fourth stage was added.

"First, the colossal in art was seen to correspond to the manifestation of exaggerated reverence for power, life, active force. The first volume of the *Evolution of Expression* is, therefore, devoted to the sub-division of this manifestation of *life, activity*. Then the melodramatic development of art was seen to correspond with the effort to be *effective*, startling, or attractive; and the second or emotional stage was classified—especially referring to the use of musical and persuasive elements of tone. The third stage of human activity in individual life as in art is the effort to be true,—to be exact,—to be literally accurate; and the effort to secure right synthesis and proportion in the work of art gives us the *realistic* school of stage art.

"This finally becomes evident: that 'the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life;' and we see not merely the facts nor their arrangement; *but the relationship and suggested significance—the creative and unlimited stage in art*. This is the stage of the ideal, the original, the inspired and spontaneous revelations; the vision and suggestion of the things not seen, but only apprehended in the higher realm of the soul!

Everywhere this principle of the evocation of the natural and inspired reality is applied. The voice is cultivated to freedom of vibration and responsive condition. All technique is good and in giving the interpretation of the signs of human experience giving forms of exercise which shall develop facility and completer equipment; while ever the fundamental principle of appeal is the *psychological* appeal to the natural sources of inspiration and the spiritual reality of experience.

"Everywhere the eloquence, the inspiring personality, the encouraging warmth of Dr. Emerson carried an enthusiasm

and a personal response which made each student acquainted with the possibilities locked up within his own being!

"May the efforts of us upon whom his mantle has fallen be successful in securing the permanency of that work which is so simple in its beginnings, so far reaching in its wide applicability and so educational that it has changed the whole front of the educational world toward elocution! Oratory was chosen as the distinguishing title which carries in itself the signification of personal influence and the appeal of one soul to other souls.

"The dramatic is but the emotional application; and elocution is but the name for the training of the voice to correct and elegant forms of expression. Long may the Emerson College of Oratory stand for the personal development back of all great art; the literary resource which is the fountain of the world's recorded experience; the philosophy which alone can guide the true unfoldment, and the practice which is guided by these true Emersonian Principles!"

SUGGESTION CONCERNING ENDOWMENT MOVEMENT.

Mr. Rieed, Secretary of the Board of Directors, spoke in part as follows:

"The Treasurer's report as just made shows that less than \$13,000 has been raised. Now what is to be done? Doubtless many things may be done, but there is at least one thing that must be done—we must fight on. The battle may take a little longer time or require a little greater sacrifice than was at first expected, but there can be no doubt as to the ultimate outcome.

"But whether or not the report is discouraging depends entirely upon the standpoint from which it is viewed. All are aware that numerous attempts have been made in the past to start an endowment movement. But no one saw fit to take the leadership and no organization was formed, with the result that the attempts ended almost before they had begun. The Alumni, in consequence, may have become skept-

tical, critical, prejudiced, and even disgusted. And if so, rightly so. In the present campaign, therefore, they have felt in justice to themselves that they ought to be cautious and conservative. Hence, our time and energy have been spent in clearing away the cobwebs—the \$13,000 has been raised not by, but in spite of, the conditions. But if we have firmly established a Corporation and regained the confidence of the alumni, at least one-half the battle has been fought.

“But there is another reason for small receipts. The campaign as originally planned embraced three lines of activity: first, an appeal by letter from the main office and from the several class representatives; second, personal work among Emersonians and with the outside public; and third, publicity through the newspapers. So far only one of these three lines has been followed—the one embraced by circular letters. The entire results of the campaign up to date, therefore, may be credited to that one thing only. But circular letters do not and are not intended to induce subscription. Their great object is always to acquaint the Alumni with the endowment proposition and to enthuse them over it. In the present campaign we believe this has been done. If so, the field is now well prepared for the second and third steps; that is, for personal work and newspaper appeals. But newspaper appeals will be of no help until we are ready to appeal to the outside public; and appealing to the outside public will do no good until proper interest is shown among the Alumni. Consequently the personal campaign now beginning must begin among ourselves. If we, as Alumni, can raise \$35,000—and we certainly can do that if we are loyal, and can do it, too, without inconvenience to ourselves—then the remaining \$115,000 may be had from the outside public.

“Then allow me to offer a suggestion. It is likely that representatives of the movement will be sent throughout the country to meet the Alumni in personal consultation. We need their advice and criticism; they in return may have certain questions to ask and points of doubt to be cleared up. Furthermore, nearly all of them doubtless know personally people of wealth who might be interested in the movement,

and know also the means of approaching them. All this information we can get, or give, or use only through a personal consultation. When the Alumni have thoroughly understood matters, we feel sure that they will all stand absolutely upon the same ground with reference to both the present endowment campaign and the future conduct of the College, and that their hearty co-operation, of which the College is so much in need, will be given in every way possible.

"Hence, we urge you to consider the endowment matter carefully. Consider it too with this one thought always uppermost—the thought may be absolutely false, but nevertheless it is a good one to keep well in mind—that the present campaign is perhaps the life or death battle of Emerson College to become a public institution, and that we must win now or perhaps lose forever. If we should lose, the College, you I—all of us—will pay the price. Then give your money if you can, but always and under all circumstances give your service."

EMERSON COLLEGE OF TODAY.

Mrs. Marmein spoke as follows:

"With the withdrawal of Dr. Emerson from active service, came the teaching of the principles he has established. Unaided by the personality of their originator, these principles were tried and not found wanting. President Henry Lawrence Southwick as successor to Dr. Emerson grasped the spirit of his predecessor and said in substance, now is the time to gain for this cause and this college, recognition from other institutions of learning. To this task of gaining for Emerson College adequate recognition, Mr. Southwick bent his efforts. The courses of study were enlarged and broadened; the standards of requirement for entrance were enforced. In the days of Dr. Emerson the sympathies of Dr. William J. Rolfe had been enlisted, and President Southwick urged upon Mr. Rolfe the acceptance of the President's chair, with the result that the world famous scholar came to us as friend and teacher, giving of his time and effort because of his belief in and sympathy with this college of ours.

"It is equally significant that President Southwick has called to the faculty such men as Dr. Black of the Boston University, and Prof. William G. Ward of the Syracuse University, both of whom have become ardent enthusiasts for our cause. Such men as Edward Howard Griggs, Richard Burton, and such women as Sara Arnold of Simmons College and the beloved Mary A. Livermore have come to our platform as lecturers, feeling that this was home. Nor is this all, for by quiet and persistent labor we have gained recognition and credit from such institutions as Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio; Denver University, The University of Valpariso, at Valpariso, Indiana; the Chicago University, and Cornell and Amherst Colleges.

"The principles of this school are being applied and diversified to meet the needs of the individual student in the various fields to which he is called, so that he may feel no hesitancy in applying for a situation which demands an academic as well as a special training.

"It will be seen then that Dr. Emerson originated and created the principles which govern this college. President Southwick enlarged and broadened the courses, and gained for Emerson the recognition she now enjoys.

"Does it not seem opportune that we, the recipients of such accumulated benefits, should grasp the opportunity of helping to perpetuate the work so nobly begun and carried on?

"The movement now on foot to make Emerson College a public institution, a degree-conferring institution, has been well begun and the success of this enterprise should become the individual aim of every loyal Emersonian."

Plans relative to the *Endowing* of Emerson College were then discussed. Among the speakers were Mrs. Augusta King, Prof. William G. Ward and Dr. Phineas P. Field.

THE MESSAGE OF OUR CHAPLAIN

Boston, Sept. 26, 1910.

Dear Friends at Emerson:—

A Lecture in the beautiful town of Hardwick, Vermont, the native place of a very well known Emerson graduate, Miss Gertrude Lawson, calls me away from the city on the opening day of school.

I can understand very well how the school can open without me, but it is a puzzle to me how I can get along without the opening day. The Greeting of upper classmen and the welcoming of new students have come to be a part of the inspiration upon which I rely to start me right in the fall.

Emerson College is the best place in the world for a stranger to enter, and the hardest place in the world for a student to leave. There is sunshine enough in Emerson to ripen true friendships, and there are inspirations enough to waken souls and minds and make the character glorious.

The milk of human kindness in Emerson is heavy with the cream of heart-felt love. The searching criticism of the teachers, comes to be thought of as the penetrating sunshine of truth and life, shedding its rays of light into every dark and hidden chamber of the soul. The visions of new life and the secrets of personality revealed are the irresistible forces of consecrated minds and souls to change the future for good for all who think and love and work. Hearts need not ache with lonesomeness, nor spirits fear the pain of being forgotten.

My message to old students and new might run something like the following:

You've come ter school, ter speakin' school
Ter larn ter elocute,
You'd like ter try yer passions out
In ways that high-falute;

You'd like ter larn ter make 'em weep,
'Er laugh, er clap their hands.
Well now young folk, it takes a heap
O' stuff to take them stands.

Yer think the world's a watin' you
Ter laud ye' to the skies,
Now you jest git yerself prepared
Ter meet a big surprise.

There's lots o' stars a shinnin' out
Right in the heavens round,
An' sure it takes a twinkly one
Ter be jest right off found.

Now don't git all down hearted you
That's goin' ter elocute,
If some day ye should strike the thought
That ye aint goin' ter suit.

Jest keep a diggin' at yer work
As close as ye kin stick,
And keep a hopin' all the time
Through work that's thin er thick.

An' some day yer may stand up straight
An' sing er joyful Sam (Psalm)
An' say right out, "This sweat an' work
Has made me what I am."

Don't think yer'll twinkle out so bright
Right in a day or two
That all the other stars'll quit
An' leave the sky ter you.

By jinks, yer know, that aint the way
In this here world of fight,
It takes a heap o' scourin' here
Ter make us stars look bright.

Jest pitch right in and take it all
Jest larn, an' larn, an' larn,
Cause all these teachers know ther jobs
In this here big Consarn.

An' when ye really know it all
 An' got no more to larn
 Why then it's time ter pack an' leave
 This Emerson Consarn.

Very truly yours,

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE.

CLASSIC AND MODERN COMEDY

October 14

"Twelfth Night"

Shakespeare

Henry Lawrence Southwick

October 21

"The Prince Chap"

Peple

Elvie Burnett Willard

October 28

"What Every Woman Knows"

Barrie

Katherine Oliver McCoy

November 4

"The Merchant of Venice"

Shakespeare

Jessie Eldridge Southwick

November 11

"David Copperfield"

Dickens

Walter Bradley Tripp

November 18

"Much Ado About Nothing"

Shakespeare

Maud Gatchell Hicks

OUR LECTURE COURSE

Sept. 28.—The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare.

Pres. Henry Lawrence Southwick

Oct. 6.—The Message of James Whitcomb Riley.

Rev. Allen A. Stockdale

Oct. 13.—Hamlet, the Man of Will.

Pres. Henry Lawrence Southwick

Oct. 20.—The Rules of Order.

Prof. J. H. Roberts

Nov. 3.—Shakespeare's Cradle and Home.

Prof. Homer B. Sprague

Nov. 10.—The Hunger for Food and Drink or
The Driving Forces of Life

Prof. Earl Barnes

Nov. 17.—The Desire for Self-Agrandizement or
The Non-Social Forces.

Prof. Earl Barnes

Dec. 1.—The Appetite for Knowledge or

Sensation Hunting and the Search for Causes.

Prof. Earl Barnes

Dec. 8.—The Love for the Beautiful or

Admiration and Artistic Creation.

Prof. Earl Barnes

Dec. 15.—Longing for the Good or

The Hunger for Righteousness.

Prof. Earl Barnes

Man to be great must be self-reliant. Though he may not be so in all things, he must be self-reliant in the one in which he would be great. This self-reliance is not the self-sufficiency of conceit. It is daring to stand alone. Be an oak, not a vine. Be ready to give support, but do not crave it; do not be dependent on it.—William George Jordan.

It is in its way an exciting moment for a young man when he receives proof that his seniors, the men of actual achievement and admitted ability, think that there is something in him, that he can be of service to them, that it is in his power, if it be in his will, to emerge from the ruck and take a leading place.—Anthony Hope in "Tristram of Blent."



DAWN

O golden sun whose first glad light,
 Breaks through the clouds at dawn,
 Thy gleaming bright
 Dispels the night,
 Thou harbinger of morn!

The glintings' of thy early ray
 Fall on the roses' dew
 And sparkle gay
 To welcome day,
 In rainbow tinted hue.

Each tiny blossom lifts its head
 When thy warm kiss it feels,
 And o'er Earth's bed,
 With sunshine spread
 The morning zephyr steals.

Thou bringest us day's rosy break
 To bear the dark away,
 And for thy sake
 To God we make
 Thanks-giving for this day.

—ANNIE A. HOWES '11

ELLEN TERRY IN BOSTON

Those of the Emerson students who heard Ellen Terry in her two lecture recitals on Shakespeare's Heroines have an experience to which they can look back with keen enjoyment

all their lives, not only because it was Ellen Terry whom they were privileged to hear, but because she gave two scholarly and illuminating interpretations of a subject in which we, as students of expression, are so vitally interested.

No one could have suspected for a moment that the beautiful statuesque figure who came out on the platform of Tremont Temple in flowing classic draperies had reached the age when, according to a certain wise master of physical science, men should be laid on the shelf, consigned to the attic chambers of the world. We feel tolerably sure that if the learned doctor could have seen Ellen Terry at sixty plus, whatever disposal he might advise for men past the ominous forty year mark, he would be willing to let women go on like Tennyson's brook, forever and forever.

To have even so fleeting a glimpse of this great woman is to understand fully why she has held sway over the English stage for so many years. An Emerson girl voiced the experience of many when she remarked as we reached the street after the magnificent Wednesday lecture, "You feel somehow as if you'd been with royalty." But if, in the midst of our awed and tearful happiness, it had been possible to analyze our feelings we could not have told which fascinated us more—the majestic interpreter of a peerless poet, or the simple whole souled English woman whose big heart reached out to every person in the audience.

Ellen Terry has had her day—perhaps, as Hermione and Perdita and Rosalind and Portia have had theirs; for she is one with these women of infinite variety and deathless charm. When Shakespeare is forgotten and when the world has ceased to care for mirth and brilliancy of intellect and beauty and strength, then will the heroines comic and pathetic be forgotten, and, with them, Ellen Terry.

A. E. B.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT EMERSON COLLEGE

On Thursday, November 3, Miss Mary Hill, secretary to India, spoke to us of the work the Association is doing there. The meeting was both a social and missionary meeting.

The work that is being done by our Extension Committee deserves special notice. Teachers have been supplied for a number of settlement classes, and a number of entertainments already given.

Miss Sleight addressed us on November 11. Her subject was "The Potter's Wheel." We are glad to say that on December 15, she will read "The New Christmas Carol."

The kindness of the Faculty in removing all other engagements for the hour of our meetings is greatly appreciated.

On November 18, Mrs. Stockdale conducted the meeting. Her subject was "Prayer."

The meeting of December 2 was conducted by Mr. Galaudet of Central Church. The subject was "Bible Study."

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King."

THE GIRL WHO SUCCEEDS

She has so much to do that she has no time for morbid thoughts.

She never thinks for a moment that she is not attractive nor forgets to look as charming as possible.

She is considerate of the happiness of others and it is reflected back to her as a looking-glass.

She never permits herself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body, age does not come to her.

She awakens cheerfully in the morning and closes her eyes thankfully at night.

She believes that life has some serious work to do and that the serious work lies very close to the homely, everyday duties, and that kind words cost nothing.

She is always willing to give suggestions that will help some less fortunate one over the bad places in life's journey.

She is ever ready to talk about a book, a picture or a

play, rather than to permit herself to indulge in idle words about another.

She is her own sweet, unaffected, womanly self; therein lies the secret of her popularity, of her success.—*Woman's Life*.

SOCIETIES

CANADIAN CLUB

The Canadian Club is now reorganized with eight members—Miss Alecia Conlon, President. The Club is reinforced this year by Miss Gates and Miss Mathison from Nova Scotia and Miss Green from New Brunswick. We are always glad to welcome new members.

On the afternoon of October 18, the members of the Club were delightfully entertained by Miss Conlon at the Students' Union.

On Saturday, October 29th, the Club accepted an invitation from the Harvard Canadian Club to attend a formal reception given at their Club House in honor of Sir Frederick and Lady Borden.

The Club was honored by an invitation extended by Dr. Ransom, to attend a Hallowe'en party given at the home of Mrs. De Wolfe, in Belmont. Owing to the Junior dance coming the same evening it was impossible for all to attend. But we understand from all who accepted that the spirit of Hallowe'en was carried out to the extent that nothing was left to be desired.

On November twenty-second the regular meeting of the Club was held; our President, Miss Alecia Condon, presided, and the following members were elected to office:

Vice-President.....Edna Weatherspoon

Secretary-Treasurer.....Abbie Ball

Magazine Correspondent.....Florence O'Brien

The Club welcomes Miss Gorman, Prince Edward Island,

Last week we received a cheery visit from Miss Mildred as a new member.

Forbes, '09, a former president of the Club, Dorchester, Mass.

CLASSES

'10

We are looking forward to a most prosperous year under the guidance of our President, Mrs. Jane Allan, assisted by Miss Jannet Chesney, Vice-President, and Miss Eunice Story, Secretary and Treasurer.

Although the class is mostly composed of nineteen ten graduates, we are very glad to welcome among us Miss Wheeler, Miss Hasting, Miss Simmons, Miss Rickey, Miss Sims and Miss Bagstad.

The members of nineteen ten, who failed to return to us are scattered very widely, and we miss them from our class.

Miss Ruth Adams, who always headed the class list, is teaching in the High school of her home town, East Hartford, Conn.

Miss Margurite Weaver is teaching in Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Frances Woodbury is doing theatrical work here in the city.

Miss Grace Weir is teaching in the West.

Miss Nellie Munroe has a very fine position in Fon du Lac, Wis.

Miss Adelaide Patterson is enjoying a successful year of teaching in Milton, Mass. We knew Miss Patterson would locate near Emerson.

Miss Emma Goldsmith is on a recital tour with a concert company in Central New York.

Miss Bertha Fiske is on the road as stage manager for the play "Alice in Wonderland."

Miss Veroqua Petty, who was called home by the sudden death of her mother, has returned to college.

Post Graduates, you had better visit Freshman and Junior classes and become familiar with the method used. "A word to the wise—"

Born in Boston, on November 21, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bates Huddy (nee Mary Hoyt Parlin P. G. '08) a son—Louis, Jr.

Every Post Graduate returned from the Thanksgiving

vacation in a happy, although dyspeptic, state and in time to attend the "Sophist" class, which was held in the library previous to the History of Education class.

Mrs. Allan was called home by the death of her little nephew.

Miss Ruth Morse attended a house party at Kingston, Rhode Island.

Miss Wheeler visited in New Bedford recently.

Miss Erma Tubbs spent Thanksgiving in South Manchester, Conn.

'11

The officers of the Senior class, 1911, are: President, Eva H. Churchill; Vice-President, Marion G. Webster; Secretary, Annie A. Howes; Treasurer, Margaret M. McCarthy.

The class business meeting is held on the second Thursday of each month.

In October the Seniors entertained the Freshmen with an automobile ride, visiting points of historical interest in and near Boston.

Members of the class have been doing successful platform work. Lois Bell gave nineteen recitals at different places on the Pacific Coast, during the summer; Estella O. Wilcox read in her home-town in New Hampshire; Victoria M. Cameron in Winchester, and also in Boston, for the benefit of the Scotch Charitable Society.

Thursday evening, December 1st, Meda Bushnell and Faye Smiley read at the entertainment on the quarterdeck of the Wabash—under the auspices of the Naval Y. M. C. A. The Wabash, an old wooden hulk, has been in the yard since 1875 and is now used as a training ship.

'12

We are glad to welcome into the Junior class Muriel M. Brenan, Edna D. Case, Diana M. Coad, Ella S. Dorman, Anna J. Leddy, Elizabeth B. Leonard, Annice A. Lowry, Harriet C. Palmer, Grace C. Rosaaen, Mary P. Sandstrom, Ruby Shayn, and Ruth B. Watts. We hope they will enjoy the work as

we do and will feel as though they had always been members of our class.

The first social events of the college year were receptions given by the Students' Association, September thirtieth, and the following week by the Y. W. C. A.

Hallowe'en, October thirty-first, the Freshmen joined us in an evening of dance and mysticism.

Victor D. Button spent the latter part of the summer travelling throughout Iowa giving a series of successful readings.

Miss Julia Krantz assisted in concert work in Adamstown, Maryland, and surrounding towns.

For the last few months the Endowment movement has been in full swing, each class straining every nerve to swell the fund already obtained. The Juniors gave an enjoyable evening, November fifteenth, for this benefit, dancing to the music of a hurdy-gurdy. The affair proved very successful. Each division of the class has been saving pennies or raising money in other ways. Division B gave two candy sales in the upper hall of the college. These events were financially successful.

A goodly portion of the class were fortunate in being able to spend the Thanksgiving recess at their homes. Lenella McKown stayed with a friend in South Framingham, Evelyn Oelkers was at the home of Ruth Roane in Springfield Mass., Anna Keck spent the vacation with Marian Colby in Hartford, Conn., and Jane Rae and Edna Gilkey spent Thanksgiving day in Roslindale. From all reports, those who remained in Boston had their time so filled with gaieties that they did not find time to be lonesome.

'13

An unusually large Freshman class attached itself to Emerson College this year in the hope, of course, that Emerson College will be benefitted by their attendance. We are an illustrious class and we have adopted these rousing lines to give voice to our feelings at various *uncertain* intervals:

Chic-a-Chac-a-Chi;

Chic-a-Chac-a-Cho;

I-9-I-3; E.-C.-O.

Our cheer, which is a prolongation of our feelings, is this:
One-two-three-four,
Who for? What for?
Who are we going to yell for?
Who do you suppose for?
Emerson! Emerson! Emerson!

We are very grateful to the upper classmates for the way in which they welcomed us to the life and work at Emerson. The Juniors have shown us the Emerson spirit of good fellowship by giving an informal reception in our honor. We also spent a pleasant evening at the Junior Hallowe'en party.

To the Seniors we extend our thanks for a very entertaining and profitable auto trip about Boston and its vicinity. Many historic things and places were pointed out and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent by all.

SORORITIES

ZETA PHI ETA

The Zeta Phi Eta Sorority extends greetings and wishes a successful year to all.

We take great pleasure in announcing Rev. and Mrs. Allen A. Stockdale as honorary members.

The Zetas are at home to their friends at their Chapter House, 175 St. Botolph Street, the second and fourth Thursday of each month, from four to six o'clock.

We are very much pleased to have Miss Chamberlain back at college this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard were recently guests at the Chapter House.

Miss Vashti Bitler, '10, is attending Kansas University this winter.

Miss Harriett Eells is teaching in the High School at Dublin, Texas.

Mrs. Frederick A. McLane, of Holyoke, Mass., was the guest of her daughter, Miss Sheila McLane, for several days.

Miss Helen Hammond, '07, has returned to Boston and is filling her former position with Central Church.

Miss Faye Smiley read at a reception given at Frost Hall of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Miss Marie Neahr spent several days in New York recently. While there she attended the large International Business Show at Madison Square Garden and the Aviation Meet on Long Island.

The Misses Davidson and Burke attended a Hallowe'en house party at Concord, Mass.

Mrs. Symonds of Springfield, Mass., took dinner with us on Sunday, October 23rd.

Miss Agnes McNally, '10, has recently returned from a most enjoyable trip abroad.

Miss Jessie Shaw, '07, of Bayonne, N. J., was recently a guest for several days at the Chapter House.

Miss Elizabeth Barnes, of last year's Post Graduate class, is teaching in the Frances Skinner School, University of Chicago, at Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Miss Sheila McLane spent Columbus Day in Manchester, N. H.

We are pleased to have Miss Minnie Farron, '08, with us this year at the Chapter House.

Miss Lena Smith, '08, is teaching in Petersburg, Va.

Miss Ruth Barnum spent a week end aboard the U. S. Cruiser "Chicago," as the guest of Captain and Mrs. Furlong.

Miss Gertrude Chamberlain was our guest at dinner on November 16th.

Miss Gladys Smiley was the guest of her sister, Miss Faye Smiley, during the Thanksgiving recess.

Miss Angie C. Dickinson, of Holyoke, Mass., was the guest of Miss Sheila McLane on November 17th and 18th.

Miss Minabel Garrett read at an entertainment given at Readville on December 1st.

Miss Lois Beil was the guest of Miss Helen Symonds, at her home in Springfield, Mass., for Thanksgiving.

Miss Sheila McLane spent Thanksgiving with her parents at Holyoke, Mass.

A party from the Chapter House were entertained at tea, Sunday, December 4th, by Captain and Mrs. Furlong on the U. S. Cruiser "Chicago."

Miss Faye Smiley spent a week end recently with friends at Norwood, Mass.

Misses Burke and Banghart attended a dance on Thanksgiving eve, given by the Eliot Club at Newtonville.

Miss Minnie Farron has been giving readings throughout New England, the past month.

Miss Faye Smiley was the guest of Miss Marguerite Staats, a Junior of Wellesley College, for the Junior play on December 5th.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

The members of Kappa Gamma Chi are once again happy to be back at Emerson. Of the members who graduated in the spring we have with us, as Post Graduates, Misses Georgia Newbury, Alice Davidson, Marjorie Kinne, Alma Bruggeman, Gertrude Conly, and Christine Hodgson.

Miss Berenice Wright of the Class of '09 has a position as teacher of Expression and Physical Culture at Ontario Ladies College, Whitby, Ontario, Canada. Miss Nellie Munro, Emerson '10, has charge of the gymnasium and the departments of Expression and Physical Work at Grafton Hall Seminary, Fon du Lac, Wisconsin. She recently gave a talk on Physical Culture before the Fon du Lac Ladies' Club.

Since returning to Boston we have had the honor and pleasure of entertaining at dinner Mrs. Whitney, Miss Sleight, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, Miss Tripp of the faculty and Miss Wright.

A number of the girls were recently dinner guests on board the U. S. S. Chester at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

November 5th the Sorority was entertained at a tea at Harvard by Mr. Harold Brightman.

Miss Myrtie McGuire, Emerson '09, has been a recent guest, as has Miss Marie Gosse of Roxbury.

During the summer Miss Alice Davidson gave two programs at Ocean Park Chautauqua. A play entitled "The

Obstinate Family," given by amateurs of Syracuse, N. Y., was successfully coached by Miss Marjorie Kinne.

The Sorority is continuing its informal Saturday evenings this year, and is at home at Hemenway Chambers.

DELTA DELTA PHI

Mrs. Southwick spent an evening at the Chapter House recently, which was enjoyed by everybody.

Miss Henry spent a few days in New York with a former member, Mrs. Thomas Cussach (nee Wilhelmena Carter).

Miss Edna Thomas is teaching in Des Moines, Iowa, and is enjoying her work very much.

On account of distance none of the Deltas living at 39 St. Stephen street, were able to go home for Thanksgiving recess. However, they all had a pleasant time in Boston.

Miss Whitesel was the guest of Tracey Eppstein of New York for a few days.

Miss Jessie Weems had as her guest her sister, Louise Weems, who is attending Smith's College.

Miss Knapp gave a reading recently at the Pilgrim Church, Dorchester.

Those who are going home for Christmas vacation are as follows: Miss Kerr, Miss Whitesel, Miss Weems and Miss Henry.

PHI MU GAMMA

Miss Janet Chesney, '10, the Misses Loveland, Bushnell, Cash, Howendobler, Churchill, and Lyon of '11, and the Misses Rae, Riorden and Gilkey of '12 constitute the Iota Chapter of the Phi Mu Gamma at Emerson this semester.

Miss Lillian Chesney of Connecticut spent a few days with her sister, Janet Chesney.

Miss Sleight and Miss Wright were recent guests at dinner.

Miss Bloise Freeman of Brookline, Mass., is a frequent visitor at the house.

Miss Evelyn Cash attended the Phi Mu Gamma conclave, held at Atlanta, Ga., June 4, 5, 6. She was the guest of Ruth Blodgett.

All the girls who remained in town for Thanksgiving were entertained at dinner by Miss Churchill at her home in Rosindale.

Miss Loveland spent the Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Hartford, Connecticut.

Miss Riorden recently visited a friend at Mt. Ida School.

Miss Lyon and Miss Rae witnessed the Yale-Harvard game at New Haven on the nineteenth.

HOME-COMING

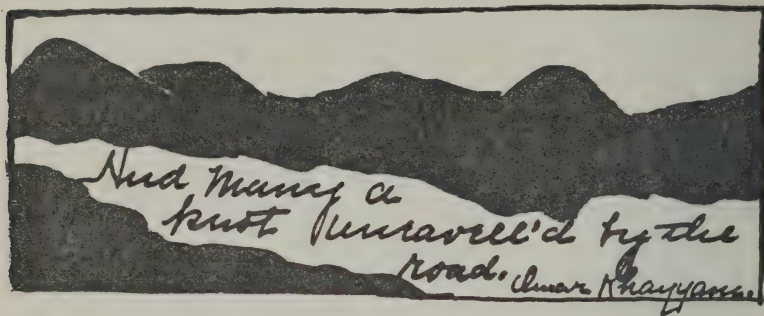
"There's nothing like coming home,
And having the home folks meet you,
And seeing the light from the open door
Shine out on the path to greet you.
The old dog sits by your side,
And lays his nose in your hand,
And tells you he's glad you are back again,
In a way that you understand.

The table is ready for lunch,
And yours is the place they're heaping;
And out in the kitchen over the fire
Grandmother's tea is steeping.
And everybody talks at once;
And the cat awakens from her nap,
And stretches and yawns when you speak her name,
Then comes and lies in your lap.

Oh, the world is a wide old world,
And much they may have to show you;
And 'tis well to lengthen the living chain
Whose links are the friends that know you;
But summing it up, we find,
Wherever our feet may roam,
In all the journeys we take through life,
There is nothing like getting home."

—FLORENCE J. BOYCE.

(In Thanksgiving Number of The Holcad.)



**The
Passing Away of a
Noted Artist.**

In chapel, recently, Mrs. Southwick paid tribute to George Riddle, dramatic interpreter, who died in Cambridge, November 26th. Mrs. Southwick spoke, especially, of Mr. Riddle as a pre-eminent Shakespearian interpreter of our country, of his work in raising the standard of platform art all through our States, of his influence which has been, and is, so widely felt.

Mr. Riddle made his first appearance, as a reader, in 1874, in Boston. He won distinction as an actor by the rendering of Greek plays and dramatic productions. He was an instructor of Expression at Harvard University, 1878-81. He contributed to the "Youth's Companion,"—"Extracts from George Riddle's Diary;" Boston Journal, etc. He was editor of "A Modern Reader and Speaker" and "George Riddle's Readings."

**The Onward
March of
the
Endowment
Movement**

The day to which we have so long looked forward has come and gone. We are the richer, having experienced Founder's Day, because so much of inspiration came to us, out of the abundance of loyal and loving hearts. Whether we are able to convert that same inspiration into actual profit to ourselves and our College remains to be seen.

On Nov. 30th we not only drew aside, with reverent hands, the veil of the past—but we flung aside that which obscures

the future, and saw looming majestically before us the New Emerson College. We saw her an *Endowed* College, and toward that mark we are *still* bending our every effort. We wish that we could flash up a pen picture of all this *Endowment* means. We wish that we were master of language persuasive enough to bring the financial support of every Emerson friend and graduate. We wish that each and every one would fall under the Emerson standard and give of their strength and every effort.

On December 6th the amount of the *Endowment* fund was \$12,583. *The Endowment movement is still going on.* What part are you going to take in it?

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER

Article II, Section 1 (d), of the Constitution of the Students' Association, requires the Business Manager of the Magazine to publish annually a financial report, which shall show the receipts and expenditures on behalf of the Magazine during his administration. In accordance with this requirement, the following report is submitted for the college year 1909-'10:

Balance forwarded from 1908-'09	\$109.39
Received from Alumni as subscriptions	253.00
Received from Students as subscriptions	211.00
Received from Advertising	397.50

Total Receipts	\$970.89
Paid for publishing Magazine (entire)	\$703.87
Paid as salary to Business Manager	95.65
Total expenses	\$799.52

Total Magazine balance	\$171.37
Paid to Students Association	75.00

Total balance in Treasury of Students' Ass'n	\$96.37
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The above has been audited by the Students' Council and found satisfactory. Respectfully submitted,

N. E. RIEED, Bus. Mgr. for 1909-'10



PEACE

Peace, gentle Peace, whose softest touch
 Allays the weary pain within and makes
 Each hour content; whose firm yet tender hand
 Can loose the captive chain, set free the heart,
 And take from Grief the throne she has usurped,
 I bid thee come, the victor's crown thy brow
 Adorning fair, and bless each waiting soul
 That greets the New Year's dawn; rest on each heart,
 And make this joyful moment Time hath won,
 With fragrance sweet, an ever-present calm.

—L. STEPHENS MacINTYRE '09.

THE SPIRIT OF EMERSON COLLEGE.*

*Read by Dean Ross, Founder's Day, Nov. 30.

The hum of voices and peals of merry laughter floated down to the street door, for Wesleyan Hall had overflowed into the corridors that bright opening morning of the spring term. Accustomed to small schools, I wondered if I could ever learn all those names and faces, if I should ever become a part of Emerson College. Then a friendly hand grasped mine and a kindly voice asked which class I was to enter.

"The Junior? How nice, then you will be in my division. And are you from Maine? There are other Maine students here, let us go and find them."

It was one of the Maine students who carried me to the office to be introduced to the faculty. "The Doctor" had not come, she told me, but the other teachers were there, and those busy men and women laid aside their work and greeted

me with the heartiness that every Emersonian remembers. Then more students, and when the hour struck that called us together for the opening exercises and my first acquaintance came to carry me off for a seat beside her, in my mind there was dawning a vague consciousness of the spirit of Emerson College. Already I had become a part of the College, initiated with the rites of love and good will. Scarcely were we in our places when the student body broke into the heartiest applause I had ever heard and a man was coming upon the platform. He was a large man, with a commanding figure and a smile that was a benediction. "The Doctor" had come. I have long since forgotten what he said in response to the students' greeting, but his voice, as I heard it that morning for the first time, I shall never forget. It was strong, with reserved strength, it was sweet, it was tender, it was sonorous, the full mellow tones thrilled every hearer.

The other classes marched away and the Juniors were left with Dr. Emerson. In the period that followed I began to realize dimly the difference between Elocution and Oratory and the source from which sprang the spirit of Emerson College. It must have been the second, or perhaps the third, morning that it came my turn to recite. The selection was "An Appeal for Starving Ireland" in Volume IV of "The Evolution of Expression." No aisle will ever seem so long and no audience so large as that sea of upturned Junior faces, but the kindest of voices was saying:

"Come right up and tell us how you pity those poor Irish people—and how you love them."

And then, in a lower tone for me alone to hear: "Don't be afraid; we know you can do it."

It was a wretched performance, that first attempt of mine, but there was no hint of it in the suggestions that Dr. Emerson made for future work, nor in the applause of my classmates, that said as plainly as words could say: "Keep on trying and you are sure to succeed."

For the student, who after faithful work, failed utterly in recitation, Dr. Emerson found some word of praise and encouraging suggestion. He, who "puffed in his own conceit"

sought the goal, without work, alone was dismissed with a silence more eloquent than words.

No student body was ever more loyal to college ideals. A brilliant recitation was, invariably, greeted with the heartiest expressions of good will from fellow students who could never hope to attain brilliantly, and, in all of those years, I do not remember one scornful or unkind criticism or one smile of ridicule from faculty or student.

We dealt familiarly with the great truths that now have become popular under the name of "new thought," and, I might almost say, psychotherapy, for it was something more than physical culture that soothed the tired nerves and brought strength to the feeble body.

"We have so much health to think about here, there is no time to think of sickness," Dr. Emerson would say when the gripe raged in Boston and was practically unknown in the College.

To the old Emersonian the most vivid impression is that of the atmosphere or spirit of the College that was more than anywhere else exemplified in Dr. Emerson's Saturday noon lectures, from which every one went out strengthened, uplifted and inspired to live more worthily. Whatever the subject might be the great psychological truths were couched in such simple language, their application to the work of the class-room or to the affairs of daily life so practical that few of us, perhaps, realized how profound was the teaching we were receiving and how far in advance of the times. Many years later I had the privilege of hearing a celebrated man lecture on the psychology of teaching before a representative body of educators. The large audience listened with rapt attention and at the close I found from the conversation on every hand that the ideas set forth were a revelation to most of those teachers, and yet we had heard them all, years before, in those modest lecture rooms on Bromfield, and later on Berkeley Streets, and had seen the principles demonstrated, day by day, in the class-room.

The Emerson students have gone their many ways, but if they are carrying the college spirit into the home, the

school, the church, the theatre, the office, and the factory, a monument, more enduring than bronze or stone, is being erected to the memory of Charles Wesley Emerson.

MARY ANN GREELY '93.

Ellsworth, Maine.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON, M. D.

Thirty-one years ago, in the early summer of 1879, Charles Wesley Emerson, M. D., delivered a course of lectures upon elocution, expression, voice culture, art, and kindred topics related to the study of oratory, in the Unitarian Church in Vineland, New Jersey.

This was my first acquaintance with him. After listening to these addresses, being captivated by the eloquence of the speaker and being appealed to by the thoroughly practical and scientific features of the proposed method of teaching personal culture, I determined to follow him to Boston and avail myself of instruction under his magnificent personality.

On reaching Boston in the fall, inquiry was made for Dr. Emerson who, having been abroad and otherwise absent from the city for some years, his old friends had not heard of his return, and his location was unknown to them.

One Sunday morning, while walking with a friend down Washington street, we met Dr. Emerson, who by me was, ever afterwards, kept in near view and association. Introducing my friend, we chatted as we walked and then separated. That afternoon, while walking in a westerly direction on some street in the vicinity of Union Park, Dr. Emerson was seen approaching. When he observed me, his step quickened; with a face full of expression, eyes sparkling with thought, and arm extended, he grasped my hand and said: "Dr. Field, I have been to hear an orator! I have been to hear an orator! I have been to hear an orator!" After he repeated the statement the third time, I asked: "Why, Dr. Emerson, whom have you heard?" He replied: "The friend to whom you introduced

me this morning, Rev. Moses Hull." This incident has a sequel, a part of which is still progressing.

During my attendance at this school, under its various names, I was Secretary of the Boston Ethical Society, where a part of my duties was to teach a class of young people, elocution. One early fall day I called upon the daughter of this orator, who had been a member of this class. She expressed her wishes to attend the Monroe Conservatory of Elocution, but said that she was financially hampered. Knowing Dr. Emerson's magnanimity, the case was immediately called to his attention. He thought a moment, then asked: "Can she pay so many dollars?" naming a low figure. Upon replying that I thought she could, he said: "Tell her to come."

She came, year after year, through the post graduate course. Her three daughters also came, one, at least, graduating, and when the orator, her grandfather, established an educational institution in the West, she filled the chair of Oratory. It was this orator's daughter, Mrs. Florence Johnson, who was appointed, with myself, by the first post graduate class, a committee to visit all the classes and raise the nucleus of the Emerson College Building Fund.

When Dr. Emerson returned to Boston he located on Tremont Street, at the corner of Milford Street, nearly opposite the Odd Fellows' Building, in which, afterwards, the College was located during several years.

In the bay window stood a lifting machine, which was used by myself and some of the stronger pupils. The gentleman now bearing the title and rank, Silas A. Alden, M. D., was so strong that he broke the cast-iron handlebar and made a wrought iron one which a team of oxen could hardly break. I bought the machine of Dr. Emerson and still have it, and the strong lifting bar.

Dr. Emerson's first class in Boston met in his room at this place and consisted of about half a dozen young ladies and myself. During the fall of 1879 courses of several lectures each were arranged in public halls of Cambridge, Watertown and Newton. They were attended by intelligent and cultivated people and Dr. Emerson was pleased that there should be

so fine a representation from Harvard College to hear him. They must have helped call public attention to his profession, as they were well advertised and received many favorable notices from the press.

Dr. Emerson's vocabulary of words and sentences, their arrangement and readjustment, was very large. Repetition of exact words of a statement seemed impossible. Many times he was asked to repeat specific sentences that pupils might enter the exact language in their note-books. He would repeat the thought in many forms of language, but never the exact first form. He was such a broad-minded gentleman that only those capable of reading between the lines could properly understand him.

P. P. FIELDS '83.

ALUMNI NOTES

'10. Alice Sandiford has been engaged director of the Expression Department at the State Normal School, Florence, Alabama.

'10. Leona Kress is teaching in the Nazareth Normal School, Rochester, New York.

'03. Mr. and Mrs. William Lawsha Haskell announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary E., to Mr. David S. Whittall, on Tuesday, September the sixth, one thousand nine hundred and ten, Montreal, Canada.

'95. The following announcement comes from Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa.:—"The Trustees and President of Geneva College beg to announce that Miss Elizabeth L. Randall, who was formerly at the head of the Department of Oratory, has been re-elected to that position and will begin her work in September. Miss Randall's ability as a teacher is well known throughout the Beaver Valley, and she, herself, needs no introduction. The College believes that, in again securing Miss Randall, they are offering a splendid opportunity for study to those interested in the various lines of Expression, and they aim, in this way, to maintain the high standard which this department has always enjoyed, and even to surpass it."

- '99. Miss Pearl Howe goes to Allegheny, Pa., as a High School teacher.
- '10. Agnes McNally is at Sacred Heart Convent, Fall River, Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., who has accepted a call to St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, preached his farewell sermon to the members of the Christ Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburg, recently. His services in Pittsburg have extended over a period of thirteen years.
- '10. Sara K. Dobson has started a flourishing studio in Moncton, New Brunswick.
- '08. Mr. and Mrs. William Griffith announce the marriage of their daughter, Eva Belle, to William Grueby Harrington ('08) on Wednesday, June 22, 1910, Sydenham, Ontario.
- '07. Florence Heston, who graduated with high honors from Emerson, after a season or two on the road, caught the eye of the "Checkers" management by her clever work and pleasing personality, with the result that she is now a full fledged leading lady, and, from the notices she has received this season, bids fair to realize her lofty ambitions in the not far distant future.
- '00. The classmates of May J. Ford, E. C. O., will be saddened to learn of her death, which occurred at her home in Freneau, N. J., August twelfth, 1910. Miss Ford supplemented her training at Emerson College by special courses at Columbia University. With this equipment she devoted herself to teaching, securing a position in Bishop Grafton's School, Fon du Lac, Wis. Later she accepted a place on the faculty of Mrs. Sewall's School for Girls in Indianapolis, Ind., and from there came to the staff of Nathaniel Meyer's School in New York City. She was a member of E. C. O. Alumni Club of New York City and was deeply interested in its meetings and banquets, even when she was unable to attend them. Her final illness was long and painful, but she met it with the same sweet cheerfulness and fortitude that characterized her whole life. Her mother, Mrs. Jeanette Ford, will continue to reside at Freneau, N. J.
- '05. Marriage of Mr. Delbert G. Lean (E. C. O. graduate) to

Miss Vera Stitzel Fox of Ann Arbor, Mich., June 16, 1910.
At home at the College, Wooster, Ohio, after October first.

'09. "I may be here in Conway physically, but my mind and heart are back in that dear Alma Mater in Boston, and I have thought just how everything must have looked this morning, when College opened again. I would much rather shake hands with all of our illustrious faculty this morning than on that awful morning last May, when it came time to say good-bye.

"Some day when I am a real old (?) pedagogue, I am going to write a letter for all the Emersonians. As for the present, if you wish to give them a message from me, tell them to be loyal to Emerson, even in the little things of life, and to respond to every demand of their Alma Mater, for when they leave her doors, and go out into the world, they will have good reason to be proud that they are graduates of Emerson, the best college in the land."—Rebecca Swartwood.

'99. Much credit is due to Professor Dagistan for the management of a recent debate between Cedar Valley Seminary and Ellsworth Academy. The decision was in favor of the Ellsworth team, which Professor Dagistan coached. Later in the year, Professor Dagistan directed and trained the college students at Ellsworth in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Splendid reports of the play were given in the "Des Moines Register and Leader," "The Hardin County Citizen," and "The Ellsworth Student." Says the "Register and Leader:—"It was without question the best amateur play ever staged in Iowa Falls. . . . All showed thorough and careful training, and great praise is due Prof. W. T. Dagistan for his artistic work as director." . . .

Elizabeth Barnes, whom we all miss this year at College, is teaching in the Frances Skinner School, Mount Carrol, Illinois. She writes: "Mount Carrol is a beautiful place. It is hilly, with a stream winding about the town. The campus has twenty-five acres of beautiful grounds with golf links, hockey fields, tennis courts, and basket-ball grounds."

The sympathy of our College goes out to May N. Rankin (1900), and Adila Rankin ('03), in the death of their father,

Dr. W. T. Rankin, for many years president of Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

'93. The marriage of Miss Lillian Susan Wilmot of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Mr. Alexander Haselton Gilmore of Atlanta, Georgia, is announced.

'07. At a large concert recently given in Architect Hall, Berlin, Germany, Miss Carmen MacIntyre was one of the singers. The Berlin "Lokal Anzeiger" has this to say of her: "The musical part of the evening was given by Miss Carmen Ercell-MacIntyre, and the young violinist, Lucy Bruch. The former gave great pleasure with her sweet and perfectly trained soprano voice, which has an extraordinary wide range."

The Berlin "Intelligenz Blatt" says: "The opera singer, Carmen Ercell-MacIntyre, is a young star, but we can safely promise her a remarkable and successful future, judging from her work of last evening, which was excellent in every way."

"The Voss" makes this comment: "The young grand-opera-singer, Carmen Ercell-MacIntyre, sang the Aria der Rosina from 'The Barber of Seville' and her colatur was perfect. In her second number, 'The Minstrel von Hildach,' we were delighted with the warmth and color of her beautifully trained voice and predict for her a successful future."

'07. Mr. Joseph Butts announces the marriage of his daughter, Anna Eva, to Mr. Alec Penney, Hartford, Connecticut.

'09. Mary E. Rogers has been meeting with splendid success in her recital work in her home town, Marathon, N. Y., receiving very favorable press notices.

'10. Ruby Page Ferguson has accepted the position as reader for the Hallowell Concert Company on their ninth annual tour from coast to coast.

'02. Word has reached us of the death of Miss Lena Dietrich at Oakville. Miss Dietrich enjoyed the acquaintance of a large circle of friends in that city and Thomaston, and the news of her death was received with sorrow, as it was not generally known that she was ill. Miss Dietrich was a graduate of Emerson College of Oratory and for a time gave lessons in Expression in this city.

'10. Emma B. Goldsmith is making a tour of Central New York, as reader with a musical company. Miss Goldsmith is most successful in her work.

On Friday, November 25th, Herbert Drakely Bard, Department of English, Marietta College, Ohio, read Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, (with Strauss music), before the Eastern Ohio Teachers' Association.

'05. The marriage of Ruby E. de la Ronde to Captain Ernest Arthur Hardman occurred October 11th, in Ottawa.

'09. Neat, attractive folders of Miss Mary Slifer have reached us. Miss Slifer is one of Emerson's most brilliant young women and it is with pleasure that we learn of her studio work in Chicago. This year Miss Slifer's repertoire includes selections from Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, Poe, Eliot, Aldrich, Longfellow, Arnold, Kipling, Eugene Field, Henry Van Dyke, James Whitcomb Riley, Marion Hill, Annie Hamilton Donnell, Bruno Lessing, and others.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

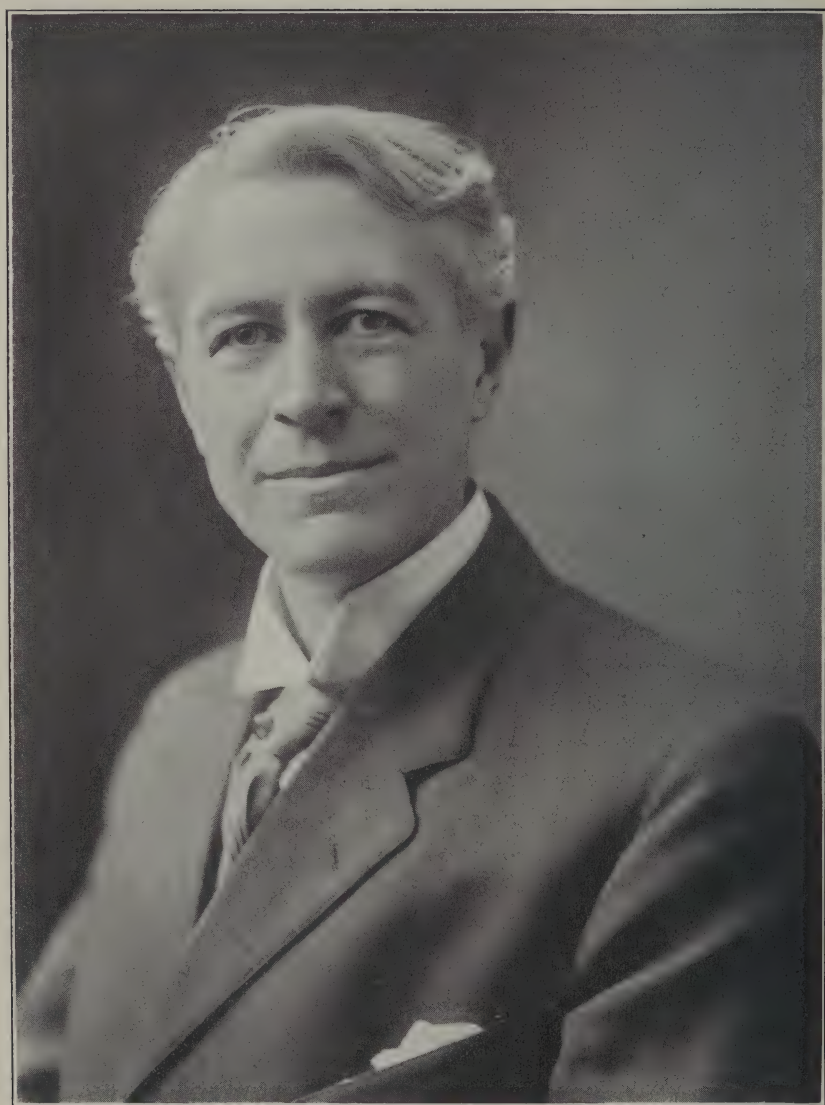
Teach us the strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak.

—Kipling.

To wish you the very Merriest Christmas yet.

May the radiance of its afterglow shine far on into the New Year; and the reflection thereof in your looks and words and ways gladden the hearts of many little children and rejuvenate your friends.

Charles Henry Whitsey.



To Henry Laurence Southwick.

How well we like to think that in the days
Of Philip Sidney, when great men combined
The courtiers art with power of the mind,
They wreathed an obscure poet's name with bays
And made it rich beyond all sounding praise
Who called him "Gentle Will." For, thus defined,
He stands before us, knightly, courtly, kind,
Dowered with all Elizabethan grace.

We brook no rule of kings or courts we say?
Be it so! We still yield homage willingly
To courtliness, to regal courtesy;
By these men ever held the surest sway.
Good counsellor! with thee we bear no strife
Because we love the "unbought grace of life."

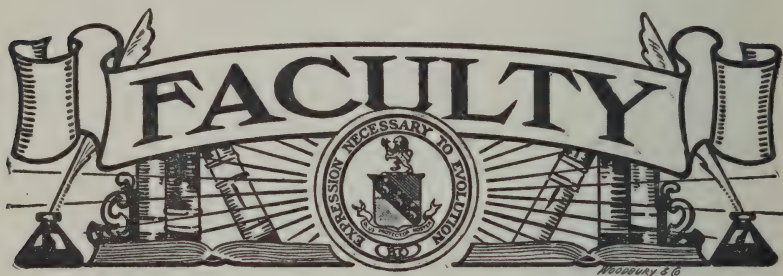
—ANNA EMILIA BAGSTAD.

Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1910.

No. 3.



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PRESIDENT SOUTHWICK'S INFLUENCE.

By Jessie Eldridge Southwick

The work of Emerson College is based upon the philosophy of expression affirmed by Charles Wesley Emerson, the founder and first president of the school.

Some of the work of the school, even in the day of Dr. Emerson, was organized and developed by Henry Lawrence Southwick as secretary and head of the dramatic department.

After his graduation from Emerson, and previous to his coming to take up his life work here, Mr. Southwick held the position of Master of Oratory in the William Penn Charter School, of Philadelphia. In 1889, after our marriage, he accepted Dr. Emerson's offer to establish him as a partner in Emerson College.

During the days of the most rapid growth of the college Mr. Southwick corresponded with all inquirers, interviewed most callers and demonstrated the principles of personal expression before institutes, in public lectures and recitals and by dramatic productions of the highest literature.

Through several years of the earlier nineties he organized the dramatic work in such complete manner that the college

was able to produce, at several of the leading theatres, Shakespearian and other plays of the first rank. Mr. Southwick, with other members of the faculty, and students of the Dramatic Department, produced "Richelieu," "Othello," "Richard III," "Hamlet," and other plays. A few comments are here quoted from papers and letters:

DR. W. J. ROLFE

"Allow me to congratulate you and your fellow actors on great histrionic triumphs. The plays were admirably rendered, and the applause and other tributes were well deserved.

The Hamlet was a most sympathetic and impressive personation. Your Othello was worthy of an experienced actor of the first class. Possibly the Richelieu might be better done, but I cannot conceive it. It stirred and moved me more than I know how to express. I came away as from a most impressive religious service where you had been the preacher."

JOSEPH A. HAWORTH

(The Well Known Actor.)

"I'm glad I know you. I'll play Hamlet better now from seeing you."

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE

"Mr. Southwick seems to me to have *perfectly* played Hamlet. He held me spellbound, and after his first appearance on the stage my attention was riveted.

Everybody did well; it is rarely that we have such playing on the Boston Boards."

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

"The intelligence shown in the delivery of the text, and the care with which every illuminating point in the action was made, furnished one of the most artistic and appreciative interpretations of 'Hamlet' ever given in Boston. It was a scholarly production and one which does great credit to the painstaking care and keen discrimination of everyone who had anything to do with the performance."

BOSTON HERALD.

"Richelieu was carefully staged and well, and it was capitally acted in every part."

BOSTON TIMES

"The finish and force of his performance of 'Othello' left an indelible impression on the minds of all who witnessed it. His whole acting was instinct with a charm that comes from a complete understanding and sympathy with the part."

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1897

"The week of dramatic work presented at the Tremont Theatre was one of unqualified success. The character of the audience was a compliment to any actor or any theatre. Large delegations of students and teachers came from all the principal institutions of learning in Boston and vicinity, showing that the plays were considered a rare opportunity, in an educational way, for a study of the dramatic masterpieces; prominent clubs were present, and the clergy was well represented. . . ."

In 1897 Mr. Southwick left the college to pursue dramatic study under the famous American manager, Augustin Daly. He took part in Shakespearian productions in the company with Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. Charles Richman, on the occasion of a trip through England and Scotland. "Twelfth Night" was played at the home of Shakespeare.

In 1898 Mr. Southwick returned to teaching. He accepted a position in the Penn Charter School once more, at a salary of \$4,000. He taught English and English literature, spoken and written, and trained the boys for all public occasions, in orations, plays, essays and recitations.

Dr. Richard M. Jones, the Head Master of the school, told me that he had found Mr. Southwick second to no man in fineness of personal influence and leadership among his boys. In 1899 Mr. Southwick added to his teaching at Penn Charter, the position of teacher of Higher English in the Ogontz School for Young Ladies, near Philadelphia.

In 1900 our partial connection with Emerson College was converted to entire ownership when, in company with Mr. W. H. Kenney, we purchased the complete control; Mr. Southwick becoming Dean, while Dr. Emerson was still President. Dr. Emerson was engaged at that time to remain "as long as able and willing to teach." Mrs. Emerson also, was called to remain with the College as a permanent member of the faculty. Dr. Emerson's failing health caused them both to resign in 1903. In 1904 Dr. William J. Rolfe accepted the presidency at the request of Mr. Southwick. In 1908 Dr. Rolfe became President Emeritus; resigning the active presidency in favor of Mr. Southwick because of failing strength and large literary labors.

Since 1900, until 1908, Mr. Southwick and myself, together with Mr. Kenney, have directed the work and planned the courses of the college.

During the period of its history since 1900, the College has been steadily enlarged in its resources and has been held in the beautiful new building, Chickering Hall, to which it was moved from Odd Fellows' Hall at a cost of \$7,500 rental, instead of \$8,500, as before. A corresponding expenditure was added in the employment of distinguished lecturers and experienced teachers, such as Dr. and Mrs. Black, Mrs. Hicks, Professor Tripp, Miss McQuesten, Mrs. Willard, Mr. Gilbert and others.

From 1900 to the present time Mr. Southwick has retained as well, the members of Dr. Emerson's faculty of that period—until some of them resigned because of other interests. Mrs. Julia King Parsons and Miss Anne Blalock—both since deceased—were among the number whose places have been filled by others added to the faculty.

Every department has been extended in scope and graded in scholarship under Mr. Southwick's direction: a rich Post Graduate course also, has been added to the curriculum.

The purchase of the Oratory Department of the New England Conservatory of Music was consummated in 1901, when Dr. and Mrs. Black and Miss McQuesten were added to our list,—they having previously taught at the Conservatory. Since that time the Emerson College and the New England Conservatory have exchanged courtesies; and now Mr. Gilbert, of our department of Theatric Training, conducts classes in Platform Art and Pantomime, at the Conservatory.

It has been since 1900 that the extended and uplifting courses of lectures by Edward Howard Griggs have been almost a yearly feature, and the department of Personal Development has been introduced, giving emphasis to the fact that the building of character and the appreciation of spiritual laws of human life, become the essential basis of education in the higher expression of personality.

The entrance requirement of High School graduation has been established by Mr. Southwick, in order to raise the stand-

ard of scholarship in Emerson College. This has excluded, of course, many students who might have entered before this was done: but the value of the diploma of Emerson College has been more and more widely recognized by the educational institutions throughout the land. The placing of teachers in the last years has reached the highest percentage of the graduates ever known to the college.

Mr. Southwick, by careful grading, has been able to give definite credit to the work done by all graduates out in the field of teaching, and so has given advanced standing to their pupils who enter Emerson. And now, through the changes made in entrance requirements, credit for previous work, addition of gymnasium work, and the extension of literary and technical resources the *value* of Emerson College diploma has been greatly raised. This advance has been accomplished step by step, from the days of most rapid growth in the early nineties, when the school increased from a constituency of less than 100 pupils, to a great school with an enrollment of four or five hundred students, until now.

Marked advances were ventured on in those years when Dr. Emerson and Mr. Southwick were responsible share and share alike for the maintenance of the college. Mr. Southwick has gone on, as years showed the general stability of the enlarged patronage, adding to and systematizing the college work until its present proportions have caused the alumni and students to recognize that such a large scheme should have public support. The present Endowment Movement is the result of this recognition, and it expresses a desire to share the burdens of financial responsibility borne up to this time by private management. In earlier years an endowment was sought, for support and enlargement, in the form of an adequately equipped and permanent Temple of Oratory; and the old Building Fund of over \$3,000 was the result of efforts among students and alumni. The fund was largely contributed from faculty and student dramatic productions under the direction of Mr. Southwick. It is said that there will be a more impersonal ground for appeal to those who endow in large sums, also more security of permanence in the stand-

ards,—thus giving better ground of appeal to the state for privilege to grant degrees,—when the ownership is known to be in the control of a permanent Board of Trustees.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Southwick's ideals have every confidence that his influence and support will ever go for high standards and roundly educational equipment; and sooner or later the "support" will be secured.

Whenever that may be,—the *main success* of the work, now, as ever, lies in the appreciation and recognition of what has been given and done, and in the *personal advocacy* of every student and alumnus who has the influence to send or bring other students. The plan of the college is even now capable of adequately providing for the instruction of at least 600 students!

In 1908 Dean Ross became a partner in the management, and for reasons of business independence, I relinquished my part into the hands of President Southwick.

Dean Ross has been an able and efficient aid in all the business of the college since he came to us from Worcester Academy, where he resigned the office of Assistant Principal.

While the management are waiting for the adequate support of endowment, do not forget that your advocacy as students and graduates, can make it impossible for the standards to fail while the same genius that organized them remains to push ever upward and on toward the goal of the Ideal!

This Ideal has been the incentive of those who have been and still are willing to sacrifice much for its fulfillment!

I have purposely confined myself to a narration of facts which are in themselves a revelation of the significance of Mr. Southwick's work, and are evidence of his devotion to ideals rather than self-interest. As the partner of his work and effort I might be supposed to be prejudiced, if I gave myself up to claims and generalizations. This much I will venture to add, that all who can see may witness for me, that Mr. Southwick has never sought nor been sustained by personal flattery; has ever placed others before himself, and has done honor to every contributor to the accomplishment of his

undertakings. Throughout the country Mr. Southwick has ever been more known for pedagogic formulation, for literary exposition, for dramatic resource and for oratoric power than in his own school where his eagerness to avail his work of the talents of others has left small platform for his personal public exemplifications. All he desires is the success of his school and his students; ever is he anxious to renounce his own claim in favor of any activity or contribution his appreciation believes will enhance the glory of the college.

When the record is all read the value of President Southwick's devotion, his untiring labor, his ever ready encouragement of the accomplishment of others, and his sacrifices made in the interest of high standards and worthy achievement will be seen as the impulse and life of many years' history of the growth of Emerson College!

This is the tribute of simple duty from one who knows best.

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

"Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing, and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul."—Emerson.

FINDING ONE'S PLACE IN THE LINE.

President Southwick's Opening Day Address.

Marion Hill tells us most charmingly of a little boy, who, without reference to geometry or astronomy, and relying upon what he observed, had concluded he was the exact mathematical centre of the universe. His belief was innocent and, reinforced as it was from without, was almost inevitable. Father was a being who made diverting noises in the wash-bowl to amuse Bennie. Mother's function was to pick up his toys, the postman's to bring his mail, the cook's to prepare his mush. He was told his egg "de hen had done laid fur him," that the cow sent him his glass of milk "with her love." He was told the sun rose in the morning "to kiss Bennie Boy awake," and his Mammy informed him, "de moon shun under de crib an' keep de boogies frum roostin'." And all this he believed—why should he not?

At last came a great day. Bennie was to go to school. He knew his going was making national history and he was satisfied and gracious. A clean creature—a sky-blue dash of starched chambray, with well-stuffed little brown shoes, his mother led him forth immaculate upon that fateful morning, Bennie bobbing along contented and unquestioning, never noticing his mother's sudden change of course in crossing the street that Bennie Boy be spared the sight of the dead kitten lying crushed upon the track; not noting her spasm of loud talking that shut away from him the lurid profanity of an obstructing teamster and a motor-man. And so he trotted on, basking in the warm comfort of protecting love, until he came unto a place that was new to him, and a hand which controlled rather than led grasped his own. His mother was gone. He was alone in a crowd of fifty little boys.

And then the uncalculated, the inconceivable occurred. He had no occupation, no attention, no existence. The busy teacher seemingly had forgotten him as soon as she had seated him. He watched her drilling the others but to him it had no meaning. But he listened to a Nature Talk about the private life of a cow. He learned how the cow, whom he had supposed existed to send him his glass of milk, was tormented

by thirst and pestered by flies, how her bossy calf was taken away from her, and how the final curtain fell upon her life's sad history as she hung upon the hooks of a meat market.

Recess came and Bennie was shoved off his stool into a line of little boys who filed out into a yard and then broke loose. Ignored in work he was now ignored in play. And Bennie, who had been spared the pain of the dead kitten, saw how a frog might become a ball and go hustling through the air. He heard language that might have made the teamster blush. And an angel-faced boy who found Bennie in his way put his elbow on Bennie's nose and shoved him into remoteness and onto his little back. And he awoke to the shock of a world that smote without cause. Then a bell rang and straight-way rows of little boys with folded arms stretched from fence to fence in lines unswerving and true. And Bennie was left alone. He became a spectacle—an object of derision. What was wanted of him?

"Find your place in line!" came icily from the lips of the Yard Teacher.

Bennie Boy went home that day with more ideas soaked into him than his mother would ever be able to squeeze out again. The whole house of cards of his glittering babyhood had fallen—the world was not his property. The universe was not one little boy, but hundreds or thousands of them, stretching in lines of order. The universe did not need him—did not want him, but offered him a place in its line *if* he could find that place.

And, adds Miss Hill, "somewhere—away off, on the edge of the Fields of Endeavor—his life's sun had risen high enough to strike for the first time the mile-post of his manhood. And the long shadow of it touched him even where he sat."

And this wondrous readjustment that Bennie had to make you and I have to make again and again. Little Bennie's trousers have lengthened, and little Bennie's sister may now be wearing long skirts, but whenever we leave our place and take on new conditions we discover that the line is formed, and we are—little Bennies trying to find our place in that line. Education is a process of constant readjustment to environ-

ment. Who are you? What can you do? These are the questions the world asks those who seek a place in its line. You are at Emerson that you may answer these vital questions.

Who are you? You know but in part. You are here that you may the better understand. You are here that you may discover what is really in you—what is possible for you—and through expression to evolve your true self. Thus you will find your self-imposed task—the attainment of that possible self; and that possible self is the true self.

What can you do? You are here that through impression and expression of the truth and beauty to be revealed to you by your reactions upon this world of nature and of art, by your reformulations of the truth you receive and your growth in dynamic power, to interpret and communicate that truth—by these means and by this development you are here to learn to command and direct that discovered self, to show the world that you have a contribution, that you can take your place in the line of its workers and helpers. This is the way to the field of endeavor—of service; it leads away from the tents of the pampered, the irresponsible, the useless.

Now in the story of little Bennie's transition from the old order to the new there is a minor note. There is always a touch of pathos in our readjustments, whether they involve only the establishing ourselves in strange surroundings or the deeper pain the earnest know in the uprooting of established habits of thought and the awakening to a new philosophy of life. There is loneliness and homesickness in it. That it is the inevitable lot of all makes it no less distressing to the individual. At such a time there is need of ministration and of steadying. And I would have you know that we realize this, that we feel near to you at such crises—crises which come not always at the time of beginning, but which are often the attendants of weariness, discouragement and the disappointments of student life. I would have you know that I feel, that we feel, near to you at such times—tenderly near. And I want you to consider that little office of mine not so much a place for the transaction of business as one for becoming acquainted—truly acquainted—for conference upon the

questions that really mean something in our lives, that are really worth while. And so far as I can I would make it "a clearing house for forlornness, worry and grief and fear, frayed nerves and troubled minds"—a place of real personal conference to the end that we may find cheerfulness, poise, courage. Do not forget this.

Yes, you have come to Emerson to train for your place in the line—to become ready that you may take hold upon the door of opportunity for self-advancement and true ambition. You should expect to gain for yourselves everything that is right.

But Emerson, while she ministers to you, emphasizes your duty to minister. It is her teaching that this duty is both reciprocal and immediate. Do not plan to be ministered to now with the notion that you will minister by and by. That future will never come if such be your attitude. We know the meaning of service only through serving. And power to serve grows only through its exercise. Where shall I serve? Here—in your class, your division, in your place of living. Whom shall I serve? Your fellow-students, your teachers. When? Now. If to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and to love thy neighbor as thyself, be all the law and the prophets, then true social service and human helpfulness is the golden morning of the perfect day. And education takes on its grander meaning as a preparation for that morning. This is my word to you as we begin together our great work. And remember with George Macdonald "that all the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong."

You will receive at Emerson impressions that will be lasting, ideals that can never wholly fade. And after the years amid so much that is quickening, so much that is winning, you will never again be satisfied with a lesser charm. But if you become true Emersonians in fibre you will not weakly mourn the gracious days which have been yours and are passed. You will look backward with love and gratitude to the Alma Mater, but you will bravely take your place in

the line. Enriched and strengthened, gowned with the blessings of unnumbered years, you will go forth into the public activities and into the homes of this great country carrying your ideals of self-realization and of social service and the beauty and music and magic which have been yours, translating these things into terms of daily living, giving refreshment, bringing sweetness to the bitter waters of strife, co-workers with the Infinite, knowing that in building for truth and beauty you cannot separate yourselves from God.

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK

LECTURER AND READER

Henry Lawrence Southwick, President of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, is a man of varied talents. Possessing the power to interpret Shakespeare with a suggestiveness and an acute sympathy that convey the very thought of the great dramatist to the minds of the audience, he has also the ability to write feeling, dramatic and sympathetic lectures on Shakespearian and other subjects. His addresses on "Hamlet" and "The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare" leave you with the impression that you have met and have held long conversations with living men of flesh and blood instead of hearing a lecture on puppets in a book, while "Patrick Henry," in itself a subject full of interest and patriotic life, becomes tenfold more so from the manner in which the story is told, and the golden thread of patriotism brought out by President Southwick.

And the manner of President Southwick is fully equal to his matter. Whether delivering his own lectures, or reading "Richelieu" or "The Rivals," there is a literary finish and artistic beauty about his work, a unity and naturalness of effect, which make him seem more than a dramatic reader or interpreter, and breathe a new life into old, though never exhausted, subjects.

HIS BALLOON EXPLODED.

"My funniest experience in lecturing," laughed President

Southwick, settling himself in his chair like a man who has a good story to tell, "Well, I think my funniest experience happened quite recently when I was in the Far West. In a little town out there I was introduced to my audience by an individual who employed for that purpose the spread-eagle style of oratory. He took twelve minutes to that introduction, laying on his eulogies as with a large shovel. Suddenly, and apparently before he expected it himself, he came to the point of introduction. He hesitated a moment, then stammered, 'Mr.—Mr.——.' He had forgotten my name. This performance was repeated, and then he started off on a new tack.

"I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce to you one who is known not only in this country, but in Canada. Not only there, but wherever English, and the best of English, is spoke, is this gentleman known. He is, as I say, the greatest of living orators, and I have the honor of presenting him to you this evening, ladies and gentlemen. I have the honor of calling him by name before you all, and presenting to you this great actor, marvelous lecturer, surpassing teacher, and eloquent awrator, Mr.——."

Here he balked for good, and turned helplessly to me.

"Call it Southwick," I answered, and audience and I laughed together at the expense of this gentleman, who, I am since informed, has had no peace whatsoever from his town-folk."

HIS ORATORICAL DEBUT.

At the age of nineteen Henry L. Southwick, lecturer on "Patrick Henry" and Shakespearian subjects, made his first appearance in the oratorical line before a typical, hypercritical Boston audience. It was on Washington's Birthday, 1882, and the nineteen-year-old orator was in company with such men as Mayor Green, Justin Winsor, James Freeman Clarke, and Charles Carleton Coffin. However, he made an excellent showing, and was soon afterwards invited to a place on the Old South lecture course. He delivered "Patrick Henry," and was at once recognized as one of the best speakers on a course which included on its list such names as John Fiske and Edward Everett Hale.

Two such successes so fired Mr. Southwick's ambition that he decided to give up the journalistic career and enter the field of oratory. To this end he enlisted as a pupil at the Monroe Conservatory, and after graduating, taught in various places, went on the stage for a time, and in 1889 accepted a position at the Emerson College of Oratory, of which, two years ago, he became the President.

PRESIDENT OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

The private office of President Henry Lawrence Southwick, in Chickering Hall, Boston, is bright and cheery, expressing the man of big nature who occupies the chair by the generous desk. A large bookcase is filled with choice works, the walls are covered with photographs and other souvenirs of foreign travel, pictures of noted people, a picture of the President's wife and children, pictures of students, souvenirs of many commencements and banquets; loving cups, banners, casts, etc., presented by students; everywhere objects of beauty and interest speak with silent eloquence of the wide acquaintance and experience of the owner.

A most courteous welcome awaits the guest within those walls, and, in spite of the winged moments, one feels welcome forever when seated opposite to the President in his sanctum.

For a man whose every hour, apparently, is devoted to public life of one aspect or another, it is astonishing to discover how much is accomplished by Mr. Southwick, not only as President of the Emerson College of Oratory, but in his other capacities of instructor in modern and classic literature in that institution, and as lecturer and reader, known and loved throughout the United States and Canada, wherever he has been heard.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT PLAYS.

President Southwick finds his greatest recreation in out-of-door sports and exercises. He is fond of horses, and is attracted by nothing so much as by travel in foreign lands and among queer people, living the life of the country and seeing it as it is. Mountain-climbing, too, is a favorite recreation, and every summer he manages to spend a few weeks at

Chocorua, N. H., where he clammers over the rocks to his heart's content, and explores the "pathless wilderness." Moreover, he is an expert snow-shoeist, and Christmas usually finds him where the snow is deep and white, and where nothing reminds him of Shakespeare or the Emerson College of Oratory.

A GLOOMY AUDIENCE.

"Once," said President Southwick, "I addressed an audience of over five hundred negroes in the South. There they sat in front of me, as solemn as judges, and as black as midnight. I nearly died of suppressed laughter when I was introduced as 'De greates' liquorer (lecturer) dat it hab been ou' priv'lege to export into ou' midst.'

"The black faces never moved a muscle over this, but when I had gone along a bit in my talk, and cracked a little joke on the side, suddenly all the mouths opened at once, rows of gleaming white teeth were displayed by the hundred, pink mouths were framed by white and brown! I felt as though I had been struck by a cannon-ball when the loud 'Yah, yah, yah!' from that half thousand of blackness hit me. I know I recoiled from it. The good-natured audience saw the fun, and we all laughed together before I went on."

SOUTHWICK ON THE STAGE.

"Did you ever have professional experience on the stage, President Southwick?"

"I did," responded the lecturer on "The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare," and a look of pleased revery crept over his countenance. "It was this way: I had wanted, in studying the various phases of expression work, to enter practically into the actor's arena as well. I felt it would be of great value to me, both in the class-room and in my platform work, and it has proved so. I was acquainted personally with Mr. Augustin Daly, who, when he heard of my desire, invited me to join his company. This I did, and would not exchange my experience for a great deal. I was in England most of the time with Mr. Daly, and—well, he wanted me to sign a three-years' contract, and I did, but had to get excused after a year

was over, for I had more pressing business calling me from over seas at home. I was invited to go back to teach at the William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, being offered such inducements to return there that it was not wise to refuse."

WHY HE DIDN'T SYMPATHIZE.

"President Southwick," said the reporter, "Men in your way of life must meet with some funny experiences before audiences. Can you spare time to spin me a yarn of the road?"

His eyes twinkled a moment, "like twin gray stars," and then he threw back his head and laughed long.

"I—I hardly know where to begin! Well, here goes. I now believe in fusing an audience into one personality, and address it impersonally or indirectly in dramatic work, though in lectures I am conscious, and purposely allow myself to be so, of individuals. In other words, in dramatic work I speak for audiences, to them in lecturing.

"I arrived at this point of difference through experimentation. Early in my career as a reader I used to search for a sympathetic face, and address it, until, through the one person's interest I had secured that of the whole audience. Sometimes I would, after conquering the audience as a whole, search for an unsympathetic face, and set out to convert it. Now, an unsympathetic face, as I decided later, may be due merely to an incidental pain in the stomach or to many other causes, and not mean any personal antagonism to the speaker.

"Hear how I was cured of this habit of addressing individuals: At a ceremonial of dedicating a public building I was asked to read two numbers. For the first I chose something dramatic. I found my sympathetic man, addressed him, and soon conquered my audience; all but one, who sat in the very front row. He was broad, tubby, flabby-faced, with fish-like eyes, and I just 'laid myself out' to get a response from him. He sat like a stone, and at the end of my number I returned to my seat baffled, but unconquered. When the time came for my second number I selected something humorous, and hoped that this would waken him to a sign of life. There was no response. He sat like a whole stone-quarry! Toward the

end of the selection there was a minor chord which always affected my audiences. This one was no exception; the people in front of me were still as could be, tense and expectant, when suddenly in the quietest part, my man of the fish-like eyes gave a great, audible yawn. The audience laughed; there was nothing else to do.

"When the selection was over I returned to my seat, and asked the man next me, 'Who is that—that man with the broad face on the front row?'"

"'Oh, he is Mr. Stone, president of one of our papermills. He is stone-deaf, but he goes to everything!'"

"Well, that cured me of addressing individuals when giving dramatic readings."

A YOUNG HISTORIAN.

Henry Lawrence Southwick was born in Boston in 1863. His infant days were therefore passed largely to the clash of martial music, a military element in his upbringing, which may have helped to inspire that sense of duty which brought him through High School in 1880 with the highest honors, and valedictorian of his class.

As he had always been a sort of juvenile prodigy in literary and rhetorical lines of work, he decided to adopt journalism as a profession, and was on the staff of the "Boston Herald" for several years. Here, in the intervals of running down news, he continued those studies to which he was most devoted, making such progress in history that in 1881 he won the Old South prize offered by Mrs. Mary Hemenway, Colonel T. W. Higginson and others, by an essay entitled, "The Policy of the Massachusetts Colony Towards the Quakers and Others whom they Considered as Intruders."

A FRIEND OF SHAKESPEARE

Pres. Henry Lawrence Southwick, Shakespearian lecturer and reader of "Othello," "Richard III," "Julius Caesar," "Twelfth Night," is more thoroughly acquainted with Shakespeare than almost any other man living. One would think he had lived as next-door neighbor to most of the old deer-stealer's greater characters, and had had the lesser ones in

his employ for a lifetime, so great is his familiarity with every virtue, tendency and idiosyncrasy of all.

The effects of this close friendship show themselves in ordinary conversation, and a few minutes intimately spent with President Southwick are indeed noteworthy if he fails to flavor his remarks with a short, spicy and always appropriate Shakespearian quotation, a habit which lends a peculiar charm to his conversation.

ARCHIBALD F. REDDIE.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age, nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

ART AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

Lectures by Edward Howard Griggs to be given at Emerson College on successive Wednesday mornings. Subjects and dates of lectures:

- Jan. 4—The Expression and Interpretation of Human Life in Art.
Jan. 11—The Primitive Sources of Art.
Jan. 18—The Race, the Epoch and the Individual in Art.
Jan. 25—The Meaning and Function of Sculpture and Painting.
Feb. 1—The Meaning and Function of Music.
Feb. 8—The Meaning and Function of Poetry.
Feb. 15—Beauty and Culture of the Spirit.

Write it on your hearts that every day is the best day of the year.—Emerson.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO AND ITS RELATION TO MODERN LIFE.

Eight lectures by Edward Howard Griggs to be given in Jordan Hall on successive Thursday evenings. Subjects and dates of lectures:

- Jan. 5—The Life of Plato. The tentative Dialogues: The Charmides and the Laches.
 Jan. 12—Plato's Interpretation of Socrates: The Lysis and the Apology.
 Jan. 19—The Death of Socrates and the Problem of Immortality; the Crito and Phaedo.
 Jan. 26—Plato's Masterpiece: The Republic.
 Feb. 2—The Individual and the State in the Republic.
 Feb. 9—Plato's Theory of Knowledge: The Philosopher and the Republic.
 Feb. 16—Plato's Later Philosophy: The Laws.
 Feb. 23—The Phaedrus and the Symposium: The Influence of Plato on Subsequent Thought.

EMERSON COLLEGE ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION TREASURER'S REPORT.

January 9, 1911.

Total cash and pledges to date.....\$12,825.56

Total cash to date..... 7,031.06

In brief it may be stated that the Letter Campaign has been very satisfactory in acquainting Emersonians with the plan, in arousing interest, and in securing pledges. Now is the time for personal work. For that purpose the services of Mr. Rieed have been retained and I have succeeded in securing a leave of absence from the College for the Second Semester and shall devote my time and best energy to the work.

We ask the sincere and hearty co-operation of all Emersonians in helping us to come in touch with people of influence and wealth who may be interested in this grand educational work. Who is there in your locality, or elsewhere, whom you can interest in this cause or assist us in reaching?

Signed,

CHARLES W. KIDDER, Treasurer.



SELECTIONS FROM "LES ENFANTS," BY GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD.*

"Les Enfants" deals particularly with types of French-Canadian children in New England. During that most interesting period when they are acquiring the English language, struggling with new words, putting aside their native speech, yet recurring to it often in moments of hesitancy, and with strange confusions in grammar, they give a unique and fascinating dialect.

With sympathetic love and understanding, the author has caught not only the speech but the spirit of these little people, so that it seems not as if she were speaking at all but that they are telling their own stories with humor or pathos in their own way.

No one who has had the good fortune to hear Miss Litchfield's interpretations could fail to recognize the suggestion of "something which is both real and ideal." Since the public has graciously received her verbal presentation, she now offers in book-form, with the hope of meeting the same warm response, the well remembered "Spirit of Christmas," "George Washington," "Le Canadien-Americain," and more than a score of others which are contained in this volume.

"Many of Miss Litchfield's auditors express the opinion that some of her compositions compare favorably with those of Drummond, the Canadian Poet."—Manchester Union.

*From "Les Enfants"—a Book of Verse in French-Canadian Dialect:
By Gertrude Litchfield (E. C. O. 1911).

Richard G. Badger, Publisher
The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.
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SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.*

W'at you t'ink, Miss Fee,
'Bout de Christmas tree—
Santa Claus, he come?
Dat geev some fonne.
Hev he got a sleigh,
Lak de journal say,
An' eight reindeer
He hev for steer?
How he mak' heself go
Right over de snow
An' reach all de house
So still lak a mouse?
Mus' be some trick—
He go so quick
Down beeg chimnee,
For you never see
How he get t'roo
Dat beeg flu-flu,
Nor w'at he leave—
But you jus' b'lieve
He leave somet'ing,
Den bird on de wing
He mak' his pass
To some noder place—
Can't stop too long,
So bells ding-dong,
An' off he fly
Right t'roo de sky.
Will he come dis year?
If I'm bad, I'm fear
He don' lak me,
But you know, Miss Fee,
How hard I've try
Not tell any lie;
W'en Romeo swear
I pulled his hair,
An' I say, "I'm shu
Santa Claus skip you,
For no bad boy
Will get some toy!"
But poor Romeo
Aint got no show
Side o' me w'at's got
A slicker lot,—

You know my pa
Don't go to de bar,
An' my ma's ole dress
Is better'n his ma's bes',
An' she don' work
('Cause my pa don' shirk)
All day on de mill,
An' at night work still
For mak' de house,
An' patch Romeo's blouse;
Me changez my clo'es
An' mettez belle chose
Don' wear beeg patch,
Nor t'ings dat scratch,
Mos' all de skin off—
I say dat's tough.
Now let me see—
If you was me
An' Santa Claus bring
So many t'ing
Because I'm good
An' do w'at I should,—
If he don' know
All about Romeo,
Dat w'y he's bad
Is 'cause he can't be glad,
You t'ink he'll care
(Dough Romeo swear)
If I geev him a lot
Of de t'ings he's brought?
'Cause you see, Miss Fee,
Dough he knows me,
Shu he don' know
About Romeo—
All about his pa
An' about his ma—
Do'' know how hard
'Tis, not to be bad;
An' p'r'aps w'en he gits
More de t'ings wat fits,
An' some of de toys
W'at's made for boys,
P'r'aps den he'll be
Jus' as good as me;
So if Santa Claus come

We'll mak' it some fonne
For poor Romeo
Whom Santa don' know.
W'at you t'ink, Miss Fee,
'Bout de Christmas tree?

LEETLE WINTER BIRD.

Oh, chicadee-dee!
Leetle birdie,
W'ere 'tis you go
W'en com' de snow
An' win' she blow,
Leetle chicadee-dee?

You don' lef' us
Nor do you fuss
W'en storm com' down;
I guess you foun'
Warm place aroun'
Somewhere, chicadee-dee!

De God know, too,
W'en he mak' you
An' de wedder,
All togedder,
To put green fedder
On de tree, chicadee-dee!

An' dere you stay—
You know de way
To do, for keep
Out of snow heap
W'en it is deep,
Leetle chicadee-dee!

But w'en de sun
Com' out, beeg one,
You sit an' sing—
You 'fraid not'ing,—
An' spread you wing
For fly, chicadee-dee!

Wa't would we do
Not to hev you
All winter long
For sing de song
Dat mak' hearts strong?
Bravo! Chicadee-dee!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington,
Oh, he's beeg wan!
An' hones', too,
By gum, dat's true.
He never lie—
He'd radder die
Den say bad t'ing;
Wan tam he bring
His leetle axe
An' he mak' whacks
Right in de tree
W'at has cherree.
Well, w'at you bet
Dat he will get—
His fadder lick
Wid hees big stick?
No, his fadder
Jus' look sadder,
An' say, "Georgie
Who cuts my tree?"
An' Georgie say,
" 'Tis jus' dis way—
I cuts your tree.
To nobodee
I tell some lie,
An' dat is why
You don' catch me
Lyin' 'bout dat tree."
Well, aint dat queer!
I'm pretty skeer
If he'd been me,
Dat you would see
My fadder do
A t'ing or two.
Oh, you don' know
De beeg ole blow
Dat I hev had
W'en he's got mad!
Sometam, I lie—
Dere's no use try
For speak out true
W'en you are shu
De lickin's con.;
An' yet, by gum,

If fadder of he
 Was fadder of me,
 I'd be beeg wan
 Lak Washington!

THE BROKEN DOLL.

I've los' my doll, she's broke it's head,
 An' I can't play, 'cause she's come dead.
 My modder bought anoder doll,
 She's great beeg wan, an' stan' so tall;
 She's sitting dere in de parlor
 'Cause I aint got no use for her;
 She's yeelow hair, an' blue silk dress,
 Wid gold trimmin's an' all de res';
 She is quite swell, my Isobelle,
 But I don' lak her near so well
 As Philomene, who sleep wid me,
 An' sit an' play upon my knee,
 An' know jus' ev'ryt'ing I say
 Until her head—she broke dat day.
 But I don' care if dolls is bus',
 You can't help love 'em—so—you mus'!

THE FIRE-FLY.

Oh, leetle fire-flier,
 I'm shu you go higher
 Dis night, den I ever was
 Seen you before!
 I look on de grass here,
 An' den on de bush near,
 An' den on de tree an' I
 See you encore
 Nort' an' sout' an' eas', wes'—
 You go w'ere you lak bes',
 An' me, I go follow an'
 Wish you keep still—
 Jus' wan leetle minute
 I see how you' wing lit
 De sky—lak de star in de
 Heaven twinkle!
 I put out my han' so
 But 'fraid me you're tres chaud,

I t'ink you gon' burn me
Wid you' pretty light,
But now, I hev caught you,
W'at is it you got, you?
I don' know—I can't tell—
W'at mak' you so bright!

DAT LEETLE HAN'.

Dat leetle han'
It was so sweet,
So lak a rose
Dat bloom an' greet
Us in de June.
No flower dat grows
Was look so pink
An' none could change
More quick, I t'ink,
An' fade more soon.

Dat leetle han'
I feel it still
As if could touch
Ma cheek, an' t'rill
Ma heart wid joy.
O Marie Sante,
I look to Dee!
Hol', Dou dat han'
An' keep for me
Ma leetle boy!

AN APPRECIATION.

Since the illustrious reign of Theodore the First (not yet ended) it has become entirely proper and fitting to discuss majesty freely and fearlessly at any time, in any place, with any person, in print or out of print. Hence college students have the right to talk about Prexy without the remotest fear of being flunked or fired.

Personally I like the many sided ideal of life. How soon one tires of the man who has a specialty—be it biology or

base-ball, music or millinery. When that man airs his speciality you may stand amazed at first that one small head—"the proverb is somewhat musty." But you are likely to thank your stars when he is gone and wish, as Dean Swift was wont to do, that you may never meet him again.

The men we love in history, in literature, in life are the men of large personality. Not always the men who write ponderous volumes or do the big things—though great actions are usually one manifestation of their many-sidedness. I like to go again and again and stand before a certain bust of Julius Caesar in the British Museum; if you had asked me what I found to admire or enjoy in that thin, keen face and bald head I could only have answered, "What a man! What a personality!" You can study Leonardo da Vinci all your life and never feel that you had sounded him to the height and depth of his compass.

This, then, suggests the impression left by President Southwick upon his students—a generous personality that grows on one with continuous association. We feel that in earnestness and sincerity he is a seeker after all that is great and fine and choice in life, and that he is ever ready to give us the results of his seeking. He is patient with limitation and inefficiency, but he makes no compromise with laziness.

He has the happy faculty of making you feel at ease, knowing that only in that blissful state can you do yourself and others justice. There is much of the old world gentleman in President Southwick. It is easy to see why he should love to play Hamlet; he carries the courtliness of the Prince into the class-room; and that courtliness is not assumed, not a thing extraneous but a manifestation of graces inherited or acquired—we don't care which. But we like to sit in his presence and feel that sincerity of heart and deep earnestness of purpose can be fully consonant with suavity of manner.

President Southwick has the enthusiastic helpfulness of one who is growing up with his students. Only he won't ever grow up because his face is set toward the everlasting hills.

A. E. B.

PRESIDENT SOUTHWICK IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

Many a graduate of Emerson College, in coming years looking over her class note books, will pause with interest over those records of her student days, and among these reminders of all the teachers to whom she is so deeply indebted, she will re-read those which call up the recollections of President Southwick in the class-room. The literary side of President Southwick's teaching opens up a vista of delightful suggestion. We look ahead, as it were, into a far-reaching path of woodland scenery with its beautiful perspective, luring the eye into the hazy distance on to "fields and pastures new." We learn from his suggestions how wide that field of literature is, and how genuine is the culture which is stimulating our interest by its refining charm. But while he shows us the value of literary study, all the more does he give in his interpretations of literature an example of the imagination which sees what the author has seen, and gives it to us illumined with the reflection of his own mind. He shows that the true function of Literary Interpretation consists in making clear the meaning of a work according to that philosophy of expression which alone can do it justice. Yet added to this is the truth that behind all theories of expression must lie the power of imagination, and the motive which can come from character and personality alone. Our standard is raised, and we see that "Interpretation" is not a stereotyped way of amusing an audience, but an elevated Art requiring the best that we have to give. It was a rare privilege to hear our President's lecture on the Orators of Shakespeare, illustrated by examples, and not less suggestive was his remarkable lecture on Hamlet. Truly, we should be callous-minded indeed not to receive and retain much from such instructions.

From the theory and history of oratory we pass to the practice of extemporaneous speaking, and under this gentle leader gain courage for the ordeal of making our "maiden speech," and for that even more perilous undertaking for the beginner—our first oration.

We have not by any means touched upon all the topics on which we receive his instructions; but wide as the range

of subjects is, it is not in the specific information gained that our highest appreciation lies. It is to that personality, gentle and strong, tender and true, chivalrous and firm, that we pay our grateful tribute. Let us assure our President that what he brings into the class-room is a constant stimulus to better things. We thank him for his friendly interest in our work, and for those encouragements which come to us like sunshine dispelling the mists of morning. And if in this tribute we have exceeded the conventional limits of personal allusions, let our excuse be that the debt we owe should be at least acknowledged, if it cannot be paid.

A STUDENT.

He alone is worthy of the appellation who either does great things, or teaches how they may be done, or describes them with suitable majesty when they have been done; but those only are great things which tend to render life more happy, which increase the innocent enjoyments and comforts of existence, or which pave the way to a state of future bliss more permanent and more pure.—Milton.

AT THE SHRINE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Those who have not visited Stratford-on-Avon long to do so; and those who have been there long to go again, for there is a charm about the place irresistible as any Siren's song.

Our visit to Stratford-on-Avon was a never to be forgotten one. The sun never shone brighter than on that day, showing the beauty of English scenery,—the green pastures chequered by well-trimmed hedges, and dotted here and there with sheep and cattle; the white road making a streak of silver gray before and behind us; an occasional stone cottage white-washed and ivy-trimmed; a less frequent mansion, cold and austere, but venerable with its dust of ages.

Through the heart of picturesque England flows the classic, poet-haunted Avon, fringed with fox-gloves, violets and honeysuckles. This is the bank which Oberon pictures for us,—

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

Here stands the little village of Stratford, a market-town of about four thousand inhabitants. In itself, the place means comparatively nothing, being picturesque, as are dozens of other English villages. But to the world at large its interest lies in the fact that here, on the twenty-third of April, 1564, in a little house on Henley Street, William Shakespeare was born, lived here until he was twenty-one, and after many years came back to end his days and to be buried here.

Henley Street is the street of Shakespeare's time in name only. It is now invaded by modern tenements wedged in with the old-time dwellings. In this street stands the pretty half-timbered cottage known as the birth-place of Shakespeare.

From here we wandered up Henley street to the Grammar School. It required no special gift of imagination to picture the boy Shakespeare

"with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

It was not in this school, however, that he acquired his great knowledge; but in Nature's school, by the silver water and flowered banks of the beautiful Avon, and in the groves of the Forest of Arden. In this forest on the northern bank of the river, we walked in the footsteps of the Poet, and followed in imagination the wanderings of Rosalind and Celia, and the haunts of the banished Duke; and I doubt not that had we visited the woods by night, under the summer moon, we should have seen the fairies of the Midsummer Night's Dream holding full sway.

Almost hidden in this forest of Arden, about a mile from Stratford, stands the little village of Shottery in which Anne Hathaway's cottage still stands. There are two ways of reaching Shottery, a roadway with picturesque drives, and a footpath across the fields. We chose the footpath, not

doubting that the young butcher's apprentice took the same way when he went to pay his court to Anne.

Perhaps the most picturesque building in Stratford is the Holy Trinity Church, where Shakespeare is buried. We passed through the great oaken doors of the porch, by beautiful carvings in stone, on toward that exquisite and alluring Chancel, in the floor of which lie the remains of the Poet.

Passing on, we turned to the Shakespeare Memorial, a red brick edifice erected in his memory. This Memorial, built in the Gothic style, contains a library, a picture-gallery, and a theatre. In the theatre Shakespeare's Plays are presented. The library has the finest Shakespearian collection in the world, and contains between one and two thousand books. In the picture gallery are portraits and pictures, all of Shakespearian interest.

There is also an American Memorial Fountain in the Rother Market, and the Power Monument, a beautiful piece of statuary which stands in the Bancroft Gardens.

Such are the chief scenes to be met with in this "Literary Mecca of the World,"—famous, not for its crooked, picturesque streets nor for its leafy, lime-tree-fringed lanes, but for its enchanted ground whose every stone and tree brings one nearer to the heart of the great Shakespeare.

MARY ANGELO EDWARDS, 1911.

IMPRESSIONS OF EMERSON FROM A STUDENT'S POINT OF VIEW.

Emerson College stands for the three-fold development of the Physical, Intellectual and Spiritual. Here the emphasis of the physical training is not laid upon a few skilled athletes, to the neglect of the weaklings, but rather the individual defects are found and every effort is exerted to make the student master and not the slave of his body. He comes directly in touch with the heads of departments, instead of being left for the first year or two to assistants and post-graduates. The divisions are small so that the student comes

into personal contact with the instructor at practically every recitation. In large colleges and universities this is not possible, and in smaller institutions and private schools, the corps of teachers is too limited to prevent imitation, which bars the avenue to self-realization.

In Emerson the spiritual and intellectual phases of life are so closely interwoven that no line can be drawn where the one merges into the other. There is here a spirit of unity and harmony in and around all which cannot be adequately described—it must be experienced.

Why do students come from all parts of our country to Emerson? Is it to learn "Elocution" as it is so often misunderstood? Hardly, for those from the South and West could secure that at less cost nearer home. No, it is because Emerson stands for something *definite and positive*. It has a high intellectual standard. The need of scholarship cannot be overestimated. Facts are necessary, for "out of knowledge comes wisdom." The attitude of the college toward the intellectual phase of its work might be expressed as Brown's "Paracelsus" puts it,

Know not for knowing's sake,
But to become a star unto men forever."

For those who make this college unique and an exception to all colleges of its kind, would lead us through a large culture to a great "simplicity of nature," no longer weighed down with a consciousness of the intellectual food of which we have partaken, but in the strength of that food, go out to do our share of the world's work.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT EMERSON COLLEGE.

The Y. W. C. A. extends to each and every member of the faculty and student body its most hearty greetings for the New Year. It wishes you success in your ambitions, love in your friendships, joy in your duties and renewed faith and trust in those things that **make life rich and glad.**

On December 15, the Association had the pleasure of

hearing Miss Sleight read "The New Christmas Carol." It added a glow to the near-impending Holiday season, and we trust its philosophy will reach far into the New Year.

The Bible Study class conducted by Mrs. Southwick meets regularly on Friday afternoons at three o'clock. We extend a cordial invitation to all the girls to attend these classes. They have proved both enjoyable and helpful and you will go to your studies rested and revived.

We desire to call to the attention of the Association members two articles in the last number of the Association Monthly. They are "Place of the Y. W. C. A. in the College," by Francis J. McConnell, and "The Need of an Advisory Board."

Do not forget that Y. W. C. A. literature can always be found in the library.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Clear eyes to see God's beauty,
Keen ears to hear His songs,
Pure lips to tell His message,
Warm hearts to love His throngs;
Good health and love and friendship
And faith dispelling fear:—
These are the Golden blessings
We wish you this New Year.

—Allen A. Stockdale.

THE SENIOR IN THE HOME.

(A paper read by Miss Richards at Y. W. C. A. meeting of Dec. 9.)

When a Senior, with her two years of experience in college life, enters on her year of graduation and looks forward to the place and work which are to be hers in active life, she will, I am sure, bring to the Home the same spirit and appreciative thoughtfulness which she would carry to the Platform, the Church, or the School.

The years of college life will mean little to us if they do not deepen our sense of the meaning of the wider life of the world, and the first lesson has been missed if we fail to see in the Home the foundation of all progress, and the essence

of highest spirituality. With increased experience and growing personality noble character is seen to underlie everything good and great. Our teachers have continually illustrated this truth in all studies of works of genius, and have shown it to be the inspiration of all true greatness. Education then is character. Gradually we have seen how physical and spiritual growth progress together, and that it is to this rather than to the acquisition of facts that our training is directed.

There are some who will find their work in the Home, and they will not call it a narrow vocation except in that elevated sense in which narrow means the concentration of spiritual force on one point, all the more powerful for such concentration. Such students will carry to their homes a new sense of the sacred relation of daughter, sister, wife and mother, and to such marriage will be a sacrament, to enter into which worthily requires the highest motive, and the highest ideals of purity and beauty. For these sacred responsibilities every part of the Emerson training eminently prepares. It is what this college does for us by instilling a right attitude of mind towards life that constitutes its unique influence. The attitude of mind and heart is of first importance. It is not so desirable to do anything remarkable or to strain for exceptional results, as it is to face in the right direction. "Right about,—face!" The college says when we come to her care, as a captain commands his men, and it is the uplifted face and steady eye that show readiness for the line of march.

And here I cannot speak too enthusiastically of the wisely-planned curriculum which is unity in variety; in which each part harmonizes with and balances every other part, making a complete whole of philosophic study. We can well dispense with many of the broader details of the stereotyped college course when we appreciate the value of this consistent whole.

We have an exhaustive course of literary study and composition under the best of teachers, which taken in its broad relations to the whole field of literature is an education by itself. We have constant practice in literary interpretation,

by means of which we are not only developing our power of expression through definite mental processes, but are at the same time photographing on our minds the style and thought of the best writers. We study the Drama for stage work, and oratory pure and simple as adapted to the lecture-platform; while methods of teaching and psychological study prepare for the class-room and the school. Yet the result as a whole gives a broad, general culture suited to any circle, place or home.

To this literary work is added a practical study of physical development, as an essential part of expression and harmonious poise. The scientific side is represented by the related studies of Anatomy, Physiology and Acoustics, balancing with their scientific accuracy the aesthetic side of literature.

From such a training as this the Senior will take her place, if need be, in her home, with a high ideal of life, with a developed personality, a poise of body and soul, a character formed by the patient laying of part upon part, like the building of a beautiful temple.

The old Hebrew psalmist, in one of the most beautiful of the Hebrew poems, tells very sweetly how he had seen on the altar of the Jewish Tabernacle the nests of the birds that had sought refuge there; "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young; even thy altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and My God."

Let the homes of these little winged children of the dear Father, be a figure of those which builded out of the culture and religious spirit of this college life, rest in peace on the altar of the living God.

CAROLINE RICHARDS.

A HAT STORY.

The young wife of the new professor came down stairs and paused, as if to turn back, at the very threshold of the parlor. The next instant she advanced toward the group of

"faculty ladies" who had been invited to meet her at a formal luncheon in the home of the university president.

She was a slight figure in soft browns, with big, interested eyes—a Western girl suddenly transplanted to a far Eastern circle. Apparently unconscious of the fact that every other guest in the room wore an elaborate hat while her own head was quite uncovered, she went bravely through the presentations. Then, turning to her hostess with a half-appealing, wholly charming smile, she said, simply:

"I ought to have kept on my hat, Mrs. Blount."

"It's not of the slightest consequence, my dear Mrs. Tyson," was the gracious answer. "You and I will be company for each other."

Before that party dispersed it had dawned upon the most superficial woman there that the incident was a trifle. At subsequent luncheons it need not be said the newcomer's costume met accepted requirements, but her popularity really began the day when, with deference to others and perfect self-respect, she smilingly proved that she was mistress rather than slave of conventionality.

There was another luncheon, given in a certain college circle where fashion may occasionally lag, but intellectual progress never. The guest of honor, who happened to hail from New York City, found herself the only person wearing a hat, and her hostess, noticing the situation in time, offered her an opportunity to "do as the Romans do."

"Yes, but I'll keep it on, thank you," was the unlooked-for reply. "I'm doing the proper thing; why should I change?"

The result, absurd as it seems, was a marked constraint throughout the luncheon.

"I was ashamed to think we couldn't rise superior to that hat," said one of the ladies afterward, "but somehow the fact of her wearing it, under the circumstances, prejudiced every one of us against her. It did give me one useful idea, though. Since then, whenever I find myself—and it often happens—less up-to-date in any respect than the other woman, I just reflect comfortably that it's going to be far easier for her to forgive, and love me still, than if I had managed to out-

do her. It really helps, you know, if one can keep it in mind."
—Youth's Companion.

CLASSES.

'10

All report a very complete rest, though some were compelled, by time and distance, to remain in the city during the holidays.

Miss Marjorie Kinne spent her vacation with her uncle in Jacksonville, Florida, where she will remain for a short time over the vacation limit.

Miss Rickey has been obliged to spend a few months from college to care for a relative in the South. We hope to have her with us soon.

We are sorry to lose Miss Center from our class, for we liked her "rale weel."

The Post graduate class have been presenting some interesting acts from modern plays; among the number was one given by Miss Leolo Wheeler ('08) "Cousin Kate."

Cousin Kate,	Leolo Wheeler
Heath,	Jean Fowler
Amy,	Eunice Story

Next on the list was Miss Cameron's two scenes from the "Little Minister."

Babbie,	Miss Cameron
Gavin Dishart,	Miss Simmons

The third play presented was "Lady Windermere's Fan," which was given by Miss Bagstad.

Lord Windermere,	Miss Austin
Lord Darlington,	Miss Fowler
Lady Windermere,	Miss Bagstad
Duchess of Berwick,	Miss Simmons
Agatha,	Miss Tubbs

'11

The Seniors gave in December a very successful entertainment for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. The "Coun-

ty Fair" was certainly the event of the month, and was enjoyed by all. The candy table and the Vaudeville show offered attractions for all tastes. Miss Edwards, as snake-charmer, charmed others besides snakes, while Miss Barnum's shadowgraphs turned our thoughts into aesthetic channels. In the Museum, Miss Andrews personated the mummy, while the baby-show with three shots for a nickel proved a great attraction. There were interesting families represented by different classes, among which the Dutch family and the Negro family of the Junior class were the most conspicuous; the latter receiving the prize. The evening closed with a dance; and the whole was a conspicuous success, both financially and socially.

The students of the College were delightfully entertained on the evening of Christmas day by President and Mrs. Southwick in their home. Those of us who remained in the city for the holidays enjoyed most heartily the charming hospitality which made the evening so delightful. We sat around the open fire and listened to the reading by President Southwick of Mrs. Stowe's stories of Sam Lawson; and after this pleasant evening of social entertainment went back to our rooms much refreshed with this glimpse of "Merry Christmas."

We are glad to note that our class-mate, Miss Alice Conant, has returned after a long absence.

Miss Mary Angelo Edwards gave a talk on "The Purpose of Art" at the South Boston School of Painting.

Miss Ruth Andrews gave a reading at Hull Street Mission, December 29.

Miss Robina Gates spent the Christmas holidays in Nova Scotia.

The officers elected for the Class Day exercises are: Orator, Mr. Brigham; Historian, Mr. Crandall; Poet, Miss Saegusa; Prophet, Miss Howes.

REHEARSAL REGULATIONS

We, the members of the Senior Class, desiring to make our rehearsals more business-like and therefore more helpful, do hereby resolve:—

1. That, an official record of all rehearsals be kept by the captain, such record to be approved by and signed by each member of cast.

2. Any member more than five minutes late shall be fined at the rate of one cent a minute, the proceeds to go to the Endowment Fund.

3. The captain shall take charge of all fines.

4. Each member of cast to be consulted as to convenient time for rehearsals and shall be furnished with list of all rehearsals.

5. In case of necessity to postpone rehearsals, the one causing such postponement shall notify each member of cast previous to hour set for rehearsal or pay an hour fine. Sudden illness only excuse from such fine.

6. Anyone having small part at end of long scene may arrange with cast as to privilege of late arrival.

7. Captains to be appointed by teacher and records to be given to teacher.

(Copied from Post Graduate draft and accepted by Class 1911 on December 15, 1910.)

'12

We are sorry to begin the new year without Miss Smith, Miss King and our president, Miss Banghart, and we trust that they will soon be with us.

A great number of the class spent the Christmas holidays at home. Miss Rae accompanied Miss Gilkey to her home in Shohola, Pennsylvania, and Miss Stevens spent Christmas at the home of Miss Hackett in Bristol, Rhode Island.

Miss Martin is fortunate in having her mother with her for the remainder of the winter in Boston.

The Juniors were quite delighted on receiving a sum of money from the Seniors for the Endowment Fund, for having the "best family at the County Fair, given by the Seniors, December 9."

Miss Keck and Miss Colby spent a few days in Greenfield, Mass. Miss Keck took part in a farce, "A Pair of Burglars," December 12th and 13th.

SORORITIES

DELTA DELTA PHI

Miss Knapp recently read before the Mineral Art League at the Oxford.

All the Deltas returned from Christmas recess with many accounts of good times; however we are glad to be back.

Miss Kerr spent a few days with friends in Winthrop.

Miss Knapp spent a few days with relatives at her old home in Franklin.

Miss Greene gave a reading in Brookline during vacation.

ZETA PHI ETA

The Alpha Chapter of Zeta Phi Eta extends to all its best wishes for a happy and prosperous year.

The girls who spent Christmas at the Chapter House report a most enjoyable time.

During the vacation, Miss Faye Smiley read at a reunion of her class from the Albany High School.

Mr. J. E. Neahr of New York City entertained at dinner on December 30th the girls who remained at the Chapter House during the vacation.

Sheila McLane read on Christmas eve at the "Boys' Club" in Holyoke, Mass.

Miss Lou Goyné gave a tea on December 30th in honor of the girls who spent Christmas here.

Miss Chamberlin and Dr. Quimby were our guests on the evening of January 2nd. A most enjoyable musical evening was spent.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Merle Whistler to Mr. DeWitt Janes occurred on December the 5th at the bride's home in Watertown, S. D. Mr. and Mrs. Janes will be at home to their friends after February 1st at their home on Astor street, this city.

Lois Beil read during the vacation at both the Naval Prison and Hospital.

PHI MU GAMMA

Phi Mu Gamma extends best wishes for a happy New Year.

The engagement of Miss Ina M. Wright and Mr. Kingsley A. Price of Grand Junction, Colo., has been announced.

All the members of the Sorority spent the holidays at their respective homes, excepting Miss Jane Rae, who was the guest of Miss Edna Gilkey, Shohola, Penn., and Miss Sybel Howendobler, the guest of Miss Janet Chesney of Hartford, Conn.

Miss Josephine Lyon was very ill during the Christmas vacation and was unable to return for the opening of College.

Miss Janet Chesney read at Springfield, Mass, January 2.

Miss Alleine Geiple, '10, is a teacher of Expression and Physical Culture at Irving College, Penn., from which she was graduated in '07.

Miss Ruth Blodgett is gaining success as a teacher of Expression in the Burn Bell Institute, Ga.

Miss Ina Wright will resume her position, teaching English in the Cockran High School, Ga.

Miss Edna Means was the guest of Miss Marguerite Weaver of Birmingham, Alabama, during the holidays. Miss Weaver is teaching in the Birmingham High School. Miss Means is teaching Expression at La Salle, Illinois.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gamma Chi extends to all best wishes for a happy, prosperous New Year.

Mrs. Martin spent a very pleasant holiday season in Boston with her daughter, Miss Alla Martin.

Miss Bruggeman also spent her vacation in Boston.

Miss Newbury was the guest of Miss Davidson at her home in Saco, Maine.

The sunny South called and Miss Kinne sailed for Florida, where she remained during the holiday season, having a very enjoyable time among the crocodiles.

The remaining number of our Kappa girls scattered to their several homes.

1911 PHILOSOPHY

“Long visits, long stories, long essays, long exhortations, and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge and intensify. Learn to be short. Lop off the branches; stick to the main facts in your case. If you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace; if you write, boil down two sentences into one, and three words into two.”

You don't have to live with a person in order to know them. You only have to *rehearse* with them.—A Wise Senior.

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX

JANUARY, 1910.

NO. 3

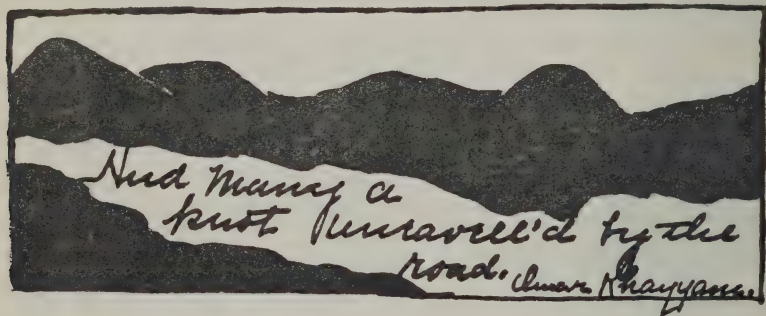
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THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Mgr. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.



TO MY BOOKS.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,
Let me return to You; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,
Till haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Have you a favorite author to whom you go, when the thread of life seems so tangled,—tangled seemingly beyond all hope of being straightened again? Can you find the solace in

the works of a good author, that you can find with your most intimate friend? Have you learned to go away by yourself with only the printed page for company, and fight the battle out? If so, you know what an infinite help and what a living personality our great men and women of the past and present may become.

It is a wonderful possibility, to think that, at some time, we may know one author, and know him well, however, most of us like to "browse," gathering here and there bits of inspiration and knowledge that are a satisfaction to us in the present, and that will serve us in days to come. From the delightful Nature sketches by Winthrop Packard in the "Boston Transcript," we turn readily to our Milton and possibly the following evening we turn with as keen a relish from John Burroughs' illuminating studies, to a quiet hour with Henry Van Dyke. Or again from an inspirational Biography to Philosophy and Science. We demand variety, and perhaps it is as well, since the world, in its turn, is constantly calling for versatility in the men and women, who fit themselves for her service.

So we can believe, that our quiet hours of meditation, study, "browsing," if you will, are not lost—that we alone, are not benefitted, thereby, but that, in the present, those same hours with our books, will not only soothe the aching heart, and brush dull care away, but also that they will fit us for our service to humanity.

**Emerson College
and its
President**

When the Rev. Allen Stockdale, on being asked if he had on file any material relating to President Southwick said, "*I love President Southwick—but I have never written anything about him,*" he voiced the thought of many, many people, and especially that of the student body. We love President Southwick for all that his life means to us, as day after day we see the revelation of his noble personality, and as we feel how completely is his life consecrated to Emerson College and its students. As individuals, we are fortunate in being able to call President Southwick, friend; as a student

body, we are inspired by the high ideals of our leader; and as a College, students and alumni alike, we know that President Southwick is one of God's great men, called to carry on the work being done by him to-day. As such, President Emeritus, William James Rolfe, esteemed him. President Southwick and Emerson College were very dear to Dr. Rolfe. In a letter written shortly before his death he said, "I might comment on the general *literary* advantages of the College, as distinguished from the elocutionary and oratorical, and on its *social* features, which I consider among the most important in *all* advanced schools and colleges. The *broad* and *elevated* character of the institution, compared with its many rivals in its special field, *needs*, I think, to be emphasized and insisted upon. It is appreciated by the alumni and alumnae, of course, but it is not so well understood by the outside world, and it ought to be its special attraction. . . . The *special* work of "Emerson" in Elocution and Expression, as means of *culture*, and the *combination* of thorough *literary* training with these is found nowhere else to such a degree as with *us*. . . ."

It seems fitting, at this time, that this tribute, brief though it is, be paid to President Southwick and Emerson College. It carries with it the love and loyalty of a great body of students, who are going out into the world, better men and women because of their Alma Mater and its President.

The After the brief stay of four weeks Forbes Rob-
Passer-By ertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor
 Back" has closed his season in Boston. We
 saw the quiet, spiritual "Passer-By," influencing those with
 whom he came in contact. We saw the marvelous change in
 the members of a disorderly boarding-house. We saw har-
 mony come into so many lives. We watched with the keen-
 est interest just how the Passer-By reached out and won to
 better and nobler living the Cheat, the Painted Lady, the
 Shrew, the Coward and the Snob; and all this took place in
 three acts, with no change of scenery, yet our interest for a
 single moment did not flag. We were becoming acquainted
 with real men and women; we were learning their life his-

tories, and we were coming to a realization that too few lives of their sort were touched by the Divine Love manifested in the "Passer-By"—a love that we ourselves could manifest, if we would.

The lights on the stage grew dim—the "Passer-By" went forth from the house-hold as quietly as he came—the stage grew darker and only the sobs of the little house-maid told us that he was gone. And the song in our hearts as the curtain fell was, "*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*"

The Philosophy of Plato Emerson students are having a rare privilege in hearing Professor Griggs' course of lectures on "*The Philosophy of Plato and Its Relation to Modern Life.*" In the first lecture of this course Professor Griggs told us of the predecessors of Plato; he gave us a glimpse into the life of this great philosopher; he told us of the ideals of Socrates and Plato and of how their philosophy in itself is a way of life. Professor Griggs said, "These great Athaeniens took time to live." Especially illuminative was his interpretation of *The Charmides* and *The Laches*.

Professor Griggs is bringing to us great realities. He is bringing to us the Plato and the philosopher, whose works are as potent to-day, as they were centuries ago.

Art and the Human Spirit "Art is the adequate and harmonious expression and interpretation of some phase of man's life in true relation to the whole."—Edward Howard Griggs.

The value of these lectures to Emerson students cannot be estimated. It means so much along lines of personal development, especially where the Seniors have a course in "Moral Education," and the Juniors, "The New Humanism." In the first of the eight lectures in this course, Professor Griggs defined the "Expression and Interpretation of Human Life in Art." "Art," said Professor Griggs, "can have no higher function than transfiguring the life of the present moment." He went on to define the purpose of the course, the popular superstitions in relation to art, unity and variety in art and the interpretation of life.

February Magazine devoted to "The Art of Life." It seems peculiarly appropriate that our February Magazine should be devoted to "The Art of Life," and that it should be dedicated to Edward Howard Griggs. The term, "Art of Life," is taken from a series of books published by Professor Griggs, and edited under this head. It follows naturally, that in this number will be discussed particularly the work of Professor Griggs, especially his books and lectures, which have meant so much to Emerson students.

Since the Table of Contents for the "Art of Life" number is not complete, we will be glad to receive any help or suggestions from students and Alumni. All Magazine material must reach the Editor on, or before, the 6th of the month.

A Dress Reform Last year a dress reform stirred the Seniors in Radcliffe College. Nine rules were made and enforced by the faculty. Here they are:—

1. Long-sleeved white shirtwaists (as plain as possible).
2. Linen collar (plain or embroidered).
3. Ties will be provided.
4. Plain white skirt—preferably linen—must be fairly heavy and not ruffled. There should be neither embroidery nor a row of buttons on the front of the skirt.
5. Skirt three inches from the ground.
6. Gown two inches above the skirt.
7. Black hat-pins. Absolutely no jewelry. No bows in the hair. Please be careful of the hang of the skirt and gown.
8. Black shoes and stockings. (Oxfords and plain black stockings. The feet must look dainty and trim).
9. No fancy combs and barrettes.

What do you think of them?



THE TEACHER'S PRAYER

"May every soul that touches mine—
 Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some good,
 Some little grace, one kindly thought,
 One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
 For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
 To brave the thickening ills of life,
 One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists,
 To make this life worth while and heaven a surer heritage."

TEACHING READING IN THE GRADES.*

By Agnes G. Smith

The importance of better reading in the public schools has been such a comparatively recent discovery that suggestions as to the most effective and most sensible methods for securing results are still very much in demand, especially by the conscientious and over-worked teacher. In view of this fact I wish to discuss in this paper some fundamental principles which experience has taught me to believe underlie the successful teaching of reading; and having done this, I shall suggest a few practical methods by which these fundamental principles may be effectually worked out.

The first fundamental principle is that the child shall see vividly everything that he is reading about. It is not enough that he see these pictures when he is preparing this lesson; he must see them again, recreate them, as he reads the pictures aloud in class.

* From the Normal Instructor—Agnes G. Smith (Emerson, '08) is at the head of the Expression Department, in the State Normal School, Virginia. This article is published by permission of the author.

The second fundamental principle is that the child shall feel as well as see. This, of course, grows naturally out of the seeing yet does not necessarily follow, just as one may gaze so intently and carefully upon a masterpiece in painting that he can afterwards describe accurately every detail in the picture and yet fail utterly to grasp the inner meaning of the picture or to comprehend the beauty of the artist's message. The pupil, then, must feel as well as see.

The third fundamental principle is that he shall be possessed with an overwhelming desire to communicate his vision and emotion to others. This is indeed the real purpose of oral reading. If the child wishes to see and feel just for his own benefit, silent reading will suffice; but if he wishes to share what he has seen or felt, he must use his voice and use it to good purpose.

Now, to return to our first fundamental principle: the pupil must see what he is reading about. A teacher does not realize until she acquires the habit of asking pointed questions how seldom children visualize at all clearly as they read aloud. Like Hamlet, they are reading, "words, words, words" and that is all. This is particularly true of older pupils; the younger ones seem naturally more willing to use their imagination. I shall never forget the look of pained surprise that overspread most faces when I first began the practice of asking my pupils, as each one finished reading, to describe in his or her own words the pictures that had just been read. Evidently the idea had never occurred to most of them that there were any pictures to see, much less that it was their privilege to see them and, having done so, to share them with the class. Their amazement was also awakened to me, who up to that time had taken it more or less for granted that of course the pupils saw what they were reading about. Since then this fact that the pupils do not visualize has been brought home to me again and again by having passages read in such a way that had the pupil really seen the picture his words portrayed he would have found it not only ludicrous but sometimes quite impossible. For instance, I have often had the line from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, "The swain responsive

as the milk-maid sung," rendered, "The *swine* responsive as the milk-maid sung." And only a few weeks ago when we were reading Browning's *Pied Piper* I had one girl substitute *quack* for *quake* and boldly announce to her classmates that "the Mayor and Corporation *quacked* with mighty consternation." Still more distressing was the statement of a pupil who in giving us a stanza from Trowbridge's *Midsummer*, instead of saying, "The woodpecker pecks and flits," said "The woodpecker sets and splits." To the unexperienced these may seem to be merely examples of mispronunciation or of *lapsus lingui*, but to me they are certain proofs that the children have not visualized the words as they have uttered them or else that they are entirely unable to draw any distinction between the sublime and the ridiculous. In connection with this principle of the necessity for correct visualization it may be well to add that the pupils should learn not only to see with their imagination but to hear, taste and smell, also. Only so can we obtain reading that is vivid and realistic. To hear with one's imagination is comparatively easy, to taste is more difficult, and to smell almost impossible for the majority of pupils. Yet the child should be taught from the beginning to *attempt* all three and thus be led to get realities instead of abstractions out of his reading lesson. I have heard children read passages from John Burrough's delightful essay on *Apples* with such a keen appreciation of what they were saying that they told me their mouths actually watered for a big, juicy apple, as I have no doubt my readers' mouths will do if they will just pause a moment to taste an apple with their imagination.

Now for a discussion of our second fundamental principle: We must teach the child to cultivate his emotions as well as his imagination; he must learn to feel as well as to see. It is precisely because children do not feel what they are reading aloud that we have such renderings of thrilling and dramatic situations as reminds us of the slow movements of a funeral march, and such renderings of exalted, majestic passages as remind us of the whizz of a twentieth century express. The comparison is scarcely exaggerated. I have had pupils actually drawl out the words which the brave Lochinvar shouts

back to the astounding wedding-party as he gallops away with his captured bride. Does not such a rendering at once indicate that the child has neither seen nor felt what he is reading? If he had *seen* the galloping horse he would have realized that Lochinvar had to speak quickly or his message would have been lost on the vacant air; and if he had *felt* the hero's triumph and joy, he could not possibly have dragged out that hero's words. He had failed to grasp in any measure the spirit of the climax of the poem.

Our third principle states that the child must be possessed with a desire to communicate his vision and emotion to others. How seldom do we see children in the reading class possessed with such a desire, especially children in older grades! More frequently is it true that the pupil reads simply because he has been called upon. Of course in many cases this is merely the result of inadequate preparation—the pupil has little or nothing to give. Yet the fact remains and cannot be too strongly emphasized, that that cannot be called a successful reading lesson in which all the pupils have not had something to give and been desirous both to give and receive.

Now that we have seen the meaning of each of our three fundamental principles, let me suggest some practical methods for carrying them out. In other words, just *how* shall we teach our pupils to see, to feel, and to come to the class ready and glad to express both the vision and the emotion. My first suggestion has already been hinted at; hold every pupil in the class responsible for every picture in the lesson, and make it a point after a pupil has finished reading to ask him to tell you in his own words the picture he has just read. If the passage mentions any sounds, ask him to tell you what he heard as he read. Such a line as this, for instance, fails utterly in its purpose if it does not suggest to the pupil's imagination three different sounds which he distinctly hears as he pronounces the words: "the rush of the water, the boom, of the mill and the thunder of the heavy wagon along the road." As soon as the children become accustomed to being asked for pictures and sounds and realize fully that the pictures and sounds are there for them to find, they will thorough-

ly enjoy the sense of achievement which the discovery of every picture and sound brings them, and furthermore, by this diligent search for that which is often not on the surface, they will begin to foster within themselves a growing consciousness that good books are real treasures, and that the treasures are for those who seek them.

Another practical method by which we can teach our pupils to see, is to insist that they know the meaning of every word in the lesson. In the first four grades the children must depend mostly upon the teacher for knowledge of the meaning of new words as they occur; in the upper grades we must see to it that the consultation of both dictionary and encyclopedia early becomes a habit. Nor is it enough that the child when asked for the meaning of a word shall be ready to give a synonym. If you go no further than this, you will some day discover that the child has no definite idea of the meaning of the synonym and has been consulting the dictionary not with any view to obtaining a better understanding of his lesson but simply so he would not "miss" if the teacher asked him for the meaning of any new word. Instead of asking him what the word means, ask him to use the word in an original sentence; thus it is that you will ascertain whether he has really made the word his own. If an encyclopedia is not available for the use of the older pupils, then the teacher herself must take the place of one and supply in advance, when the new lesson is assigned, such information as the pupil will need for a full understanding of the text.

The third practical method by which we can help pupils to see pictures is to arouse their curiosity and stimulate their interest by showing our own interest in what is to be prepared for the next day. How often do we hear an assignment for a reading lesson announced thus: "For the next lesson we shall go to the bottom of page 37." A teacher who makes a habit of assigning lessons in this manner need not wonder if the pupils go about the preparation of their new lesson with anything but enthusiastic joy. Instead of this cut and dried method of assignment, let her say something of this kind: "To-day we have been reading about Rip Van Win-

kle's domestic trials; to-morrow we are going to read about his strange experience in the mountains one particularly beautiful afternoon. We are going to meet some altogether new characters and I know you will be interested in them, for they are such queer persons. We are also going to read about what happened to Rip the very night after he met these strange creatures. That will take us just to the bottom of page 37."

Let us consider now what methods we can employ to make the pupils feel the story. One suggestion is that in the reading of conversation we insist upon having the pupils try to give as accurately as possible the manner and tone of the original speaker; and when the text is pure description or narration without conversation, let the pupils aim to express the emotion of the writer or of the characters who are most concerned in the outcome of the events.

Our last point for consideration is: How shall we get our pupils to want to read? My reply is: by daily constructive criticism and encouragement. I have seen teachers go through a whole reading lesson without a word to say except the monosyllable "next," uttered in a wearied tone every time a pupil finished a paragraph. No wonder the children openly watched the clock and gave their attention to everything and anything but the lesson. In my own teaching I make it a rule to say something about every child's reading as soon as he has finished and, except where an inexcusable lack of preparation is apparent, to include in this criticism one favorable remark. Children are human; they like their efforts to be appreciated; and the only way a teacher can hope to make her pupils want to read is to let them see that she always gives their rendering her thoughtful consideration and is glad to recognize openly their progress and their efforts toward improvement.

To sum up our discussion, then, let us say that the teacher must take time to make sure that her pupils see the pictures and feel the emotions portrayed and suggested, and that she must also take time to render her verdict on every child's rendition. And lest anyone say, "But to attempt this

is going to take too much time; as it is, I find the Reading period far too short," let me ask, in turn, whether it is the purpose of the reading lesson to cover ground or to teach the child to be expressive? And how can we teach him to be expressive if we fail to insist that he have something to express? However little time the teacher may have for the Reading lesson, she is wasting that little if she neglects the fundamental principles that underlie the successful teaching of her subject.

I hold in my memory bits of poetry, learned in childhood, which have stood me in good stead through life in the struggle to keep true to just ideals of love and duty.—Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

"The only way to teach children to love a poem is to read it inspiringly to them."

SOCIETIES

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON

In December, the Emerson College Club of Boston met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips of Jamaica Plain.

The Club this year is studying a series of standard literary subjects. This evening, Holmes was discussed, and the program was most interesting. Papers were read—a spicy, well-written book-review by Miss Ball, a sketch of the Author by Dr. Field and passages from the "Autocrat" were then read by the Clerk. Various members contributed stories, anecdotes and poems.

The meeting was novel and stimulating, likewise indicative of a successful year. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Frank L. Holmes in Brookline. Mrs. Frank Goudy will present "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

ALUMNI NOTES

'09. Ethelind B. Havener is having good success as teacher of English, Oratory and Physical Culture in a National Training School at Washington, D. C.

'06. At Trinity Church, Waterbury, Connecticut, on October first occurred the marriage of Edna Louise Johnson to Harry Judson Beardsley.

'07. Announcement comes of the marriage of Harriet Keen Ryder to Frank D. Littlefield on Monday evening, October the seventeenth. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the Tuileries, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

'09. Dear Emersonians:—I extend to you all hearty greetings for a bright and glad New Year. May it be filled with peace, health and happiness for teachers and students. During the past year I have been teaching in the Assumption School in East Boston, but though I love the teaching and have had very successful recitals, yet my heart and mind are there in dear Emerson College. The College Magazine is my most welcome visitor; I feel that it is the link that connects the old and new of our dear Alma Mater.—Alice F. Kievenaar.

'10. Attractive Christmas greetings to her many friends came from Sara King Dobson, Studio 691, Main Street, New Brunswick. The cards were enclosed in a beautiful, brown folder, bearing a neat monogram.

'09. Mary Eleanor Rogers has been engaged Physical Director and Teacher of Expression at the Y. W. C. A., Brockton, Mass. Miss Rogers' announcements are most artistic. The folder bears a splendid likeness of herself, and her press notices and testimonials are all that any reader could desire.

'08. Agnes G. Smith is still teaching Reading and Expression in the State Normal School at Farmville, Virginia. She has recently been appointed a member of the State Educational Lyceum for Rural Schools. Miss Smith's excellent article on "Teaching Reading in the Grades" appears in this issue. This article was read before many Teachers' Associations throughout the country and was published in the April, 1910, number of the *Normal Instructor*.



G.H.

October, 1908

Life.*



IFE is not to be measured by coarse Time,
But flows, ever fresh and beautiful,
Forth from the Eternal Heart
And bears us on its bosom far and high ;
And moments are as years and years as moments;
And birth and death and all things grow to be
A thin cloak which would cover but may not hide
The Eternal Soul.

—EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

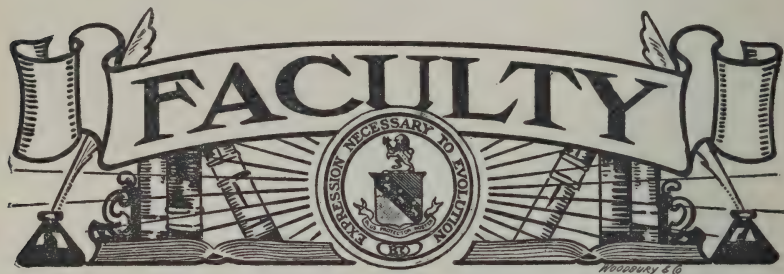
**From "A Book of Meditations."
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Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 4.



EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

His Personality and Work

BY JOHN NOLEN

From "Quebec Daily Telegraph."

BIOGRAPHICAL

In the field of education Edward Howard Griggs stands by himself. He is an altogether uncommon man, doing an uncommon work. Many attempts have been made to place the finger upon the source of his peculiar charm and power. Some have said that it rests in his insight into the human heart—that he is a seer; others that he has added the artist's warmth and the open-mindedness of the truth seeker to the wisdom of the philosopher. Some have attributed his success to his remarkable power of clarifying difficult masterpieces, like the "Divine Comedy" of Dante and Goethe's "Faust," and compelling them to yield their spiritual messages. Another has said his power is in his wonderful gift of depicting the personality of great moral leaders, making them in a definite way serviceable to the ordinary man and woman. Some one else has remarked that he talks of things in which every one is interested, in language which every one can understand; and still another that his reverence for

the truth makes his hearers enamored of it. He is compared to great speakers like John B. Gough and Henry Ward Beecher, to great thinkers and leaders like Carlyle and Emerson. But to those who really know the man, to those who have grown under his teaching, these attempts to explain his power seem inadequate, these comparisons unsatisfactory. He is above all else himself. His personality is distinct and irresistible; it is unlike that of any public teacher that the world has known. His gifts, his graces, his accomplishments are not conventional; they are entirely personal. Some of the qualities of that personality are unusual insight through inheritance, a trained, disciplined and enriched mind, an artist's imagination, the heart of a friend, the passion of a reformer, eloquence coupled with the well considered words of the teacher, and a life training and will that have overcome all difficulties and produced the man we know. In personal gifts of inheritance then, in training, will, largeness of mind and life, in balance, in absolute simplicity, determination to grow each day and to help another, to live here and now—in these qualities, and in others that follow naturally in their wake, is to be found the explanation, so far as explanation is possible, of Edward Grigg's singular success and influence. In him there is no suggestion of rivalry and no dogmatism; he grants to every one the freedom that he claims for himself. He is sincere, sturdy and fearless in his whole attitude toward life. But his genius can only be comprehended by taking into account his personality, his character.

The facts of Professor Griggs' life are in themselves interesting, illustrating as they do his versatility, his capacity for both thought and action, and his adequate preparation for his present career. He was born in Minnesota in 1868. His boyhood was spent in Madison, Indiana, on the Ohio River, where he attended the public schools until 1882. Then he left school and engaged in business, entering a wholesale house in Indianapolis. For five years he successfully discharged the tasks assigned to him, compelling the dull routine of a business office to yield him opportunity for

growth and for good habits of work. His energy is comprehensive. It has been remarked that business lost a qualified worker when he withdrew from its ranks. In these five years he not only succeeded and grew as a result of his office work, but he found time, no one can see how, to master the ordinary high school studies and to make a good beginning with advanced work in literature, history and philosophy—subjects which for the last twenty years have never ceased to engage him. In 1887, at the age of nineteen, he entered Indiana University, graduating in 1889. During his senior year he taught mathematics in the preparatory department of the university. Immediately upon his graduation from college he was appointed instructor in English in Indiana University, and later professor of literature. In 1891 he became assistant professor of ethics in Stanford University, California, remaining there until 1899, when he resigned the chair of ethics and education which he then occupied. Nearly two of the ten academic years, however, (1894-'95 and 1898-'99), were spent in the most profitable kind of travel and in the study of art and life in Europe, especially in England, Germany and Italy. During this decade (1889-1899) he gave a steadily increasing number of public lectures, amounting in his last year in California to a hundred and fifty or more.

By nature a student, years of application to the study of men and books made Professor Griggs, at the age of thirty, a successful teacher, a lecturer of marked ability, a fresh and original thinker, and a man of unusual equipment for a unique work. Note the fortunate combination of influences that he developed under: (1) Unremitting and definite study and thought in subjects closely related to human life; (2), an active, well directed and busy life in contact with the forces ordinarily found not within, but outside university walls; (3), a home life with wife and children that effectively stimulated and controlled sane thinking and teaching on problems distinctly educational and personal.

PUBLIC TEACHER

For the last five years Mr. Griggs has been the leading public teacher in America, speaking day and night, winter and

summer, in all parts of the country, to audiences that have assembled to hear him. Each year the demand for his services becomes more persistent and widespread, until now there is no prospect of satisfying it, and he is confronted with the embarrassing necessity of selecting from the mass of invitations those fields of work that promise to be most permanently fruitful. The amount of the fee in no sense controls his choice, and those who want him seem almost as little concerned with the cost of getting him. In the midst of so much that is commercial this situation is most refreshing. Fortunately, he has capacity for phenomenal labor. In 1900 he passed all previous records in the East by delivering within a year over 300 lectures to a hundred thousand people, involving 25,000 miles of traveling. And every one wondered at his endurance. But this record, great as it is, is eclipsed by more recent work which places to his credit for the last full year over 400 lectures to a quarter of a million of people, requiring nearly 30,000 miles of travel—an increase in audience in four years of 150 per cent. In his last series of twelve lectures in Boston he had the largest audience that ever greeted a lecturer there. Many came from a distance of ten miles regularly once a week for three months, and some came from cities and towns sixty miles away. At the closing lecture there were 3,070 people present; every foot of standing room was occupied, and hundreds had to be turned away. These lectures were not popular in character but on serious ethical subjects, and were delivered on successive Saturday mornings at 11 o'clock. Who were the men and women that composed these audiences? They were of all sorts and conditions—a class we call “thinking people,” teachers, clergymen and housekeeping women; also many hard-headed men prominent in business and professional life, men who usually avoid lectures as they would a pestilence. His success in Boston was in no way unlike that in other places where he has spoken regularly—in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Louisville, Toronto, New Haven and the multitude of smaller places that have been fortunate enough to secure him. He has not sought great audiences—they have assembled irresistibly.

He has not deliberately aimed at a wide field—he has been drawn to it by forces outside himself. The demand has not been created by advertising—it is the natural result of his doing each piece of work well—doing it to the best of his ability.

The material of his lectures is probably wider than any one has hitherto used for public teaching. He is not merely a teacher of literature, or of history, or of art, or of ethics. His subject is human life, and he knows that light upon this supreme subject is to be found in every great field of knowledge and living. Roughly, his subjects may be grouped under four heads: (1), Great masterpieces—the work of such men as Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe and Browning in literature, of Giotto, Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo and Leonardo in painting; (2), Moral leaders—the personal contributions of original and varied figures from Socrates to Luther, from Erasmus to Emerson; (3), Direct ethical courses—lectures discussing such important problems as education, work, play, friendship, religion—lectures primarily for parents and teachers, but of interest to all; (4), Historical periods of great influence for civilization, such as Greece in the age of Phidias, Italy at the time of the renaissance. In all these is art, in all life. Art is used for life's sake, and life is recognized as an art. Ethics studied in this way become not only more profitable but fascinating in interest; they constitute not a bare philosophical discipline but a practical science in which one can make the same application of inductive methods to the study of human experience that is made in all the natural sciences to the study of the physical world.

For the work of public lecturing Mr. Griggs possesses in a marked degree the usual essential platform qualities—a strong, clear, pleasing voice, sincerity of manner and power to present his ideas in simple, forceful but appropriate language. But with him these are incidentals—they are tools that he uses, and uses effectively; his dependence is in other and higher qualities. Beauty and truth, form and content, facts and imagination—these combinations in art and human life are the main materials of his message. Therefore, his audiences dis-

perse after each lecture, heeding the message and loving the man.

WRITER

In 1899 Mr. Griggs entered the field of literature. His first book, "The New Humanism," is the careful expression in written form of his teaching and thinking up to the time of his leaving California. It is the concluding message of that period. The volume comprises a series of closely related studies in personal and social development. It is, in fact, a presentation of the fundamental principles that should inspire and guide the higher life of men and women in this world to-day—a presentation at once scientific and popular. No one need fear that "The New Humanism" will prove too hard reading. The style is everywhere clear and agreeable, the range of illustration rich and picturesque. The book is never dull; once begun it will be read to the end. It advocates meeting life's great personal problems with courage and cheerfulness. It recognizes the severity of the struggle toward the best, but it also recognizes the infinite power of the human spirit to rise to ever greater and greater heights.

"A Book of Meditations," Mr. Griggs's second contribution to literature, is entirely different in character. It is made up of paragraphs and poems taken from his personal notebooks. These extracts reveal the man, his varied but sweet and consecrated daily life. They show the range and directions of his interests, his points of view, his versatility, his uniqueness. . . . Evidently he has established the habit of writing down his deepest reflections and impressions, especially when traveling or living abroad. . . . The field is wide; notes made in Florence, Paris, Rome, Munich, Edinburgh, Venice, Athens, Stratford-on-Avon, Rotterdam, Ravenna, Berlin, Lucerne, Assisi, Constantinople and so on, follow one after another. In our own country references appear all the way from New England to California, from well known and unknown places. Some of the headings illustrate this constant habit of reflection, such, for example, as "On the Train," "At Sea," "The Desert." The subjects are as varied as the places. Opportunity, Genius, Experience, Solitude, Art,

Masterpieces, Habit, Freedom, Scholarship, The Will, To-day, upon which he turns his illuminating mind and heart, and which he compels to yield significant truth. In another group we find equally valuable comment and reflection upon Michael Angelo, Titian and other Italian artists; upon the music of Richard Wagner; upon St. Francis, Shakespeare, Goethe; upon Rome, Venice, France, Athens, Constantinople; upon Corot, and upon the place and function of nature in art and life.

. . . "A Book of Meditations" is valuable for itself and for the accurate and original estimate it presents of places and things and men that we all cherish. . . .

Mr. Griggs' new book, entitled "Moral Education," has already been heartily welcomed, especially by teachers and parents. The book is the fulfilment of the great and public-spirited task that the author set himself, to examine the whole of education in relation to its moral centre and aim. As he forcefully points out: "Moral culture cannot be the function of any single influence or institution. The home, the school, the church, must all contribute; every instrument of education must be used with primary reference to the building of good character. Formerly there was much discussion as to whether moral culture was properly a function of the public school. The question becomes meaningless when we recognize that the influence of every phase of the school life and work can never be indifferent, but must count for good or evil, and therefore that it is our business to make it as good as possible. Moral culture is, then, not a phase or a part of education, but is the directing and organizing of the whole process of culture so that it may end in forming happy and useful manhood and womanhood."

Mr. Griggs' view is always large and sane. He writes as one who has not only experienced life at first hand and an unusual share of it, but also as one who has stood long upon the mountain top, watching and understanding human life in all its processes, reflecting earnestly upon his vision, and then creating out of himself a message that is clear, wise, largely original and inspiring. It is a message that sheds light upon the most difficult problems in education and modestly offers

helpful practical aid in their solution. But he proposes no panacea. He knows the limits of education as well as its possibilities. His temperate, balanced view is well illustrated in the following quotation: "Life and nature educate far more effectively than we can ever hope to do. To try to usurp the place of the great natural forces would be attempting to manufacture the child, instead of helping him grow. Yet our work if supplementary in character, is none the less important, since through it we can determine in a large degree the response of the individual to those vaster influences that come from life itself. It is really comparatively small margins of difference that determine success and failure in moral life as in all other phases of human living, and the fact that these margins are partly within our control gives an absolute importance to our work in guiding and fostering the natural development of children."

The child seems never out of sight or hearing in this book. Mr. Griggs convinces us that it is not only our duty to provide the highest possible moral education for our own children, but for all children; indeed, that only by so doing can we provide it for our own. In every chapter we feel, as we finish it, that after all he is not so much concerned with teaching morals as children. The book is real, vital, and it never departs from its aim. Nor is it ever dull. The style is simple, clear and vigorous, which dignifies its deep thinking. Of great range and variety and value are the illustrative extracts and references, showing the immense field that the author has worked in for material, or to balance and steady his own original thinking. . . .

The bibliography is invaluable to all who wish to read upon or study education in its moral aspects. A practical working list of the best books and articles is given, and each one is briefly but frankly annotated. Not even in the body of the book itself does Mr. Griggs show greater poise, wisdom or genius than in this estimate of the value of writings on moral education. To complete the volume there is an ideal index, which also shows the unmistakable marks of the author's own hand. Therefore, the book is a whole, a unit, an admirable,

concrete illustration of Mr. Griggs' teaching with regard to both work and art.

It is said: "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Surely no one ever saw into that kingdom of the spirit without looking through the eyes of a little child; and the patient, consistent care and love, the gift of time, thought and companionship, the earnest seeking of the child's best good through all doubt, trouble, questioning and mistakes that must come—all this is repaid—how wonderfully!—by the vistas of the spirit that are opened up to us, the softened tenderness of our own hearts, the deepest wisdom of experience, and the unlocking of all the mystery of joy and tears.—Edward Howard Griggs in "Moral Education."

THE ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY OF EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

In the present time no subject is more absorbingly interesting to all people than that of personal development. The problem of individual achievement and the consciousness of possibilities hitherto undreamed of for each man and woman of the human family, stir the whole public mind and force the answers heard on every side. Foremost among the influential teachers of public position on the lecture platform is Edward Howard Griggs, who has fitly been called "an apostle to this country"; and he deserves the title by virtue of his sincerity, his brave affirmation of truth, whether popular or unpopular, and by his power to bring home to each sympathetic listener the appreciation of the meaning of his own experience. This is done by dealing in a broad and rational way with the simple elements of all human living, and by showing how the concrete experience may be understood as a new equation of old forces.

Every treatment of history, biography, literature, art or ethics is made to illumine the experience of every individual life, so that one feels akin to all, and through one's own life seems to draw near to the great races and individuals of the past and to appreciate the forces at work behind all human conduct.

Mr. Griggs' formulations are always simple, profound, open-minded and discriminative. When he takes up the subject of life as Plato saw it, he seems to simplify the expression and stand forth the essential conclusions of his author in clear outline, comparing the questions of ancient Athens with parallel problems of to-day—here. Mr. Griggs is essentially a teacher and a preacher of high living and noble aims. The consistency, simplicity and essential clearness of his work, as well as the presence which warms and illumines his affirmations, must give any fair-minded listener the conviction of absolute directness and perfect truth.

The scope of Mr. Griggs' work does not blur the impression of simplicity of teaching. Every theme, every author, every tracing of progress or decay in civilization or personal history is given with the same searching question; what does it mean to the problem of human conduct?

How to live in accord with the noblest beliefs, and why we should have the philosophy of life, and the knowledge of all human experience; and have it from above; from the platform of the highest in our own life,—these are the questions of burning interest. Mr. Griggs loves humanity and has faith in it. He is a democrat of the highest faith. Equal opportunity for the best ends of life for all;—that is his cry. Surely the appeal of such a leader, who sees things from the advancing margin of life and ever finds the angel hidden in each member of the great mass of humanity, must be effective! The mob, he says, may be incited to passion by some base appeal, but it may also be lifted to heroism by the right appeal. *The right appeal* seems to be Mr. Griggs' main dependence for the uplift of life through personal influence. If we can only have leadership without tyranny, and freedom without licence, the human race will mount to the appreciation of true helpfulness and respond to the call for highest realization of human happiness and attainment.

In his philosophic work,—“The New Humanism,”—the forces of human society are considered. The first chapter is devoted to an exposition of the scientific method by which we may study the higher human life;—the life of the spirit: though

we should not attempt to classify all the facts of a higher range under the formulations of a lower order. The evolution of personality is then traced from earliest manifestations of life to the highest expressions of noble motives and aspiration. The dynamic power of personal ideals is shown in history and in modern society, and the force of progress is seen to be led by these. We are then given an exposition of positive and negative ideals, showing that in order to be a helpful power for good one must have ideals of positive character, and not merely the negative virtues which refrain from various abuses, but do not progress toward higher realization of life, nor effect any positive growth. The content of the ideal must be positive, and must be expressed in terms of concrete significance—not merely in abstract principle.

In a later chapter, Greek and Christian ideals are contrasted, and the Greek is given the characterization of breadth and fullness of human life in this world, while the unrealized but loftier ideal of pure spiritual aspiration is revealed in Christianity. It is said, too, that the Christian influence did much for the uplifting of womanhood in its reverence for the blessed Virgin, though the limitations of the dark ages gave a peculiar asceticism to all teachings about the control and repression of human feeling as well as physical life.

Modern ideals of womanhood are shown to be loftier and more sane than earlier ages have been able to see, and the change in respect to the place given woman in life, and the recognition of her peculiar qualities as complementary and not inferior to masculine traits, is seen to be one of the highest marks of progress. The common humanity in which the sexes are alike is more significant than has ever been realized before.

The ethics of social reconstruction are declared to be manifest truly when we are helpful toward all movements or efforts that make for good in any degree,—and bravely affirmative regarding the truth we most firmly believe. We should be willing to sacrifice ourselves whenever necessary for the sake of giving to the world still higher and higher ideals of life and love.

The New Social Ideal is said to be the recognition of the right of all men and women to the fullest opportunity for realization of all the higher ends of life. The significance of every human soul must be acknowledged.

In the closing chapters of this work Mr. Griggs shows how the religious conceptions of the human race have ever expressed in every age, the degree of elevation of the spirit and the attempt to express its relation to the Infinite. It is seen that the highest religion must come from ideal human life and the recognition of the divine in the whole. The Religion of Humanity must recognize the sacred meaning of every human soul.

In "Moral Education," Mr. Griggs gives us in pedagogic form, the truth that we must make moral teaching not merely a study of ethics, but a moral handling of all the branches of education. The child consciousness is studied as distinct from that of maturity, and, after the basis of unity and difference is considered, we are given a full exposition of the way in which moral development may be attained through play, work, society, organization, personal contact, and the study of all subjects. The growth process is shown to be a wave movement, and to be an alternation from highest activity to even sluggishness at times. True ideals and aims are defined, and the type of character to be sought is "to develop in each individual a strong and effective moral personality, reverently obedient to the laws of life and controlled by clear-sighted reason, seeing, loving and willing the best on the plane of life that has been reached, strong in moral initiative and able to grow independently ever toward loftier vision and nobler action."

One of Mr. Griggs' most significant affirmations is that we are responsible for knowing the truth whenever we have had opportunity to find it, as well as for living it faithfully when we do know.

Shakespeare, Browning, Goethe, Dante and other supreme writers are interpreted by Prof. Griggs in their message to the spirit and their illumination of life. Everywhere philosophy, history, life and aspiration are studied for their message to the soul of man.

It is no wonder that the people follow the teaching of so earnest, so sincere and lofty a mind as that of Edward Howard Griggs. His spiritual aspiration expressed in poetic eloquence and in the trend of his teaching, appeals to all who love the ideal view and are eager to find the soul of the common experiences of life. His scientific method and careful adherence to demonstrable truth must win for him the serious attention of all fair-minded and thoughtful students of education and human progress toward higher life.

Mr. Griggs expresses his appreciation of all the concepts of religious truth that bring aspiration of the human spirit to adjust itself in relation to the sum of things—the Infinite.

The symbology of earlier teachings is shown, and realization of the fact that religion is in living—if it is at all; that the achievement of human perfection must be the only path of eternal significance. This path cannot fail to lead us toward God and truth. There can be no other way of life than to follow one's highest vision.

The growth-process of human life takes place according to the law of rhythm or periodicity in activity; the two principles of moral evolution are the substitution of an integrating purpose in life for the more impulsive and emotional disposition, and in the widening of sympathy with all human consciousness. These are fundamental teachings.

In his course on Great Autobiographies, Mr. Griggs seeks the light of the great mind upon its own experiences; in his treatment of Moral Leaders, he finds the types of character devoted to the uplifting of their kind, and asks each for the secret of his devotion and the vision of his ideal in relation to his time and place in the world. In his study of Art and the Human Spirit, Mr. Griggs points out the sources of art in the world and the need of art as an expression of the human spirit. He explains the relation of each art to some phase of consciousness and shows how each is the supreme expression of some element not so perfectly expressed in other arts, and gives emphasis to the fact that while art appeals through the senses and emotions to the soul of man, it must, in order to uplift, be ever transcending the senses and emotions to re-

veal the higher state of consciousness. Painting and sculpture, music, literature as poetry and as an expression of life, and the relation of beauty to the culture of the spirit, are all treated of together with the forces of life and the sources of influence, which are the cause and background of art. Art is the highest appeal, through the senses and emotions, of the spirit to the spirit of mankind.

In *The Ethics of Personal Life*, a course giving the phases of human experience in the form of separate problems, Prof. Griggs considers the aim of life as determining the conduct, the causes of and prevention of moral failure, the vocation as a means of self-culture and social service, the nature and opportunity for service and love found in personal relationships, the use of the margin of time and opportunity in our lives, and the basis of faith to be found in the revelation of life itself regarding the true motives which must underlie noble living. These motives must refer to faith in the Infinite Goodness, Justice, Eternal Right Tendency, and, Action in accordance with these supreme concepts.

Mr. Griggs' work on Moral Education advocates systematic morality in all education, and gives the most illuminating treatment of methods to accomplish this. The volume has been found a text book of ethical pedagogy supremely valuable. Emerson College students are given this study under the head of Personal Development. The combined influence of spiritual truth, ethical interpretation of life and intellectual clearness in scientific method of treatment renders the mission of Edward Howard Griggs greatly effective, both in charm of appeal and convincing reason.

Finally, we are bound to perceive through years of personal contact with his mind and influence—the presence of a great mind, a heart loving all humanity, a personality self-disciplined and noble, and a spirit of never-failing aspiration and faith in the ultimate triumph of the good, the true and the ideal. He sees this universal struggle toward the light in all his wide research into the material the world offers to the student of life's problem.

This exposition does not pretend to be a statement of

Prof. Griggs' viewpoint, but it is a presentation of some things gleaned by an appreciative listener.

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

"I have said so much to you regarding the lecturer of to-day that even to those who have not heard Edward Howard Griggs any formal introduction would be a waste of your time and his. He is to lecture to us upon the Arts in their relation to the Human Spirit. And you will soon discover that in his estimate the Art of Living is the supreme art. He who can lengthen our perspective and clarify our vision for right choices and stimulates our will to make these choices adds immeasurably to our human efficiency. He who can enlarge the gamut of our appreciation and refine our power to enjoy, enriches all our living. It is because of this power and this quality in the work of Mr. Griggs that I am glad and grateful he is with us." —President Southwick on introducing Prof. Griggs in "The Art and Human Spirit" course.

ART AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

Special Report of Lectures given by Prof. Howard Griggs this year at Emerson College.

The students of Emerson who are studying the subject of Personal Development, and the graduate students of the Platform Art Class are enjoying the privilege of attending a course of lectures, beginning in January, in which Prof. Edward Howard Griggs illumines the larger meaning of art and personal expression in a way to inspire and reinforce the student to whom art is life and not mere performance. The expressed aim of the course is to impress the truth that art is a serious business, that beauty is the most useful thing we know, and that art is not for adornment's sake, or preaching's sake, or art's sake, but that it is for life's sake.

The heart of the course is "an effort to define the particular meaning and function of each of the arts; the way in which it can express and interpret some phase of the common life more effectively than any other." The work closes with a "study of the ministry of the arts to man's spirit and their place in culture." "The finest of all arts" was affirmed to be

"the one supreme art of living." The lecturer believes that "the transfiguring atmosphere" should be given to life, exalting the spirit of man to the place where "a serene vision of life in relation is possible."

The first lecture, "The Expression and Interpretation of Human Life in Art," defined are:—"Art is the adequate and harmonious expression and interpretation of some phase of man's life in true relation to the whole." Prof. Griggs affirmed the need and value of such study to-day, especially in America, where there is an awakening of new interest along these lines and an eager pursuit of music and other art studies as a part of education. The meaning of the fine arts is in their varied revelation of the human spirit and in ideal expression for the meaning of life. For this reason, we should all be artists appreciatively; and, to the artist, these forms of expression are indeed "a way of life." The need was emphasized of taking the highest attitude, recognizing the deep sources of art, and of unifying life itself by sincere devotion to the deepest truth in these matters.

Prof. Griggs referred to the three general misconceptions concerning art and the need of correcting them; first, that art is a dispensible luxury. The great artists of the world have always bitterly remonstrated against this view. Carlyle and Goethe were quoted in this connection. The second limitation is the notion that art is justified only by the moral lessons it teaches, and as illustrative of some didactic moral. Art is organically moral, not didactically so. Great art is moral because true, and in sane relation to the whole of life. A third error is held by many artists below the highest rank—namely, that "art is for art's sake," meaning really "art for technique's sake." This comes from the fact of the great importance of skill in handling the tools of art or the agents of expression; yet we must see that there are many skillful, to one great artist. The soul of art is the all important thing; the content is greater than the form. The greatest significance was laid upon the relation of art to the spirit of man.

There is unity and variety in art. The fact that we can appreciate all good art indicates a common basis, while it is

possible for the most highly developed workers of art in different fields to produce the same dominant impression. Great artists like great philosophers are "brothers across the centuries." The source of this unity in all art was shown to be the expression everywhere of the same universal basis of human life. "The simple, generic elements of life are always expressed in art through the medium of personality," and true art is ever fresh and vital, "a new equation of old forces,"—but not all expression is art. "The conditioning principles of adequacy and harmony of expression distinguish true art from what fails to rise to that level."

Dante and Shakespeare were shown to reveal all phases of life in sound relation to the whole, while the vicious type of novel, for example, gives false perspective. Art interprets life, gives us the ideal as well as the real, carries out full circle the fragmentary hints of the literal, thus giving an ethical completeness wanting in our view of actual life. The unifying and interpreting atmosphere of art gives revelation and illumines the meaning which the common perception does not appreciate; hence, the ministry of art to the human spirit. Art must be proportioned, suggestive, transfiguring, revelatory.

In the second lecture, on "The Primitive Sources of Art," we were shown that the original inspiration of art is religion. The primitive basis has become differentiated, but the profound seriousness of early art is significant, and religious earnestness persists in all great art. Early mythology was referred to in this lecture as a gathering up of popular thought, feeling and imagination. This is of value as "a condensed and refined result of long ages of human life." These primitive sources of art remain an influence of deep relation to nature. They are simple, childlike, great in perception of the wonder of natural forces, and are ethically sound in their emphasis of the conquering power of good as opposed to evil.

The Hebraic stories were referred to as "presenting the deepest recognition of moral law and purpose; Greek mythology as beautiful and artistic, Norse stories as most deeply human and at the same time the ethnic background from which

our art springs." So primitive mythology and religion are of value "as sources of later art; as inspiration of art to-day; as valuable permanently in education."

Prof. Griggs quoted Wagner as follows: "The secret, mysterious relations of the human heart to the strange nature around it have not yet come to an end. In its eloquent silence this latter still speaks to the heart just as it did a thousand years ago; and what was told in the very gray of antiquity is understood to-day as easily as then. For this reason it is that the legend of nature ever remains the inexhaustible resource of the poet, in his intercourse with his people."

Especially interesting was the treatment of "The Race, the Epoch and the Individual in Art." After consideration of the great common sources of art, Prof. Griggs turned to the causes giving unique characteristics to each work of art. First, "the great common basis of human life is expressed only through the medium of personality; the character and experience of the artist always revealed in the work and moulding of it." Different illustrations of this were cited, as in the style and influence of different composers. Mozart and Beethoven through the medium of personality, the character and experience of the artist always revealed in the work and moulding of it. Lippi in painting; Browning and Tennyson in their farewell poems—Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando." Goethe, Wagner and Shakespeare were used as illustrations of development shown at different periods of life. The self-confession in art was compared to the material given in biography; the latter giving the significance of the outer life, while art reveals the condition of the artist's inner life. This revelation is apprehended at all, must be true because it is of the spirit and not in terms of circumstance. The forces of the time were shown to influence the artist and so to be revealed in the work. Different types of epoch were referred to as shown in faith and doubt, creation and criticism. The artist reflects the age—whether he knows it or not. He may either accord with it or express it in reaction against. This was shown in Emerson's relation to America's civilization, Fra Angelo as an expression of the Renaissance, Dante as a voice of the middle ages. Wagner's operas were considered an embodiment of modern life.

Mr. Griggs pointed to the tendency of every productive epoch to show the movement of the half circle, with contracting tendencies on the upward and on the downward slope, the first being prophetic, creative and simpler, the crest of the wave marked by some great, balanced expression of all forces as Shakespeare in the Elizabethian drama. The critical tendency and our emphasis of form belongs to the downward curve of the art.

"The epoch is but a moment in the life of a people. As the time-spirit finds varying expression in the different artists in which it is clothed, so the deeper organic life of a race is beneath all the epochs characterizing its unfolding," and "each race is apt to find its highest expression in one art." For instance sculpture in Greece, painting in Italy, music in Germany, the drama in England—were each an expression of a race revealing its spirit.

The life of a race was compared to a great on-flowing stream with rise and fall, ever deepening and enlarging as the race develops. The development of English literature was referred to as illustrative of this. In each case there are elements which persist under all changes. "Thus the least fragment of an art embodies the spirit of the artist, the deeper life of the epoch, the still more fundamental characteristics of the race, while beneath all are the great, universal tendencies of humanity."

In another lecture the special arts were taken up in "The Meaning and Function of Sculpture and Painting." Each fine art was shown to have its constructive line of appeal. "This is evidenced in the fact that it is rare to find an artist, practising one art and adequately appreciating others." There is "tendency in artist and student alike to see the one art from within and appreciate its significance, the others from without, and perceive their limitations." There is a great need for the artist to remedy this narrowness by getting in touch with other arts than his own. We need to see broadly and appreciate all "in relation to the spirit of man and to the other arts expressing the spirit of man."

We should consider, what of the whole content of human

life does the particular art express, what is the means and method of its expression, and what are its limitations. We should make an open study of the works of art in each field. The permanence of any art proves its power to express some phase better than any other form. Sculpture and painting were compared and contrasted in their appeal. The form of the statue and color of the marble were considered, and the impressions of permanence noted. The color and perspective and the wider range of relationship were noted in painting, the emotional effect of color. In the statue, "the conception if understood, is entirely definite and embodied in defined, permanent form." The conception is more emphasized than in the emotional appeal. Painting is less complete and realistic but with vastly increased scope in both breadth and depth.

In conclusion Prof. Griggs pointed out that all art appeals to us through the senses and hence there is danger that its appeal may stop with the senses. But the true appeal is through the senses to the soul. Art may degenerate and become dangerous, or it may lift us by its great power of appeal. We must approach it with appreciation of its true meaning.

The next lecture on "The Meaning And Function of Music" gave large appreciation of the relation of music to nature. Effect of wind singing in the pine trees, bird songs, the rhythmic beat of waves on the shore were all noted. It was then shown how music resolves the natural forms and recombines them independently. Music was compared to architecture which has been described as "frozen music," and it was shown how music accomplishes in time relations what architecture does in space relations. Music was spoken of as dynamic and evanescent in contrast with the arts which are statical and relatively permanent. Thus we have "the sublimation of form in music and the freeing of the content from sensuous association." Music was shown to be expressive of emotions which no other art can embody, "arousing the feelings that unite men where intellectual opinions and conventions tend to separate them."

Music is highest in its own peculiar appeal when not too closely labeled and defined. We should get the direct appeal

of the music language. Emotions associated with one's conception of the transcendent, the supernatural and the divine are most powerfully called forth by music. Danger in music is that it may arouse emotional sensibility without directing it. One should choose one's companions wisely when listening to music. No appeal of true art is bad in itself, but may be misdirected. We need ever to express aroused sensibility in some form of good action or affirmation. Music lends itself most admirably to the composite arts, because of the element of sympathetic emotion aroused. The supreme value of its refining and exalting influence was emphasized in this lecture.

In the following lecture, "The Meaning And Function of Poetry," the whole of literature was considered, poetry being the highest and most characteristic form of literature. Then in less immediate portrayal for the vision in poetry—hence, less direct power in appeal to the imagination; but its conceptions are freed more from sense association. Moreover, ideas are expressed through a succession of forms in time relation.

The direct musical appeal of poetry was noted, and the importance of reading poetry aloud was emphasized. There are two types of poetry—that with dominantly musical appeal and that in which dominant appeal is to imaginative vision. Illustrations were read with convincing expression. Poetry was spoken of as "the most complex and universal of the fine arts in many-sided power to express and interpret all aspects of human experience." Types of poetry were compared. Prose was said to fulfill the same function on another plane. The rhythm of prose was commented on.

Finally—"the spirit of man is a unity, hence also the appeal of the arts. In all, thought, emotion and imagination; in all the same principle of form, beauty and harmony. This is evident in efforts to combine the arts in a more composite art." In combination something must be sacrificed in each, but the new whole has a meaning of its own.

The lecture on "Literature And Liberal Culture," treated of the significance of poetry for education, the most universal in function, and broadest in power to express and interpret

life. "What is literature?" was considered. It must be human in appeal and not for the specialist; it must be adequate and harmonious in expression. The greatest value of literature is not for special analysis, but as a means of liberal culture. Content and form "should be studied directly with the aim of understanding the significance and appreciating beauty." We have the range of thought, transfused with feeling and imagination. Literature expresses the character and forces behind it. The study of literary art should be a means to an end—the end appreciation. Literary forms express the underlying forces, and they express racial characteristics in the music of words as in the content of thought embodied. Literature is a great refining and elevating force.

The final theme in the course, "Beauty and the Culture of the Spirit," gathers up the power of the whole and emphasizes the fact that the life of appreciation is ever in advance of the life of the intellect, and that deepening of one phase of appreciation is an awakening of the whole power to appreciate. Religion, love, beauty and aspiration are all akin.

We grow in sense perception by the subtle play of the rhythms of nature, and when we awaken to appreciation we have taken command of the forces of the soul and entered into the whole of life. Beauty is the marriage of sense and soul, and in its exalted vision, we translate the real into the ideal. To live in beauty, to master the forces of life by the power of the ideal—that is the highest aim.

In all this course Mr. Griggs has uplifted the ideal, advocated the mastery and balance of all the forces, shown how we may appreciate life and uplift it, and then come to understand how persistent living for and loving the ideal may glorify life, free the spirit, shape the bodily expression into beauty. We have been impressed that truth alone is the key to all realization.

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

When we set sail on the untried ocean of life, with only the stars of God and the compass of our own instinct to guide us, there will be days and nights when the heaven is clouded and we cannot see the stars, and the compass of our instinct may point any other way

than toward the north star; and then we sail wrong. But unless we set sail we reach no port worth while.—Edward Howard Griggs in "Moral Education."

EMERSON COLLEGE ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION.

Treasurer's Report

Feb. 1, 1911. Total of pledges and cash to date....\$13,018.56
Cash to date. 7,243.56

As you will see by the above statement the thirteen thousand dollar mark was passed at the close of last month.

The following letters and statement may be used to advantage in educating others to the real understanding of the particular genius of Emerson College and in interesting them in its work and endowment.

What are *you* able and willing to do to help the good work along?

CHARLES W. KIDDER, Treasurer.

"Vredeoord," Spuyten Duyvil, New York City, Dec. 28, 1910.
Mr. Harry Seymour Ross, Dean, 239 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Mr. Dear Dean Ross:—I am happy to express my opinion of the Emerson College in connection with the plan for a movement to secure a permanent endowment for the Institution.

It has been my pleasure to give during a period of years an annual course of lectures to the students of the Emerson College, and I have thus been able to come somewhat closely in touch with the spirit and work of the school. I have found the students of the school unusually earnest and alert, devoted to their work, and responsive to their teachers. I have found the teachers devoted and high-minded, centering the instruction in the various forms of art upon the art of living. With the spirit shown in the school, I am sure that all gifts made to the Endowment Fund will contribute quite unusual help to the work of higher education.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

(Extract from an Address by Dr. A. E. Winship given at Chickering Hall, Boston, on March 4, 1909.)

"There is not a state or city in the Union, scarcely a college or university, in which there has not been in its Faculty some disciple of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson. . . . Today the fruition of the

College that he founded his recognition as one of the literary institutions of Boston. To the College that bears his name come students from all parts of this broad land, and those who are graduated go into institutions of learning over wider area than do teachers of English or Expression of any other institution."

Copy of Letter from Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, Pastor of Union Church,
Boston.

Charles W. Kidder, Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

My Dear Mr. Kidder:—I congratulate you on your work for the Endowment of Emerson College of Oratory. Such a splendid Educational Institution needs a large Endowment and what is better still, deserves all it needs.

Emerson College is doing a unique work in education; this work will not be done by any other institution. No institution can open the way into our best literature as Emerson College can. I have been in a position to see the work clearly for the last five years, and the true education of body, mind and soul in Emerson College is a joy inexpressible to me. Such work must have its largest financial liberty and its greatest opportunity in the educational world. The Endowment is the thing, and Emerson College will give many-fold returns for the money given in such work.

Very truly yours,

Signed)

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE.

We are inclined always to postpone life and to underrate the value of the present moment in its opportunities and its happiness. The time, somewhat removed, is seen in the soft beauty of distant perspective. The bare rocks of human reality are part of the exquisite whole through the magic of the atmosphere. The toil and failure of the past are forgotten, but the positive life and joy are remembered because they are with us forever. In the present, on the other hand, difficulties are exaggerated. The slight physical indisposition, the changing mental moods, the lack of some minor specific aid seem inseparable obstacles. We postpone our efforts for a more favorable time, and so life slips away with its best chances unemployed. We should be masters of ourselves, remembering that there is but one day in all eternity that is ours—*to-day*.—Edward Howard Griggs in "A Book of Meditations."

Each moment is a new opportunity to live, but our power to utilize it depends upon what we have done in all our yesterdays.—Edward Howard Griggs in "Moral Education."



Verses, Original and Translated.

By Anna Emilia Bagstad.

THE SONG OF THE WIND

With feet of strength and wings of ecstasy
The spirit of the prairie wild and free,
A roaming minstrel, chants his monody
Of calm content.

With changeful song and swifter step he goes,
For yonder blooms the ruby-hearted rose;
The lily of the vale on him bestows
Gladly her scent.

In wanton mirthfulness, without a care,
He scatters swift his treasures to the air;
He cannot linger, he must hasten where
New pleasures wait.

"How dull and tame the things that here abide!
The plain, its grass and shrubs, and naught beside."
So sighing roams he o'er the prairie wide,
Disconsolate.

"Where is the forest? There the oak and pine
Await to match their mighty limbs with mine!
And who shall dare my power to confine
'Mid scenes like this?

"Give me the nobler beauty of the sea,
Her strength, her freedom, and her majesty!
For I can lash her into agony
Or soothe to bliss.

"Away! Away! I cannot, will not rest
Till I rend rocks from out the mountain's breast
And hurl the snow-cloud on its haughty crest,
For I am strong!"

Fierce with the fury of his passion blind
He shrieks defiant wrath who once was kind;
And death and desolation leaves behind
His course along.

Weary, his power all unavailing spent
He comes again, a humble penitent,
With low, pathetic dirges to lament
The ruin wrought.

He promises to send the soothing rain
To wash from fainting fields the dusty stain,
To breathe upon the flowers till their pain
Be all forgot.

Here droops, as stricken with a deadly blight,
The rose that lately made his pathway bright;
There, tralling in the dust her leaves of light,
The lily lies.

How tenderly he seeks to soothe and save!
With wooing whispers hovers o'er their grave.
Then, baffled, hies him to a lonely cave
And, wailing, dies.

SEEST THOU THE SEA

Seest thou the sea? Upon its surface gleam
The sunbeams bright;
But in the silent depths where pearls do dream
Is murky night.
The sea am I. Like heaving billows bold
My passions rave;
My song flows onward like the sunbeams' gold
Upon the wave;
Oftimes with mirth it glitters as caressed
By love's sweet art;
But silent bleeds, deep locked within my breast,
My lonely heart.

—From the German of Geibel.

SWEET PEAS

Dream-eyed delights and fairy fantasies,
Wandered from rarer regions and congealed
To form and color in our denser air,—
These, like the royal captives bound of old
In fair, bright fetters, which the more enhance
Their alien beauty, o'er all else adorn
Imperial Summer's glad triumphal train.
These be the merry makers of the feast;
The gay coquettes that wanton with the wind,
The sportive nymphs; enamored of the sun,
The blithe Bacchantes; drunk with rain and dew,
The dancing girls of Summer's pagantry

UNSPOKEN WORDS

There are unspoken words, words without echo or murmur;
Deep in the heart they lie where the eye of man cannot see;
Over their murky silence lies, like a ban of enchantment,
That which no wisdom can pierce, no human power can break.

These that the soul hides deep are like heart-lightnings which, kindled,
Glow far away unheard in the silent even of summer;
Noiseless they mount the horizon and blaze aloft in the heavens;
Morning may seek them in vain, she knows not whence they departed.

Like to mysterious flowers that grow in the depth of the ocean,
Tempest and calm come and go without end in the waters above them;
Silent they listen, those words hidden deep, for the day and the
 sunlight;
Yet nevermore by the tempest or sunshine will they be awakened.

Like a last timid glow ere the red embers extinguish,
Like to a last wild hope ere Death's cold hand has descended,
Hold they the soul awake through weary, agonized hours
While the unspoken words proclaim their loud accusation.

But the sick, sorrowful soul still in her prison confines them.
Slowly, slowly the heart begins to break, yet how surely.
Some little time it may beat, discordant as metal when broken,
Till the unspoken words and the heart together are silent.

—From the German.

GUILT

From the wood I hear in the twilight the turtle dove complain;
Like the wail of a chilling wind through the patter of summer rain
Comes 'mid the frolic of elfin bands that low resounding moan
Fraught with such weary heart break, the word "Alone, alone!"

The iris hides her head deep in the dewy grass;
She forms of her long green blades a barrier none may pass.
Wherefore the tremor and the swords? What danger can await?
O crimson, remorseful iris! Hast thou stolen the little mate?

ZOROASTER'S ROUNDELAY

O man, give heed!
What speaks the midnight deep?
"I once did sleep,—
From out a heavy dream I am awaked—
Mysterious is the world,
And deeper than the eye of day can know;
Deep is its woe!
But deeper than the lowest depths of pain
Is the desire of the soul to gain
The power to reveal,
What its dark, coiled labyrinths conceal.
Even pain shall be no more;
Desire shall endure
Through all the fathomless eternities."

—From the German of Nietzsche.

A FRAGMENT.[^]

Daylight that came upon the hills of Rome—
Looking upon the city's majesty
And on the country's loveliness without,—
Saw hanging, pierced and bleeding on the cross
A dying saint; the first pale sun-ray smiled
On youthful Julia's face where agony
Since yesternoon had held its cruel sway;
Beamed on the form that once had burned with life,
And burned with love for one that hung before
Upon the cross; and for this love she died.

A Roman youth returning from a scene
Of nightly revel, wandering o'er the hills
To cool his heated brow—where rested still
The wild voluptuary's laurel crown—
Found himself face to face with her that hung
Upon the cross. No more her countenance
Bore trace of pain. The spirit as it rose
To him she loved and died for, left a look
Of triumph, holiness and joy and peace.
And the young Roman gazed upon the face
In its transfigured beauty till there rose
Within his soul a high and holy fear,
Thoughts of unknown and of eternal things—
And underneath the pierced and bleeding feet
In reverence he laid his withered crown.

O holy Truth, the morning surely comes
When Error, issuing from his nightly haunt,
Crowned from the revel, meets thee face to face.
He finds thee bleeding, dying, crucified
And yet immortal. And thou shalt not be
As some crushed martyr, but a conquerer,
Through suffering made strong and sanctified,
And when the glory of the dawning day
Shines on thy face, God's fear shall smite his heart
And he shall lay his laurels at thy feet.

—From "Dakota Rhymes."

MAGIC

I wandered weary on a winter's day;
The sky was gloom, and all kind Nature's heart
Was overcome by bitter sullen cold;
And far the shadows stretched across the land.

My listless hands hung languid at my side,
Their power, palsied; they had sowed in vain,
The seed with glad and hopeful heart in spring,
Had gathered naught but withered autumn weeds;
They had showed kindness to a wounded dog,
And he had turned and rent them.

But you came,
O friend, to meet me on that wind-swept plain;

And by that smile with which you greeted me
A gleam of beauty lighted up the snow.
And you did take my listless hand in yours
And clasp it with strong fingers, living, warm—
Your throbbing heart thrilled through them.

Oh my friend!

The hand you pressed by that same touch became
Infused again with life; became a power
To lift and lighten, and to wield again
With strength renewed the battle-blows of truth;
Became a balm to heal—the hand you pressed.

WHAT IS LIFE.*

A poet asked the question of a rose,
As one fair day drew lingering to a close.
Breathing the incense of her heart above
She answered blushing: "Life—ah, life is love!"

A songbird from his deep embowered nest
Sang to the glories of the purpling west
A song of gladness, pure, without alloy.
The poet heard: "This life is only joy."

"And what say ye?"—this to the ants that low
Beside his feet on busy errands go.
A thousand voiced reply from out the soil
And myriads caught the echo: "Life is toil."

Into the twilight wood the poet strayed
And found within in the solitude a maid;
Waiting a skiff approaching o'er the stream
She murmured: "Life! oh, happy, happy dream!"

Softly the darkness settles, and on high
Myriads of stars begem the dusky sky.
Faint whispers breathe 'twixt heaven and earth and sea.
"Life is an everlasting mystery."

Now to the hermit's cave the wanderer hied.
He to the question wearily replied,
Sighing, as low his wavering taper burned:
"Life is a school where nothing can be learned."

The penitent—the midnight long since sped—
Upon the wayside stones reclined his head;
“How long,” he said, “how full of strife appears
The pilgrimage through this dim vale of tears!”

Celestial artists change from sombre gray
To rainbow tints the curtains of the day,
Till these at God’s own bidding upward rolled
And mortals view the morning’s court of gold.

From each unfolding bud the shadows flee,
Earth echoes with a living melody;
And through the anthems of exulting birds
There thrills a voice—the poet hears the words:

“If even comes, O man, to find thee more
Life to the great Ideal than before;
If thou art nobler when this day is spent,
Thou hast then lived: life is development.”

—From “Dakota Rhymes.”

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

In the dim and lofty chamber of the Sistine Chapel grand,
Sits the sculptor with the Bible clasped within his nervous hand,—
Michael Angelo the mighty, lost as in a waking dream;
Near him one small lamp suspended sheds around a feeble gleam.

He is speaking! Through the arches loud and long his words
resound.

Are there friends to listen to him by the midnight wrapped around?
Now he speaks as if almighty powers hearkened at his word,
Softly now as if by human ears the cadenced tones were heard:

“Five times, O Eternal Being! have I here encompassed thee;
Five times have I thee surrounded with bold lines and tracery;
I have clothed thee in a mantle, shining garments wrap thee round,
I have given thee a body, such as in the Bible thou art found.

“Here from suns and ever onward to new suns I see thee fly,
And thy hair, a fiery tempest, streams along the startled sky;
But I paint thee on my canvas, toward man thy erring child,
One who stoops with tender yearning, patient, merciful and mild.

"Thus, with strength of nothingness, I, a man, have fashioned thee;
Yet, lest of us twain the greater artist I aspire to be,
Mould thou me! For I am swayed by human passions base and mean;
Mould me in thy righteous image, make me pure, and like thee clean.

"Long since, on Creation's morning thou thy creatures built of clay;
I would be of sterner mettle more enduring far than they;
Therefore, Master, use thy hammer! Chisel me to be thine own
As a thing of beauty. Strike, then, Sculptor God! I am the stone."

—From the German of C. F. Meyer.

To be tender, to be kind, to be able to bear our trials bravely,
to decide without prejudice, to rise above suspicion, to look for the
beautiful and the good in the precious common things about us, to
let the song of inward trust and peace rise to our lips and permeate
our lives—this is the simple life.—Ruth Sterry.

THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Every student has received a copy of the Constitution of the Students' Association so they all have a good general idea of what the Association stands for and means to each one of us. It depends not only on the officers and the Council, but on every student, both individually and collectively, to make this organization what it should be, and to do all that it should do, i.e., "better the relations between ourselves and further the interests of our alma mater."

There are two regular meetings of the Association during the year, however, a meeting can be called at any time that it is deemed necessary. Each month there is held at least one meeting of the Council, every member of which will gladly receive suggestions from the students and report the same at the next meeting of the Council, when definite action may be taken. Remember the Emerson principle, "Expression Necessary to Evolution."

Our Emerson song, "Old Emerson," is now with the publishers, and we hope every one will secure a copy as soon as the song is published.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT EMERSON

Y. W. C. A.

"So he died for his faith. That was fine;
More than most, of us do.
But stay, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too.

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim; from bravado
Or passion or pride. Was it harder for him?

But to live! Every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt!

Was it thus that he plodded along
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived,
Never mind how he died."

The first meeting of the new year was devoted to "The Purpose of an Education from a Junior's Point of View." Miss Bachelor was the speaker.

On January 27, Mrs. Southwick read to us from Miss Buckton's beautiful play, "Eager Heart."

Miss Bagstad had charge of the meeting February 3. Her subject was "What is the Art of Life."

A conference of the Association of Boston was held at Boston University on Saturday, February 11, from 9.30 to 4 o'clock.

On February 7th, Miss A. M. Buckton of London read to us her spirited play, "Eager Hearts." This is the first mystical play written since the day of Shakespeare. For several years it has been given in London and in many other cities, as well as in New Zealand and India. The play is never given to raise money. It is given for its own sake and it is dedicated to all who see and worship the One in Many. The time is Christmas Eve. The place, Everywhere. Service is the keynote of the play. "Eager Hearts" will be given in Bos-

ton this coming Christmas-tide. Miss Buckton is arranging for this, after which Mrs. Southwick will have charge of the production.

MEMORABLE PASSAGES

(Being Miss Gould's "Memory Chapters" somewhat added to.)

Ex. 20: 1-17	The Commandments.
Ps. 1	The Righteous and the Wicked.
Ps. 2	The Enthroned Son.
Ps. 3	God's Glory and Man's Dignity.
Ps. 19	The Works and Word of Jehovah.
Ps. 23	The Lord is My Shepherd.
Ps. 24	The King of Glory.
Ps. 27	Fearless Trust in God.
Ps. 90	A Prayer.
Ps. 91	The Lord is a Refuge.
Ps. 103	Praise for the Lord's Mercies.
Ps. 121	God the Keeper of His People.
Ps. 130	Consolation.
Is. 40	Comfort Ye.
Is. 53	As a Lamb to the Slaughter.

(To be continued.)

LINCOLN AND THE BIBLE

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning, in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt, bony frame, was a homely enough figure. The routine of his life was simple too; it would have seemed a tread-mill to most of us. He was an early riser; when I came on duty, at eight in the morning, he was often already dressed and reading in the library. There was a big table near the center of the room; there I have seen him reading many times. And the book? We have all heard of the President's fondness for Shakespeare; how he infuriated Secretary Stanton by reading "Hamlet" while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg; we know too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petroleum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept.—William H. Crook in *Harper's Magazine*.

CLASSES.

'10

Another break in the "old guard" reminds us forcibly of the final one that is to come so soon. It is with rejoicing for her and sympathy for ourselves that we bid Miss Edna Weatherspoon "bon voyage." She has received a position in Mt. Alleston College, from which she was graduated before coming to Emerson. There she will conduct the Expressive and Physical work of the institution. Miss Weatherspoon has ever been a faithful and interested member of "1910" and a loyal Emersonian. We send with her our best wishes for her success.

We are glad to welcome to our class Mrs. Wilda Wilson Church, a graduate of 1901. Mrs. Church has been teaching English and Public Speaking at Sidney, Ohio, and doing concert work during her absence from her Alma Mater.

Miss Bertha Clogston is teaching Expression and English in Montpelier Seminary.

Miss Ruth Morse read for the Gentleman's Club of the Methodist Church at West Roxbury, Mass. She was most successful. Her audience was charmed by her strong and sympathetic rendering of the sweet story, "Polly of the Circus," while their sense of humor was appealed to as she told the delightfully human adventures of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" on her first stage coach journey.

"Miss Morse was charming in the simplicity and realism she brought to her work. We hope to hear her again soon."

Mrs. Wilda Church read in Braintree, Mass, on Feb. 6, before the Woman's Club. Mrs. Church has been a successful public reader for some time and this engagement was not the least of her achievements. Her hearers were enthusiastic and agreed that her ability as a reader was very marked. Her selections were charming and varied in nature. Her keenness in the perception of human problems and longings was well brought out in her interpretation of the character of poor little Miss Philura in her transfiguration. But Mrs. Church also showed that though life is a struggle it generally has its humorous side, by the monologue, "Mrs. Harrigain at the

Shoe Store." Her work was marked by dignity and charm, making all feel that the "artist is greater than anything he does."

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

This clever one-act drama of W. S. Gilbert was presented by the post graduate class on January 19, under the excellent direction of Mrs. Hicks.

Miss Viroqua Petty played the leading part, that of Clarice, the actress. Miss Petty's impersonation left no doubt in the minds of any of those who saw the play that she can do both comedy and tragedy, and do them well. The part is by no means an easy one, and it is a noteworthy tribute to Miss Petty that even those who were accustomed to seeing her dramatic and theatrical work were surprised at the skill with which she played the eighteenth-century French actress whose art was not bounded by the footlights. The post graduate class is justly proud of a girl who with so little time for preparation can throw herself into so complex and difficult a situation.

The part of Pauline, the simple younger sister from the country, was admirably taken by Miss Tubbs. Miss Tubbs gave the character just what it demanded—gentleness, purity, sorrowful concern for the sister she loves and admires. Her inability to cope with a situation she does not understand stood out in vivid contrast to the dash and superb courage of Clarice.

Miss Bruggeman showed what faithful, earnest work can do by the way in which she evolved the brutal and licentious Regent of France out of the rather mild and colorless gentleman with which she began. Miss Bruggeman is to be complimented especially on her body work and facial expression in this part.

Miss Hastings did good strong work as D'Aulnay, the husband of Clarice. Joseph, the servant, was taken by Miss Austin. Mrs. Allen was Doctor Choquart, and the crowd of unspeakable rouses who made up the ensemble of the play were faithfully represented by Miss Fowler as De la Ferte,

Miss Hodgden as the Vicomte de Mauzun, Miss Simmons as De Broglio and Miss Bagstad as the Abbe Dubois.

ANNA BAGSTAD.

'11 .

Madeline E. Randall will appear as the German Doll in "Love in a Toy-shop," February the twenty-second, at Masonic Hall, this city. Miss Randall has already played this part at Jordan Hall, Boston; also at Claremont, New Hampshire.

Miss Laura Vic McKenzie read recently at Jamaica Plain.

Miss Gertrude Litchfield gave a programme of French-Canadian dialect reading from her recent publication, "Les Enfants," for the Murray Literary Association of Peabody, January the thirteenth. Her next engagement is for the Current Events Club, of Hyde Park.

Gertrude Knapp, in addition to her club work in Boston and vicinity, will give a recital in Franklin, Massachusetts, in March.

Henrietta M. Simpson and Marian Gertrude Webster read recently at the Chelsea Girls' Club. Miss Simpson has been engaged to read in February at Cambridge, and Miss Webster is to give an evening's reading at the Y. W. C. A. in Cambridge.

Grace C. Ham read recently in Densmore Hall, Boston, also before the Robinson Seminary Alumni Association, at Exeter, New Hampshire.

Miss Alice M. Bartlett and Miss Frances Speakman have gone together to New Hampshire to give three recitals. They will return on Tuesday, February the seventh.

Luzerne W. Crandall's engagements number Saugus, Mass., Binghamton, New York, Oneonta, N. Y., Susquehanna, Pa., and Johnstown, N. Y. Mr. Crandall's repertoire includes selections from Dickens, O. Henry, Peple, Sheridan, Kipling, Field and Riley.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Pugh of Toledo, Ohio, spent a few days with Belle Pugh.

Mr. Otis Earle Knight's platform work is worthy of note. Says the *Telegram* of Temple, Texas:

"Mr. Knight showed a talent quite out of the ordinary, and the past year at the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, has developed his ability as a reader to the extent that his interpretations are really clever. His stage presence is easy and of a polish only to be acquired from study and contact with artists. A hearty and persuasive encore followed his delivery. It is to be hoped that Mr. Knight will appear often before Temple audiences, for it is a rare pleasure he can give."

The *Journal* of Somerville, Mass., says:

"The excellent artist was well received, every number being warmly applauded and encored."

Miss Mae Green has been doing splendid work in sketches at the Bijou Theatre. Miss Green has an attractive stage presence and we predict success for her in the dramatic field.

We regret that Miss Esther Appleby is suffering from a nervous break-down. We trust for a speedy recovery, with her return to Emerson and her class to which she has always given such loyal support.

SENIOR RECITAL

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1911

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Courtship by Absent Treatment | W. D. Wattles |
| Grace Belle Lovering | |
| 2. Saunders McGlashan's Courtship | Anon. |
| Victoria Maxwell Cameron | |
| 3. Captain January | Laura E. Richards |
| Gertrude E. Knapp | |
| 4. The Little God and the Machine | Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd |
| Edith S. Newton | |
| 5. (a) At Aunty's House | James Whitcomb Riley |
| (b) Mud Pies | Anonymous |
| Meda Mae Bushnell | |
| 6. The Child | Annie Hamilton Donnell |
| Helen E. Rodger | |

SENIOR RECITAL

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1911

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. On Christmas Day in the Morning | Grace S. Richmond |
| Ruth C. Barnum | |
| 2. (a) Tommy Atkins | Kipling |
| (b) Gunga Din | Kipling |
| Luzerne Westcott Crandall | |

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3. The Bishop's Silence | Mary Shipman Andrews |
| Esther W. Burch | |
| 4. (a) George Washington | |
| (b) The Broken Doll | Original |
| Gertrude Litchfield | |
| 5. School for Scandal | Sheridan |
| Act II, Scene I, and Act III, Scene I | |
| Mary Angelo Edwards | |
| 6. The Pettison Twins | Marion Hill |
| Faye Louise Smiley | |
| 7. The Song of the Man | Eleanor Hallowell Abbott |
| Margaret Mary McCarthy | |
| 8. Miss Biddle of Bryn Mawr | Josephine Dodge Daskam |
| Zula Belle Pugh | |

On Friday, January 27th, at Chickering Hall, Miss Iku Saegusa read "Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tokyo." Miss Saegusa's work is admirable.

SENIOR RECITAL

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1911

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|------------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. "At the Box Office" | Elsie Livermore |
| Lucile Barry | |
| 2. (a) "Apple Blossoms" | Wm. W. Martin |
| (b) "Midsummer" | J. T. Trowbridge |
| Laura Irene Pelletier | |
| 3. The Library Scene from "Romola" | George Eliot |
| Marie Elizabeth Neahr | |

'12

We are glad to have Miss Elizabeth Smith and Miss Leah King back with us again. Illness prevents Miss Inez Banghart from returning this year, and Miss Sylvia Leland, vice-president, has been conducting our class meetings in an admirable manner.

The following notice was taken from the *Chronicle* of Reading, Mass.

"Thursday evening, Miss Mildred Hamilton gave a number of readings at the Chrysanthemum Bazar at Odd Fellows' Hall in Reading. The program was very enjoyable."

Miss Julia Krantz spent a week-end with Miss Marian Tucker of State Farm, Mass.

Miss Lenalla McKown's father has been visiting her for a few days.

'13

Don't you worry, don't you fret,
Nineteen thirteen will get there yet.

The four years of Shakespeare at Emerson:

Freshman—"Comedy of Errors."

Junior—"Much Ado About Nothing"

Senior—"As You Like It."

Post-Graduate—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Our class represents many states of the Union and many types of cities. Among our members are the following:

Miss Clara A. MacDonald from the famous shoe city—Brockton, Mass. She is a graduate of the High School of that city and a member of the Oriole Sorority (literary) of that school. Her fame is already established since she took the part of leading lady in her class play.

Another representative of Massachusetts is Miss Florence S. Hinckley, who graduated from the Everett High School of Everett, Mass. As a reader of child dialect she has been well received by numerous audiences in this vicinity.

Miss Helen Hubbard represents a beautiful and fashionable summer resort named Stamford, New York. She is a graduate of Stamford Seminary of that place.

Miss Geraldine Jacobi, who hails from Grand Forks, North Dakota, has carried away the honor from three public speaking contests in her immediate vicinity. Grand Forks is a large grain centre. We always *did* advocate cereals for brain tissue!

Miss Jennie Docia Dodd is a graduate of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., which is her home town. She is very fond of child dialect and H. Van Dyke's "Last Word."

Miss Hazel Alta Jones comes from Townshend, Vt. She is a graduate of the Leland and Gray Seminary of Townshend.

Miss Allene Buckhout has but lately arrived from Ossining, N. Y., on the Hudson. She graduated from Ossining High School, class of 1910. We are anticipating some pleasant descriptions of the beautiful and historic Hudson.

Miss Ruth Margery West—one of our representatives

from the Maple Sugar State—is a graduate of Burlington High School of Burlington, Vt. If current reports are to be credited, Miss West is getting on finely in Boston.

Mr. Lynn De Forest Hunt comes from a place named Morris, N. Y. It is a pleasant little summer resort and has at last become known to the outside world as “a little place about twelve miles north of Oneonta.”

SORORITIES

DELTA DELTA PHI

We are pleased to welcome as pledges to Delta Delta Phi: Miss Lillian Aune of Cameron, Wisconsin, Miss Beulah Bachelor of Camden, New York, Miss Olive Clark of Milford, New Hampshire, Miss Abbie Fowler of Rome, New York, Miss Elizabeth Davidson of Beaver, Pa., Miss Annie Lowry of Columbia, South Carolina, Miss Vera McDonald of Aldston, Mass., Miss Rachel Thayer of Norwich, Conn.

January twenty-eighth the Deltas enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant evening at Riverdale Casino, Brookline. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kidder chaperoned the party. A short reception was held at seven forty-five, after which there was dancing until midnight.

We are pleased to announce that Miss Edna Thomas, who accepted a position as teacher of Elocution in Des Moines, Iowa, has been advanced to the position of Dean of Elocution.

On the afternoon of January twenty-fourth the Chapter entertained many Freshmen and Juniors at a tea.

Miss Beulah Cady is succeeding as a teacher in her home town.

Mrs. Harriet Ryder Littlefield is at home at 814 Blue Hill Avenue, Dorchester.

Miss Frances Woodbury, who graduated last year, is now playing in the Luisey Morrison Stock Company at Lynn. She likes the work immensely and each week makes an advance.

ZETA PHI ETA

Miss Minabel Garrett read at a concert given by "The Fortnightly Club," at Sharon, Mass., on January 24th.

Mr. J. E. Neahr visited his daughter, Miss Marie Neahr, recently.

Miss Sheila B. McLane spent a week-end at her home in Holyoke, Mass., the first of February.

Miss Ruth C. Barnum attended a dance given by the "Anvil Club," at Belmont, on January the twenty-seventh.

Mrs. Winthrop Taylor nee Grace Thompson was a recent visitor at the Chapter House.

Owing to illness, Miss Inez Banghart will be unable to return to college this year.

Miss Minnie A. Farron read at an entertainment given at Emanuel Church on New Year's night.

We are glad to announce as pledged members to Zeta Phi Eta, Grace Rosaaen of Seattle, Washington; Edna Spear of Tyler, Texas; Mary Sandstrom of Oregon City, Oregon; Florence Hinckley of Everett, Mass.; Winefred Bert of Somerville, Mass.; and Marjorie Westcott of Richford, New York.

PHI MU GAMMA

The Phi Mu Gammas spent a very pleasant informal evening with Mrs. Hicks at her home in the Hemenway Chambers, when the annual sorority play was decided upon and parts assigned.

Miss Susan Brandigee was a guest of Janet Chesney.

Mr. E. B. Green and his daughter, Estelle, of Hartford, Conn., were the guests of Bernice Loveland.

We were delighted to entertain Miss Bourne, a friend of Eva Churchill's.

The Phi Mu Gamma announces with pleasure the following pledges: Bertha M. Wiley of Sidney, Ohio; Julia Krantz of Baltimore, Maryland; Lillian Hartigan of Brookline, Mass.; Ruth West of Shelbourne, Vt.; and Hazel Drummond of Dover, N. H.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa celebrated her ninth birthday on January thirteenth

with a party at the Chapter residence. The Sorority was at home to honorary members, alumnae and friends.

Mrs. Mary Martin has come to Boston to make her home with her daughter, Miss Alla Martin, of Hemenway Chambers.

Miss Dealsie Brooks, E. C. O. '10, has been giving a number of recitals in her home city and elsewhere recently, and has had excellent success with a class of private pupils.

Misses Ruth Roane, Marjorie Kinne and Evelyn Oelkers spent the week-end with Miss Gladys Brightman at her home in Fall River.

Miss Elizabeth J. Smith has returned to Boston after having been detained at home since the Xmas vacation by the serious illness of her father.

Kappa Gamma Chi very earnestly desires that her Alma Mater shall be successful in obtaining the sum necessary for her endowment, and therefore the girls have established an entertainment bureau. Engagements are accepted in and about Boston and the proceeds are presented to the Endowment fund in *addition* to the original pledge made by the Sorority.

The first entertainment was given in Guild Hall, Reading, Mass., on December 14, 1910; the second was given at Everett, Mass., on January 27th, 1911; the third and most recent engagement was one at Malden, where the entertainment was presented at Center School under the auspices of the Eighth grade.

The program is one which seems to be popular with all audiences, the first part being musical and literary, and the latter part a one-act play.

At Reading, Part I opened with a piano solo by Mrs. William Howland Kenny. A vocal trio, "Down in the Dewy Dell," followed, sung by Misses Comly, Oelkers and Kinne. Succeeding them was a reading by Miss Newbury, a vocal solo, "A Lover in Damascus," by Miss Kinne, a reading by Miss Newbury, Part I closing with a piano solo by Miss Oelkers. The play, which occupies Part II of the program, is a one-act farce entitled "Engaging Janet."

We take pleasure in announcing as pledged members to Kappa Gamma Chi Sorority, Miss Rose G. Boynton of New Prague, Minnesota, Gladys L. Brightman of Fall River, Massachusetts, and Jean Fowler of Bayden, Pennsylvania.

ALPHA TAU SIGMA

Saturday evening, October fifteenth, the fraternity gave its annual "smoker."

The Fraternity dance, given February fourth, in the College halls, was a marked success; we had a good time and have reason to believe our guests also enjoyed the evening.

"Nat" Rieed, who is secretary and general pusher of the Endowment Movement, is a fellow we feel proud of. Just step around to his office; things certainly look busy. You might take a hand and help things along too.

Besides his work in the bookroom, Warren Brigham is teaching several Expression classes in the city.

Robert Burnham is coaching plays and reading in connection with his work at the College.

Frederick Dixon is business manager of the Year Book.

Some types of character are very difficult to analyze, and their whole place and meaning in life is hard to see. It is not easy to give up the expectation of finding each human being ideal, but the hard lessons of experience compel us to see how mingled of good and evil life is. We must take people for what they are worth and forgive their failure. At the same time we must never relax in our own struggle toward the highest. To look ever toward the noblest ideal for oneself, yet to forgive the failure to live up to it in every other—this is indispensable to right living.—Edward Howard Griggs in "A Book of Meditations."

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; exercise; go slow and easily. Maybe there are other things your special case requires, but these, my friend, will give you a good lift.—Abraham Lincoln.

Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.—Gladstone.

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX

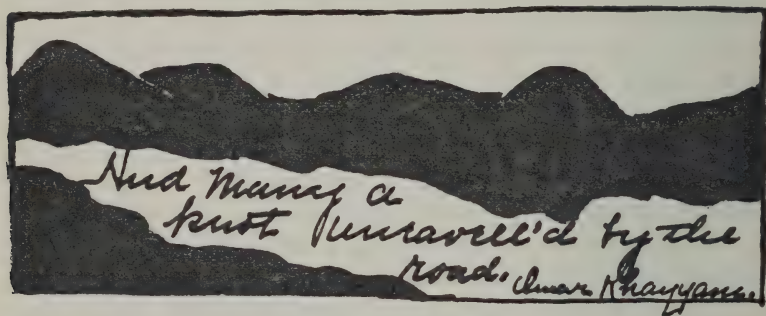
FEBRUARY, 1911.

NO. 4

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<i>Senior Class News</i> CAROLINE RICHARDS	<i>Freshman Class News</i> LYNN D. HUNT
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THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Mgr. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.



IF I CAN LIVE

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair,
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, "She did her best for one of thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

"The Call of the Hour" Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick lectured for the Metaphysical Club, Friday, Feb. 3, on "The Call of the Hour," in which demonstration was made of the way in which all efforts of social, political, industrial and religious movements are looking towards and striving after the ideal of human brotherhood, co-operation, harmony of spirit and synthesis of intellectual diversities.

At the close of her lecture she introduced Miss A. M. Buckton of London, who spoke at some length upon the significance of the handclasp of sympathy between the world of the Orient and our Western Nations. She beautifully described a personal interview with the Persian leader, Abdul Baha.

The "Art of Life Series" The "Art of Life" Series, edited by Edward Howard Griggs and published by B. W. Huebsch, consists partially of "The Use of the Margin" and "Human Equipment," by Prof. Griggs; "Where Knowledge Fails," by Earl Barnes; "The Road to Seventy Years Young," by Emily M. Bishop; "Things Worth While," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "Self-Measurement," by William De Witt Hyde, and "Product and Climax," by Simon Nelson Patten

"The aim of this series of brief books is to illumine this never-to-be-finished art of living. There is no thought of solving the problem or giving dogmatic theories of conduct. Rather the purpose is to bring together in brief form the thoughts of some wise minds and the insight and appreciation of some deep characters, trained in the actual world of experience but attaining a vision of life in clear and wide perspective."—From the introduction of the Series in "The Use of the Margin."

A Word of Appreciation We wish, here, to express our appreciation for the kindness of not only those who have contributed so largely to this number, but also to B. W. Huebsch of New York City, who has assisted us in many ways. We desire especially to mention the cut of Prof. Griggs, which Mr. Huebsch so kindly sent us.

The study of Plato is the best intellectual gymnastic known.—Prof. Griggs.

**"The Philosophy
of Plato
and Its Relation
to Modern Life"**

It has been the privilege of the Emerson students to attend this course of eight lectures by Edward Howard Griggs. We feel that we have been in the presence of two masters; the one having lived centuries ago; the other, a great teacher of our present day. Prof. Griggs' interpretation of the philosophy of Plato is indeed that of a master. In his illuminative, scholarly way he has made us feel that, after all, the dialogues of this great philosopher need not be sealed books to us, but that through them, we may the better meet present day problems, that we may get a broader outlook on humanity in its varied phases, and that our daily living may be the saner and more harmonious.

ADVICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

"If you've got a thing that's happy,
Boil it down;
Make it short and crisp and snappy,
Boil it down;
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

"Take out every surplus letter,
Boil it down;
Fewer syllables the better,
Boil it down;
Make your meaning plain—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

"Cut out all the extra trimmings,
Boil it down;;
Skim it well, then skim the skimmings,
Boil it down;
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence in two,
Send it on and we'll begin to
Boil it down."

—Selected.



SOCIETIES.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON

The January meeting of the Emerson College Club of Boston was held on the evening of the third, at the home of the president, Mrs. Howes, in Brookline.

Mrs. Howes presided at the meeting in the most charming way.

The program of the evening was without a doubt one of the finest we have had, for Mrs. Goudy gave us a real treat in her rendition of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Dawn of To-morrow," and the intermissions were ably filled in with Mr. Goudy's artistic piano selections.

Mr. Kidder and Dean Ross reported in brief of the doings at the College, and Mrs. Southwick spoke of the Griggs course of lectures.

The spirit of "Peace and Good-will" brought to us by Mrs. Goudy's reading seemed to animate each guest, with the result that the social hour which followed was an unusually enjoyable one.

The Emerson College Club of Boston held its February meeting on the 7th. In spite of the fact that it occurred on the worst night of the season, it was a good meeting. The subject for the evening was "Vanity Fair," from which selections were read by the Club. The pleasure and profit derived from the reading was enhanced by a scholarly paper read by Dean Ross on the book in question and other works of the author and a most delightful and perfectly prepared "talk" by Miss Fanny Darrow on the man, Thackeray, and his life. The social after-meeting was held in the College Library room, where refreshments were served, and as the number present was small for the Club (but large for such a stormy night), heart to heart talks were very much in order, very much to the point, and very much enjoyed.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'08. A book of charming verse written by Dora M. Rowe has been published by the Independent News Company, Independence, Missouri. Miss Rowe's picture is used as a frontispiece of this little booklet, throughout which are exquisite drawings, also reproductions of the photograph of a little girl, "Elizabeth."

'09. Maud M. Heusch writes:—

"I have received copies I and II of our unexcelled *Emerson College Magazine*, and I cannot possibly get along without our college letter every month. You cannot realize until after you have graduated and left dear old Emerson how much pleasure one can receive from the Magazines. My work here in Roanoke Institute is delightful. Emerson ways and methods are being taught daily. Only last week I received another shipment of the *Evolution of Expression*. This time it was Volume III. Roanoke Institute was formerly known as Roanoke College but last year it was enlarged and 'Roanoke Institute' re-named."

Mildred F. Page writes:—

"I have private classes in North, West and South Philadelphia and also two at home. They are delighted with the Emerson Exercises and they say each lesson is better than the one preceding. . . . Now-a-days people are beginning to recognize that they need physical development, as well as mental and moral. Every place I go and every one I meet (even at large dances I have attended), I speak of the college because it has done so much for me."

'09. The directors of the Brockton Y. W. C. A. have offered the services of Miss Mary E. Rogers, physical and social director, to the Brockton Society for the Prevention and Control of Tuberculosis.

Miss Rogers will have classes in the rooms of the society on Centre street and will do some outside work as well. She is a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston. The work will be done by Miss Rogers in addition to the regular work of the association. The classes will be open to any of the children who have come under the direction of the society.

Word of the death of Lydia Bolton at Roswell, New Mexico has reached us. Miss Bolton's home was in Mt. Hope, Kansas. She was a graduate of the Mozart Conservatory of Music of Wichita, Kansas; the Ladies' Liberty College, of Liberty, Missouri, after which she attended Emerson College,

but was unable to complete her course, on account of ill health.

'09. Berenice E. Wright sends this word from the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ontario:—

"I am going to be ideally located. The faculty, so far, have been very kind and I expect those who come later will be just as agreeable. I have charge of lower Ryerson Hall and no doubt will feel quite matronly when the girls arrive and I feel more fully the responsibility. I have about twenty on my floor, besides presiding at a table in the dining hall. My class work includes Junior and Senior Elocution, physical class, some dramatics and matriculation classes in literature, besides private students. . . . The College is beautifully situated on a hill just outside of a small town. It was built in '59 for a private residence and is planned explicitly for an old castle, even to two secret chambers and long, narrow, dark passageway. The man's coat of arms is in evidence at every turn, from the entrance to the long, colored glass windows on the first landing of the wide old staircase, and even worked out on the electrolieres in some of the rooms. The casings over the doors in the long entrance hall are turreted, and banisters carved out in like manner.

The campus and surrounding grounds, which include a farm, are beautiful and cover a hundred acres, reaching to Lake Ontario on one side. We have tennis courts, basket-ball grounds, bowling green, croquet grounds and our own toboggan slide, and we are only twenty-eight miles from Toronto and its advantages. . . .

I could run on for some time about this romantic and mysterious old place with its weird tales, etc., but time and space interfere." . .

'09. M. Isabel Ellis is teaching at the State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Pa. Miss Ellis has recently coached "The Rivals," and now "Mice and Men," also "As You Like It" are being prepared for presentation.

'09. From the Brockton *Times* of Feb. 1:—

"Miss Mary Eleanor Rogers, social director of the Young Women's Christian Association, made her first appearance before the Brockton public last evening at a recital given in the auditorium of the First Congregational Church. The church was well-filled, the audience including the young women of the association, who attended in a body, officers and members of the board of directors and large delegations from all the churches in the city. . . Miss Rogers is especially good in selections demanding a depth of voice and richness of tone, and her voice is melodious and rich. She has clear articulation and fine interpretation of feeling, and has a certain dramatic quality and personal magnetism which makes for her success in her profession."

Text of True Education.

A professor of the University of Chicago in a lecture gave his class thirteen questions, and informed them that any person who could answer them affirmatively he would consider educated in the best sense of the term. The questions follow:—

1. Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you eager to espouse them?
 2. Has it made you public spirited?
 3. Has it made you brother to the weak?
 4. Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?
 5. Can you look an honest man or pure woman straight in the eye?
 6. Do you see anything to love in a little child?
 7. Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?
 8. Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?
 9. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?
 10. Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?
 11. Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?
 12. Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?
 13. Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?
- Canadian Teacher.



- James Whitcomb Riley.

Just to be Good.

J

UST to be good—

This is enough! Enough!

Oh we who find sin's billows wild and rough,
Do we not feel how more than any gold
Would be the blameless life we led of old
While yet our lips knew but a mother's kiss?

Ah! though we miss

All else but this,

To be good is enough!

It is enough—

Enough just to be good!

To lift our hearts where they are understood;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mothers used to kiss.

Ah! though we miss

All else but this,

To be good is enough!

By permission of the Author.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XIX.

MARCH, 1911.

No. 5.

THE BEAR STORY.⁴

THAT ALEX "IST MAKED UP HIS-OWN SE'F."

W'y, wunst they wuz a Little Boy went out
In the woods to shoot a Bear. So, he went out
'Way in the grea'-big woods—he did.—An' he
Wuz goin' along—an' goin' along, you know,
An' purty soon he heerd somepin' go "*Wooh!*"
Ist thataway—"Woo-oooh!". An' he wuz skeered,
He wuz. An' so he runned an' clumbed a tree—
A grea'-big tree, he did,—a sicka-more tree.
An' nen he heered it again: An' he looked round,
An' 't'uz a Bear!—a grea'-big shore-nuff Bear!—
No: 't'uz *two* Bears, it wuz—two grea'-big Bears—
One of 'em wuz—ist *one's* a grea'-big Bear.—
But they ist *boff* went "*Woof!*"—An' here *they* come
To climb the tree an' get the Little Boy
An' eat him up!

An' nen the Little Boy
He 'uz skeered worse'n ever! An' here come
The grea'-big Bear a-climbin' th' tree to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up—Oh, *no!*—
It uzn't the *Big* Bear 'at clumb the tree—
It 'uz the *Little* Bear. So here *he* come
Climbin' the tree—an' climbin' the tree! Nen when
He git wite *clos't* to the Little Boy, w'y nen
The Little Boy he ist pulled up his gun
An' *shot* the Bear, he did, an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Bear he falled clean on down out
The tree—away clean to the ground, he did—
Spling-splung! he falled *plum* down, an' killed him, too!
An' lit wite side o' where th' *Big* Bear's at.
An' nen the *Big* Bear's awful mad, you bet!—
'Cause—cause the Little Boy he shot his gun
An' killed the *Little* Bear.—'Cause the *Big* Bear
He—he 'uz the Little Bear's Papa.—An' so here
He come to climb the big old tree an' git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' when

The Little Boy he saw the *grea'-big Bear*
 A-comin', he uz badder skeered, he wuz,
 Than *any* time! An' so he think he'll climb
 Up *higher*—'way up higher in the tree
 Than the old *Bear* kin climb, you know.—But he—
 He *can't* climb higher an' old *Bears* kin climb,—
 'Cause bears kin climb up higher in the trees
 Than any Little Boys in all the Wo-r-r-ld!

An' so come the *grea'-big Bear*, he did,—
 A-climbin' up—an' up the tree, to git
 The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' so
 The Little Boy he clumbed on higher, an' higher,
 An' higher up the tree—an' higher—an' higher—
 An' higher'n iss-here *house* is!—An' here come
 Th' old *Bear*—clos'ter to him all the time!—
 An' nen—first thing you know,—when th' old Big *Bear*
 Wuz wite clos't to him—nen the Little Boy
 Ist jabbed his gun wite in the old *Bear's* mouf
 An' shot an' killed him dead! No; I *fergot*,—
 He didn't shoot the *grea'-big Bear* at all—
 'Cause *they 'uz no load in the gun*, you know—
 'Cause when he shot the *Little Bear*, w'y nen
 No load 'uz anymore nen *in the gun*!

But th' Little Boy clumbed *higher* up, he did—
 He clumbed *lots* higher—an' on up *higher*, an' higher
 An' *higher*—tel he ist *can't* climb no higher,
 'Cause nen the limbs 'uz all so little, 'way
 Up in the teeny-weeny tip-top of
 The tree, they'd break down wiv him ef he don't
 Be keerful! So he stop an' think: An' nen
 He look around—An' here come th' old *Bear*!
 An' so the Little Boy make up his mind
 He's got to ist git out o' there *some* way!—
 'Cause here comes the old *Bear*!—so clos't, his bref's
 Purt' nigh so's he kin feel how hot it is
 Against his bare feet—ist like old "Ring's" bref
 When he's been out a-huntin' an's all tired.
 So when th' old *Bear's* so clos't—the Little Boy
 Ist gives a *grea'-big* jump fer '*nother* tree—
 No!—no he don't do that!—I tell you what
 The Little Boy does:—W'y, nen—w'y, he—Oh, *yes*—
 The Little Boy *he finds a hole up there*
 'At's *in the tree*—an' climbs in there an' *hides*—

An' *nen* th' old Bear can't find the Little Boy
 At all!—But, purty soon th' old Bear finds
 The Little Boy's *gun* 'at's up there—'cause the *gun*
 It's too *tall* to took wiv him in the hole.
 So, when the old Bear find' the *gun*, he knows
 The Little Boy's ist *hid* 'round *somers* there,—
 An' th' old Bear 'gins to snuff an' sniff around.
 An' sniff an' snuff around—so's he kin find
 Out where the Little Boy's hid at.—An' *nen*—*nen*—
 Oh, *yes*!—W'y, purty soon the old Bear climbs
 'Way out on a big limb—a grea'-long limb,—
 An' *nen* the Little Boy climbs out the hole
 An' takes his axe an chops th' limb off! . . . *Nen*
 The old Bear falls *k-splunge*! clean to the ground
 An' bust an' kill hesse'f plum dead, he did!

An' *nen* the Little Boy he git his gun
 An' 'menced a-climbin down the tree agin—
 No!—no, he *didn't* git his *gun*—'cause when
 The *Bear* falled, *nen* the *gun* falled, too—An' broked
 It all to pieces, too!—An' *nicest* gun!—
 His Pa ist buyed it!—An' the Little Boy
 Ist cried, he did; an' went on climbin' down
 The tree—an' climbin' down—an' climbin' down!—
 An'-*sir*! When he 'uz purt'-nigh down—w'y, *nen*
 The old Bear he *jumped up again*!—an' he
 Ain't dead at all—ist 'tendin' thataway,
 So he kin git the Little Boy and eat
 Him up! But the Little Boy he 'uz too smart
 To climb clean *down* the tree.—An' the old Bear
 He can't climb *up* the tree no more—'cause when
 He fell, he broke one of his—He broke *all*
 His legs!—an' *nen* he *couldn't* climb! But he
 Ist won't go 'way an' let the Little Boy
 Come down out of the tree. An' the old Bear
 Ist growls 'round there, he does—ist growls and goes
 "Wooh!—Woo-oo!" all the time! An' the Little Boy
 He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—
 An' thought no *supper* neither!—Only they
 Wuz *apples* on th' tree!—An' Little Boy
 Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!
Nen when 'tuz morning th' old Bear went "Wooh!"
 Agin, an' try to climb up in the tree
 An' git the Little Boy.—But he *can't*
 Climb to save his *soul*, he can't!—An' *oh*! he's *mad*!

He ist tear up the ground! an' go "Woo-oo!"
An'—*Oh, yes!*—pretty soon, when morning's come
All *light*—so's you can *see*, you know,—w'y, nen
The old Bear finds the Little Boy's *gun*, you know,
It's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at all—
Ist *said* that!) An' so the old bear think
He'll take the gun an' *shoot* the Little Boy:—
But *Bears they* don't know much 'bout shootin' guns:
So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,
The old Bear got the *other* end the gun
Agin he shoulder, 'stid o' *th'other* end—
So when he try to shoot the Little Boy,
It shot *the Bear*, it did—an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree
An' chopped his old wolly head off: Yes, an' killed
The *other* Bear agin, he did—an' killed
All *boff* the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home
An' *cooked* 'em, too, an' *et* 'em!

—An' that's all.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

By permission of the Author.

GRIGGSBY'S STATION.

Pap's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we had before?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's jest a mortal pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city! city! city!—
And nothin' but the city all around us ever'wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!
And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us, or we want to go and see!

Le's go a visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit and bilin;
A-drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the Sunday through;
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they ust to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts the Jones girls is makin';
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,
And joke her 'bout the widower she came purt' nigh a-takin',
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's station—
Back where they's nothin' aggervatin' any more,
Shet away safe in the woods around the old location—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and he'p her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel to show me how he's growin',
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower eighty—
Where John our oldest boy, he was tuk and burried-for
His own sake and Katy's—and I want cry with Katy
As she reads all his letters over, writ from the War.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary a pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door?—
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

By permission of the Author.

THE LOST KISS.^v

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on,—“Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?”
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gathered it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

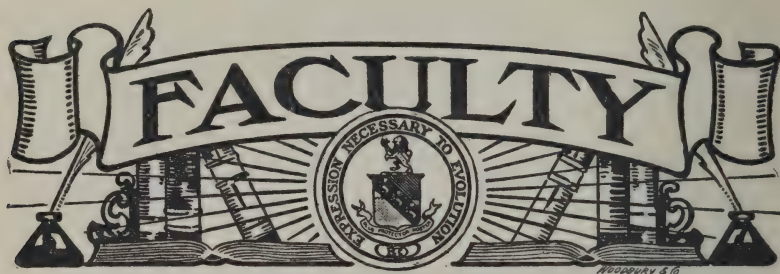
'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?—
Come roudying up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly,
And one 'ittle uzzer for me!'"

God pity the heart that repelled her,
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take, from the lips that denied her,
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'r'y forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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THE EQUIPMENT OF THE LYCEUM READER.

Foss Lamprell Whitney

"Be strong therefore and let not your hands be weak for your work shall be rewarded"—11 Chron. 15: 7.

When one chooses public reading as a profession he must be strong,—strong physically, mentally, morally, and he must have an ideal worth-while if he would greatly succeed. We know men are not turned from sinners into saints in a moment and without a struggle. We know that men must be led up from one stage of understanding to another, slowly, patiently, with frequent back-sliding. We know that in every impulse started for nobler living, in every true and lasting reformation, the practical basis is the human struggle and the human will. We know that the stage and platform do not pretend to be a church to save souls. Yet we are coming more and more to use the stage and platform as instruments of reform; to open up new lines of thought and action; to do many things of ethical value, as well as to instruct, inspire and entertain.

In discussing the equipment of the Lyceum reader we have a large and far reaching subject. It includes more than one at first would think. I shall attempt to give only some main points.

Bureaus, to-day, find their great problem is to engage such talent as makes good, night after night. No Bureau can afford to send out many readers now on their lists because they do not make good, often enough.

What a privilege the platform reader has! His is the



FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY

joy of bringing to tired, depressed audiences, the good cheer which adds the sunshine and happiness to life. His is the privilege of imparting information to busy but eager people who lack the time and facilities for getting it for themselves. The tasks are hard, the days are long, libraries and theatres are few in most towns and cities where lecture courses flourish. The entertainments, the numbers on a course are anticipated as times of relaxation and inspiration. What a disappointment on the part of the people, what a lost opportunity on the part of the reader, when these expectations are not realized. One not used to much reading can keep in touch with the great standard and new plays, books and stories through the medium of one who has made a particular study of such literary works and who makes them live for others. The intellect and imagination can very easily be stimulated in this way when many in the audience might not get very much from reading them at home.

The one who is to go before the public must realize and must try to understand the wide and useful field he is to enter; he must understand the mission of the Lyceum; he must sympathize with its breadth of spirit and then must hold to those things that will best fit him for his work.

"If any word of mine can make some brother's smile the brighter,
If any word of mine can make some brother's load the lighter,
God help me say that word to-day, lest waiting till to-morrow,
My brother shall have passed away and mine be greater sorrow."

Though I have changed one thought in the text quoted I feel that this idea may very truthfully form the reader's standard for the right approach into the Lyceum. His purpose should be no less than this.

Too many of our readers, young and old, think of their art and of showing their ability without understanding that true service here, as well as in every phase of life, brings the highest efficiency and the greatest success. The reader must go before the public as a man or a woman worth-while, intelligent, well-poised, capable, such a one as can win the respect of others for himself and for his work, before he can

hope to succeed in his art as a profession. More and more people are coming to understand that back of all work is the character of the worker. This is more than true of the reader on the Lyceum platform.

To exalt the correct standards of thought and living and to stand for this as individuals in daily life; to express it in various forms on the platform is a valuable part of the reader's equipment that enables him to be true to the committees who hire him, to his manager or bureau who sells him, and to the audiences he meets.

That most delightful character of Joel Chandler Harris', Aunt Minervy Ann, says of her old master: "Dey ain't been a time in dat man's life when he ain't think mo'er somebody else dan what he think er hisse'ff. Dat's what I call de quality." Do I dwell too long on this phase of the equipment of the Lyceum reader?

One sees so many failures all about him because of this lack that I can hardly dwell too long. In this age we have come to care so much for wealth and for those traits of character by which it is obtained, admirable traits enough but sordid and selfish and brutal when unrestrained, that it must fall to the person in public life to stand and to inspire others to stand as representatives of Aunt Minervy Ann's idea of "quality."

This necessary background will insure the reader against doing the unrefined work in choice of material and in the expression.

There are many trying experiences in the life of a Lyceum artist. One must travel. One's mental attitude while traveling has much to do with one's physical and mental condition at the end of the journey. As the platform reader must come to his journey's end as fresh as possible it should be his business to keep from fretfulness, impatience and peevishness. It is hard to go without meals, and sometimes harder to have to eat what some hotels serve and still keep cheerful. It is trying to suffer incivility from the army of self-important officials one must deal with in hotels and on railroads. Late trains, missed connections and the necessity for going a roundabout way tries the temper, yet still one must keep

sweet. If the reader is to do his best work he must allow nothing to ruffle his temper. He must be cheerful and companionable at all times, no matter what hardships it has cost him to reach the place where he is to do his work.

To be able to do all this requires a wide outlook on life's meaning, a firm resolution and lots of cheerfulness. To sum it up in a word—character.

No matter how long one's trip is, one's clothes must be fresh and adequate. A man can overcome and meet this so much better than a woman. Yet audiences do not make many allowances for poor taste in choice of material, style, and condition when they see the costumes worn by the artist. It is part of the equipment of the Lyceum reader to know how to meet these demands. So we find the reader needs to understand the Lyceum as an institution, he must approach his work with the highest ideals and must possess mental, moral and physical development and strength if he is to succeed on the Lyceum platform.

We now have to consider the most important point of our subject the art of reading before audiences.

Perfection of form as well as an understanding of the author's thought is required to make any artistic product effective and successful. Of two artists with equal comprehension of the same truth, the one skilled in form and technic, the other unskilled, the one will be forgotten, even if he ever becomes known, while the other will be remembered, loved and sought after.

If truth is expressed crudely in marble, colors, music, words or speech it will be neglected and the artist forgotten. And finally some artist will embody it in perfection of form, then it will endure.

It is also necessary to know that perfection of form can have no enduring quality unless it expresses the truth. Too many of those who wish to make reading a profession fail because of the lack of comprehending the truths I have just expressed.

With this general statement of what is necessary for a reader that he may succeed in his art, I am going to point

out a few things which he needs to think on that he may make good.

The reader must choose material in which the public will be interested. Few readers fail because they cannot read but because they have nothing to read in which the public is interested or do not know how to find that which is interesting in the material given.

Good material must have the solid qualities of sympathy and truth, and there must be the human interest. The persons or characters in the play or book or story must not only win the interest of the audience but must win a certain degree of conviction. This cannot be accomplished if he chooses something because someone else has made good with it. He must have a reason for his choice of material. The action must be rapid and surprising. Many readers stop with passively accepting the material that "seems possible," and do not go on to consciously enjoy it. Often a careless disregard of literary form brings failure. The reader must have and be able to positively use imagination, physical power and dramatic instinct to a large degree. The artist must needs have the joy for the art,—the public is interested in the art product merely.

Remember in choosing material that a good hearty laugh is hygienic. The reader who can provoke it is a benefactor. It dispels life's shadows, clears the fog from the brain, stimulates the heart and sends the rich red blood coursing through the veins. A laugh for its own sake calls for no apology yet it is all the more enjoyable when it is an instrument for clarifying thought, for illuminating truth or bringing conviction. Always the reader must remember that there must be a touch of sanity in the nonsense. Awaken, "thoughtful laughter," as George Meredith says. Let us have the best farce elements in our plays and stories, not the rough and tumble action and situation that *does not relate to the realities of life.*

The reader's program to be successful must be characterized by unity, variety, sequence, surprise, the human interest and climax. If he be a reader with a company he

must relate himself and his work to the members of his company and to their work. Especially if he gives a full miscellaneous evening, a book or a play he must know what he wishes to accomplish with that evening's work.

What the modern Lyceum audience justly demands is a frank keynote struck at the beginning, a note which shall indicate whether the material is romance, reality, high comedy, tragedy, farce. Once having struck this note the reader must go on in the support of it, never losing purpose for a moment.

The artist presents a poem, book, play or selection as a whole. The amateur invariably attacks the first line or first stanza or paragraph for what he can get out of that; then takes up the next and the next, the result being a succession of unrelated fragments of thought and emotion. These separate fragments often give proof of a great power on the part of the reader, but all is in a riot without center, plan or proportion. The performance remains an exhibition of crude elements, of a possible art but not an interpretation of life, truth or beauty.

It is because of the frequency of such exhibitions in public, because of the violation and defiance of the simplest and most fundamental principles of art that many persons of taste and refinement shudder at the word elocution. And this makes it doubly hard for the woman reader to gain a place.

The reader, then, must have a point of view, keep the key and maintain this point of view.

The element of variety is often lacking. One may choose good material, may understand and give it as a unit and yet fail. The reader who would avoid the deadly sin of monotony should never forget that however beautiful any form of expression may be, it will very soon pall upon his listeners and if persistently continued will produce in them a feeling of weariness and irritation. It should be his constant aim, therefore, as he studies his author's text to search out every possible shade of meaning, every variation of emotion. He must constantly present some new element of interest, else he cannot hope to give pleasure. He must see to it that he chooses well written poems, stories, books and plays, and they will

contain all the necessary variety of interest. It is the reader's task to make a minute analysis of the text to enable him to find this variety and then he must give it adequate expression. This process will lead him to find opportunities for contrasts of movements, pitch, tone-color contrasts of melodic form and numerous contrasts and variations that will do much to give his work a lasting aesthetic value.

May these few main points on the equipment of the Lyceum reader, bring some word of inspiration and help to those making or thinking of making public reading a profession. May they assist in making more possible, truthfulness, naturalness, spontaneity, delicacy and sureness of touch, polish and point, to work done before the public.

"Be ye strong therefore and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded."

JUST TO BE GOOD.

In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good: to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Edward Howard Griggs.

The world draws us away, immediate necessities paralyze our vision and destroy our perspective. We must retire into the soul, and listen to the quiet voice that forever speaks the eternal lessons. To come back to the great realities of life, and live in their constant presence—*this is genius*.—Edward Howard Griggs in "The New Humanism."

TO THE EMERSON STUDENTS.

With love and blessings and with all good wishes for a happy and prosperous and profitable New Year, 1911.

Dear friends, I wish you all that love
And sunshine can bestow.
With richest blessings from above
And true hearts here below.
And blessings coming in disguise
Are from a richer store
And thorns and crosses, tears and sighs
Are joys for ever more.

At least it has been so with me,
For when I've been knocked down,
Tho' dazed and bleeding I could see
A jewel in my crown.
And while I trusted in the Lord,
With never fear or shame,
I just defied the devil's hoard
And thanked God I was game.

J. W. Crawford.

Capt. Jack.

Inscribed in a copy of Capt. Crawford's late book "Whare the Hand o' God is Seen," presented to the Emerson students.

POEMS AND SONGS OF THE POET SCOUT.*

GLINTS OF NATURE AND SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE.

I never like to see a man a-rastlin' with the dumps,
'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble mor'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler, "How d' you do?"

And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day;
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain,
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin' when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

WHAR' THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN.

Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud unearthly noise—
Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin', gals an' boys,
All a rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin' thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' har' but bricks an mortar, towerin' overhead so high,
That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky,
Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in sight,
Nothin' but the buildin's' shadder makin' gloom of Heaven's light.
Ev'n the birds are all imported from away acrost the sea—
Faces meet me all distorted with the hand of misery.

Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen all defaced,
Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their haste.
Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' thru, the streets with defen'n' roar
Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from Sheol's shore,
Factories jinin' in the chorus, helpin' o' the din to swell,
Auctioneers in tones sonorous, lying 'bout the goods they sell.

Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a sing'n everywhere;
Deer a playin' in their gladness, elk a feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in that borderland of ours.

Fairer picture the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen,
Than my home, sweet home o' Natur'
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

By permission of the Author.

JUNIOR WEEK ADDRESS.

President Henry Lawrence Southwick.

Every morning we open with prayer and ask divine blessing upon our work. If that work be worthy and helpful to His children, and if it bring them nearer to Him, God's blessing will rest upon it. But to my mind the greater beneficence of prayer is in the petition rather than in the answer; in the reaching up from the clamor and confusion of daily currents and happenings into the stillness where the larger meanings may be felt; in the longing to know those things that are worth while finally and to bring the heart into harmony with them. This does not imply an instant's neglect of the duty nearest at hand. It is not asking God to forgive enemies we are unwilling to forgive; to assume burdens we do not care to carry. It is aspiration—not dreaming. We pray for light to see what we are to do, and how to do it. We reach up that we may know that which is worth while. And the test of every man and every woman, the prophecy of his life and the index of his achievement, is precisely in that which he works toward, believing it in his heart to be worth while.

The object of scholarship and the object of life is one and the same—character. If that which you learn here, if the skill and development you get here, do not build character it were better that we should close our doors. It is the highest

function of a school to inculcate and to prove that much of the so-called unpractical is the most truly practical, and the ideal is the greatest reality. If we study literature together, it is that we may strengthen ourselves with what is perennial and eternal. If we study nature and art together, it is that we may learn in deeper reverence the beauty and the meaning of God's universe. If we cultivate that revealer of all the heavens and the hells, the imagination, it is that it may serve the will. If we develop the expressiveness of these bodies, it is as servants of the spirit. If we make keener the senses, it is as avenues of appeal to the soul. If we draw out and draw up personality and enlarge influence, it is for the service of our fellows. Without these ends education is either useless or dangerous. Education tends to a widened horizon, an increased forcefulness, an intenser of life. Such things are dangerous to their possessor. It is not safe to live too much. It is safest of all to be dead. And we must find safety in living the narrower life,—the nearest approach to not living at all,—or sail the seas with the Will at the helm and Conscience for pilot. "The great, single purpose of moral education must be to induce the will to adhere to its general, permanent, and deliberately conceived purpose in spite of motives which appeal to it with special strength at the time of choice of action; to give a strength to resolution which will overcome the strength of temptation." And the end of all education is the development of an enlightened responsibility for self and for others.

The full value of the superstructure depends upon what kind of a foundation is underneath it. The superstructure rises rapidly and is seen of all men. The foundation is laid slowly and is but little heeded by the passerby; but the foundation is a necessity. Character is the foundation of all worthy achievement. But it is more than this. It is the finer intelligence that determines and directs and adorns the superstructure. Two Greek sculptors once competed to finish, each in a given time, a statue to adorn a temple. One was a young man, and the other old. The younger seized his tools and fell to work at once. The elder spent three days of his

small margin studying his plan and walking around his block of stone before he touched chisel to it. His was the finer intelligence that saw his statue done and in his mind planned every stroke before taking one. His work was done the better and the quicker. It is character that gives meaning and value to the beginning and the end, and to all that lies between.

We are each endowed with enough of vision and of gifts and of fighting energy to know at times the potential in us—to perceive what is possible for us to do and to be. We can get glimpses of ourselves, not as replicas of the excellence of somebody else, not as copies of some admired type, but of our possible selves—of ourselves sublimated. This is the vision of what is worth while for us. And while even this may disappoint if we weakly and wrongly compare it with a different type of excellence and with the perhaps larger possible achievement of another, we know that the test of every circle is not its size, but its perfection. We know one flower differeth from another in perfume and one star from another in glory, but each is admirable according to the perfection of itself and as it helps to fill the world with sweetness or with light.

We are here, therefore, to grow and to help others grow. The duty to realize the potential in ourselves and the duty of helpful service to others are co-existent, co-equal, interdependent, indissoluble. All there is in character-development and in education is involved in these two duties, which in their last analysis are one. Now the study of oratory involves the same conditions and leads to the same goal. It means the opening of the mind to receive truth, the gain in bodily responsiveness in the expression of truth; and the end is service through influence. Cicero, to whose formulations every modern teacher of oratory is indebted for the best he has to give, shows us not only that oratory is the expression of the sum being, that the greatest man, other things being equal, is the greatest orator, but points to the truth that the perfect orator would be the perfect man whose powers are directed to teaching through the spoken word. Thus we see that the

end of life and of moral education—the utmost development of the potential in ourselves for the service of our fellows—is the essential condition and the only defensible end in oratory.

The first law or condition of success for the orator is a clean and healthy mind in a clean and healthy body. Whatever one's inheritance, this is largely a matter of personal choice.

“He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun.”

One cannot convey what he is not nor does not think. He cannot speak with influence ideas which he does not breathe. He may use the words, but they fall idly.

“If from the soul the language does not come
By its own impulse to move the hearts of hearers,
With communicated power, in vain you strive,
In vain you study earnestly.”

One may repeat a formula, but cannot awaken recognition. Like answers like.

“Be noble and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.”

If you try to seem noble the intuitive perceptions of others will probably detect the imposition and you will not succeed. Infinitely better for you that you should not succeed, for there is nothing more fatal than posing for him who would be an orator or a teacher of oratory. To the beholder posing is offensive. To the poseur it is insidiously and slowly suicidal. When your constant study is how you look and act rather than what you are and what message you have to give you are in the way of becoming a hypocrite, and a hypocrite is the most paltry and pitiful of all paltry and pitiful things that crawl about on two legs. There are no four-legged

hypocrites. The absolute sincerity of the nature world prevails up through the beasts. Each lives out sincerely his nature as an animal. The man who begins with insincerity becomes unable at last to know the false from the true. If the end of oratorical study and of all education and of all living is the same,— the development of the potential in us that we may live the largest life and help others to live their largest lives,—it is at once clear that sincerity is one condition of attainment of all that is worth while.

The orator, too, must be a warrior—a conqueror of foes without and within. The doctrine of non-resistance to evil is a jelly-fish doctrine. Evil must be fought, but not with evil. I would have boys taught to fight; but at the same time they should be shown under what conditions they should fight—that they must seek no quarrel, never strike the weak. Their force and skill is a trust, for the use of which they are responsible; that with it they are to defend the weak from the brute and the bully. They should be taught the knightly ideals of courage, justice, and courtesy. And it would make their manhood finer and firmer, and our society would be better today if it had something more of the grace and perfume of chivalry.

And I would have them see early that after all, the hardest battles are internal ones—that we have fewer external enemies than we imagine; that it is often a form of vanity to assume that certain people are plotting to injure us. They are usually too busy with their own affairs. But the foes within are ever active, and here are fields that must be won again and again. We must recognize the duality of our nature,—that the unworthy impulses that drive us to unworthy actions are not our nature, as we sometimes suppose, but something in our nature, and that it is upon this that our fighting force must be directed. Here we need all our heroism. If our dual nature may be expressed in the allegory of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, our problem is, Shall it be Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?

And the field must be fought and won again and again before we can be secure. Nor must we make the military

blunder of underestimating the strength of the foe. It isn't safe. How often we hear one who is forming a habit without the consciousness that at the same time it is forming him,—and transforming him, too,—say, "Oh, that's all right. I can stop that whenever I want to. Why, I could break off to-day and never take it up again." But can he? Is he sure? It is not only a duty to stop things which if persisted in would lower the moral or physical tone, but it is a good thing now and then to cut off luxuries and gratifications that we do not consider harmful just to see if we can do it. Try it. A little asceticism now and again is a good test in the athleticism of the will, and is a moral tonic. Such things tend to show whether the will is an absolute or only a limited ruler, and such tests in small things and in large things are educational. The results are sometimes surprising and unflattering. Then if we would be captains of our souls and masters of our fate we call up reserves before the field is lost. Without the heroism which wins self-mastery the development of our potential selves is but a dream, the service of others a sentiment.

"There is no chance, no destiny or fate
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing. Will alone is great,
All things give way before it soon or late.

* * * * *

"Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim."

As the test of the great teacher is not to make imitators, echoes, or satellites of his followers, or hold them by centripetal force dependent upon himself, but at the earliest moment to make them independent of himself and develop them into original forces, self-centred and free, so the test of a good school is to foster such a pride in self mastery that its pupils will want to do what they ought to do.

You find but few rules here. The few we have are to enable the work of all to be done without waste or friction, and each to get in fullest measure what he came for. The fullest individual freedom consistent with the welfare of others and the good name of the school—of your school—is here, and when you find a rule remember it is quite as much to help the individual as to protect the student body against the individual. If the student has the tardy habit, for example, it is a foe to that student as well as to the school. The rule helps him to fight his individual battle against that foe. And so with other simple regulations. They are your friends as individuals and as a body. We do not control you—much. You are ladies and gentlemen, and we recognize you as such. You are immortal souls entrusted for a time to our partial keeping. We meet you, therefore, on the heights, and for a time we walk together there. And under God, we shall do all that in us lies to send you forth, "self-reverent each and reverencing each," to do your work more gladly and with finer skill and higher faith both in the little world of personal duties and relationships and in the outer world of larger obligations and achievements.

Another condition essential to the successful doing of the things that are worth while is Temperance. Balance and proportion and sanity are crying needs in successful school life, as in successful community life. Fortunately for civilization, if the individual does not exhibit such balance—and it is not the rule that he does—yet we find a general equilibrium from the opposing forces of the radical and the conservative, the crank, the faddist, the mossback, the iconoclast, the hot, the cold, and the luke-warm. One offsets another, and we generate from the agitation of the mass enough steam to secure general progress, and we are saved from wild experiment and strange conclusion. What could not be reached by a society made up of well-balanced individuals!

But whatever may be true of the mass, it is clear that in a school the student who would succeed must keep all things in the right relations to the sum of things—must keep work, play, study, exercise, sociability, in true balance. Once I had

two students who studied all the time. They couldn't walk in the open air, they couldn't spend a social hour, they couldn't sleep as they should, because their lessons must be done. This was a sad mistake. They were making it impossible to get those very lessons by exhausting the body that sustains the brain. I heard of it and said to them, "Let those lessons go to Jericho! I want to send you out rounded, beautiful roses, not sunflowers—all head and stalk." Strange talk for a schoolmaster, you will say. He wants those lessons learned. Well, the advice was extraordinary, for the occasion is infrequent, I grant. Student break-downs are seldom caused by overstudy. That is merely the euphuistic way of putting the case. Students are seldom in imminent peril from knowing too much. Break-downs have other explanations. But I refer to this case to show that however unusual, even conscientiousness is sometimes so morbid that it loses its balance and sanity. The sum of life is not to be sacrificed to scholarship or to fancies, to unremitting labor or to fads. When you find things are not going as they should, ask yourself, first, if you are mixing ingredients in the proper proportions; if you are practising that temperance and harmony that keeps all you do—your studies, eating, sleeping, social enjoyment, exercise—in their right relation to the sum of things. It is likely that you will need to go no farther to find the cause of trouble. And if to this balance of rest and truly proportioned activities you add concentration, that concentration which is the sinew of all achievement, your difficulty will probably be past.

Again I refer you to the two ends of education,—the development of our potential selves and the service of others,—the two which are yet one. We need to realize at once, for we cannot get far without it, the truth that we cannot work for ourselves alone, nor progress while we hold aloof in separateness. The student of oratory who says, "I am here for what I can get for myself. I'll go my way and others may go theirs. Their problems and needs and growth are no affairs of mine," will not get very far. Because he ought not? Yes, and because he cannot. The law cannot be evaded, and

does not compromise. In this work, as in life itself, separateness is failure.

The mere instructor may teach his subject; the teacher teaches his pupil. The actor plays for his audience; the preacher must bring the Word to the people; and the orator without his hearers is unthinkable. Love and enthusiasm for humanity is the life-blood of every worthy permanent achievement. The popular success of a man and his work is usually in direct ratio of his humanism. It is measured by his richness in the humanities. The love of associate and sympathetic understanding of his feeling and view-point becomes in this work, not only a Christian duty, but an artistic necessity. We realize that it is not enough to live and to let live; but, inasmuch as we live at all because so many are helping us to live, our duty is to live and help live.

This law of service is binding upon us, if we would meet at all the end of oratory, of education, of life; the love that is not of sentimentality, for it has in it the stamina of justice. I mean the love that does not say, "I don't like this one or that," and which cleaves only to those who soothe sensibilities and minister to vanity, but the love that overlooks the one cause for hating in the hundred causes for loving; the love that does not say, "I'll be kind when someone is kind to me," but the love that ministers and waits not to be ministered unto. I mean the love that knows it is only before those who are glad to hear and to spread it that it is easy to speak ill of others; the love that gives little thought to what others say of us and much to what we say of them. I must "live for another if you wish to live for yourself;" the love that sees that to encourage talent is to create talent; the love that makes the human flowers grow and fills work with gladness. This, perennially and eternally, is of the things that are worth while.

OUR PORTRAITS



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is the pioneer of the child—the Western-American child under school age. He has brought a wealth of beautiful poems to an age that needs particularly to come in touch with the real things of life. The Rev. Allen A. Stockdale has called Riley a saviour in our age of materialism, and it is not difficult for us to understand this term as we touch the key-note of such poems as “Knee-Deep in June,” “Griggsby’s Station,” “Just to Be Good,” “Out to Old Aunt Mary’s,” and many others.

Among Mr. Riley’s works are:—Afterwhiles, Armatindy, The Book of Joyous Children, Character Sketches, A Child-World, Dialect in Literature, The Flying Islands of the Night, The Golden Year, Green Fields and Running Brooks, His Pa’s Romance, Home-Folks, Morning, Neighborly Poems, Old Fashioned Roses, and The old Swimmin’ Hole.

FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY, a member of the faculty of Emerson College, has greeted audiences in every state of the Union. The press comments on her work as an artist are as interesting, as they are varied and numerous. “Her understanding of life, her experience before the public and in the class room, her deep appreciation of the best in literature, make her an interpreter of rare power to touch the heart, quicken the imagination and arouse delightful thinking upon the work of great writers.”

A partial list of Mrs. Whitney’s subjects follow: The Lion and the Mouse by Charles Klein; The Witching Hour by Augustus Thomas; The Lost Word by Henry Van Dyke, and The Servant in the House by Charles R. Kennedy.

ALLEN ARTHUR STOCKDALE, pastor of the Union Congregational Church, situated in the heart of the student district of Boston, has been chaplain of Emerson College for four years. Mr. Stockdale is also a member of the Board of Trustees for the Endowment of Emerson College. Prominent, both as a clergyman and a lecturer, Mr. Stockdale's life is one of constant activity.

Two of Mr. Stockdale's lectures are: "Shall the Corners of the Mouth Turn Up or Down?" and "The Message of James Whitcomb Riley." A Massachusetts lady has heard the former lecture seven times, and the last time she brought seven guests. The reason for the lecture on "The Message of James Whitcomb Riley" is that James Whitcomb Riley has been of more service to Mr. Stockdale, as a minister, than any other poet. The spirit of the lecture is to interpret to people the real message of Riley, whose approach to humanity and interpretation of the inner feelings, are among the best trainings possible for a spirit that must approach and understand.

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK is prominent both as a lecturer and interpreter. To this work Mrs. Southwick brings the preparation and equipment of class-room experience at the Emerson College of Oratory, also at Wellesley College, at the National and Virginia Schools of Methods, Martha Vineyard Summer Institute, and at other institutions where she has lectured upon the culture of voice and body, upon all aspects of literary interpretation, and upon various educational and ethical subjects.

Her lecture recitals include Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice, The Drama and Human Life, Faust, King John and Jeanne d'Arc. Her readings from standard and popular authors include selections from Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Arnold, Emerson, Wallace, Murray, Sienkiewicz, Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Mark Twain, Kipling, Joel Chandler Harris, and others.

AGNES KNOX BLACK, sometime lecturer at the Ontario Normal College; dramatic reader at the Edinburgh Phil-

osophical Institution; instructor in Interpretation at the Emerson College of Oratory and the Snow Professor of Elocution and Oratory at Boston University, has won distinction as an interpreter of good literature and as a lecturer. Says the *Toronto Globe*: It is rather a daring ambition to try to entertain an audience with the mystic philosophy of Carlyle and the subtle poetry of Shelley, yet, strange to say, the selections that met with the greatest approval were those from "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present," and the magnificent "Ode to a Skylark." Mrs. E. Charlton Black's work indicates a new and hopeful departure in a profession about which so many curiously false ideas prevail. That the aim of the reader should be to interpret thought, and the noblest thought that the language of any nation has given expression to, is the one article of her creed."

Among the masters of literature, interpreted by Mrs. Black are: Ruskin, Keats, Whittier, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Ibsen, Lowell, Shakespeare, and Kenneth Grahame.

"PUBLIC SPEAKING AS A MORAL POWER."

Men and women are subject to the laws of mind and spirit. It is worth while to talk to them. Minds are awakened by public utterance, spirits are aroused by the right sort of talk. There is no period when the world will run best by keeping great minds and noble souls silent. We may ridicule talk, and some kinds deserve it. We may ignore public speech and we should be discriminating enough to do this rightly. We may criticise oratory, and cry out against impassioned utterance, but still the fact will remain, that the minds and souls of men are created to respond to speech and be aroused to action by talk. The carpenter with dull tools may expect to work hard with small results—also the speaker who has not mastered his art may expect to experience the trial of his soul and witness small returns for his efforts.

The pulpit has to-day the world's most inspiring theme. The story of the gospel has no equal in stirring the wills of

men to moral accomplishment, but the pulpit has not the majority of the world's finest speakers. Voice and manner, tone color and gesture, enunciation and animation, are so frequently defective that the world's greatest themes get but weak and un compelling utterances. An engine that skips and halts and stops would not do at all for an airship, and a speaker of the gospel who stammers, and halts, and drones will never catch the souls of men and lift them above the sordid and careworn world.

It must be fully realized that not only the message but the manner of its utterance counts. A wonderful message may lack in moral results because its power was dissipated in the delivery. A noble soul filled with an inspiring message is under obligations to God and humanity to give that message the most powerful utterance possible. A new day will dawn to all moral workers when the vision is clear that the manner of public speech may add or detract from the moral power of the message. Many do not listen to addresses, but the reason is not that they revolt against the truth but they cannot stand the manner of expressing the truth.

The human face and the human voice are God's own allies when they are truly trained to do their work. A graveyard in the face and a sepulchre in the tone will render any message null and void. The holy tone and the dull monotony of an uncolored voice will make the angels weep and mortals take flight.

The man who studies expression is wise because he is discovering how to give a message its true power. The greatest art of all is the art of public speech. Nothing will last as long in the memory of the world as the mastery of public speech. Its great moral power lies in the fact that personality gets its best opportunity in public speaking. Next to longing for a generation of noble souls and great minds should be the prayer for a generation of artists who can give these souls and minds revelation and convincing power through the manifold opportunities of public speaking.

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE.

ENDOWMENT REPORT.

On the 22nd of February Mr. Kidder started West on behalf of the Endowment Movement, and will call on the Alumni wherever convenient. In going, his route extends through New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. His return trip will perhaps be via Eastern Missouri, Southern Indiana and Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Connecticut. All Alumni in these states should get in touch with him at once and give every help possible. Correct addresses are of the utmost importance.

Reports from him show very satisfactory progress. A great many, after meeting him, have begun work, and good results in the near future are expected. If proper interest is shown among the Alumni, it will mean much to the Directors in dealing with the outside public in Boston and the East. Below is given Mr. Kidder's personal report.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 7, 1911.

March 1. Total cash and pledges, \$13,234.56

All along the line of my route westward, I am finding enthusiastic Emersonians anxious to see the Endowment Movement an assured success, and ready and willing to help in any way they can. In Syracuse an Emerson College Club was formed, which is expected to become very active in the future. In some of the other cities, entertainments for the benefit of the Fund are being planned.

Should any Magazine readers know of those along the route who might help the cause, I would be grateful if they would communicate with me, using my College address.

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES W. KIDDER, Treasurer.



SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
 And the house upstairs is still
 She sings me a queer little sleepy, song
 Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft
 Their colors are gray and white,
 They follow their leader nose to tail,
 For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
 And one runs after behind,
 The gray one's nose at the white one's tail
 The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
 They quietly slip away.
 But one runs over and one comes next—
 Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go and over they go
 And over the top of the hill;
 The good little sheep run quick and soft
 And the house upstairs is still.

And-one-slips-over-and-one-comes next
 The-good-little-gray-little-sheep
 I watch how the fire burns red and low,
 And she *says* that I fall asleep."

—Josephine Dodge Daskam.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT EMERSON COLLEGE.

Y. W. C. A.

"A roadway carpeted with palms and flowers,
A welcome shouted by the eager throng;
A thousand voices sing in David's song,
'Messiah comes, the Nation's king and ours!'"

"Shout songs and psalms! Yet, as the week goes by
The shouts are silenced and the palms are dry,
Till that last day, when blackness shrouds the sky,
And those who shouted then, to-day cry 'Crucify!'"

—Edward Everett Hale.

Recently Miss Bagstad gave us a splendid talk on "What the Art of Life" means.

During Junior week, Feb. 17th, Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross addressed the students. The subject was "Jane Addams" and Mrs. Ross brought us very close to the great work done in the Chicago settlement. The discourse contained many excellent illustrations of Miss Addams' personal experiences.

We regret that illness prevented Miss Gertrude Lawson coming to us on March 3rd.

On March 17th Miss Eloise Ross will conduct the meeting. Her subject is "The Purpose of an Education from a Freshman's Point of View."

"When you put yourself in line with things, you've got to go. God looks after the rest."—Foss Lamprell Whitney.

The World in Boston, America's First Great Missionary Exposition, to be held in Mechanics Building, April 24-May 20, should be of interest to every student. We may keep in touch with the plans of the exposition through our churches and also through "The Exposition Herald," published by The World in Boston, 4 Ashburton Place, Boston. The exhibits promise to be of unusual interest. Japan, India, Africa, South Sea Islands, China, Corea, Mohammedan Lands, in fact, every land where missions are, will be represented. It is interesting to know that Emerson students are aiding somewhat by giving a few hours of their time each week, both by helping

to prepare for the Exposition and by promising to act as guides after the exposition opens.

There is not much difference between the ragged child which we see in the slums of Boston and the ermine-decked child we pass on Commonwealth Avenue,—for a soul looks out of the eyes of each.
—Agnes Knox Black.

THE MASTER'S VOICE.

"We cannot, as in days of yore, behold Him face to face,
Nor follow His blest footsteps by the sea;
We cannot up the mountain slopes His weary journeys trace,
Nor walk with Him the waves of Galilee.
But the blessed Christ still dwelleth in the busy haunts of men,
And multitudes of weary hearts rejoice;
In city streets, on hill and shore, the Master still doth speak,
If we listen for the music of His voice.

"We cannot, as in days of yore, walk with Him through the corn,
And hear those wondrous teachings at His side;
We cannot, at Samaria's Well find life for us new-born,
Nor yet with Him at Bethany abide.
But the blessed Christ still cometh to toilers in the field,
In quiet home, by wayside, without choice;
For wherever hearts are waiting, He speaks a word of cheer,
If we listen for the music of His voice.

"We cannot, as in days of yore, go with Him to the tomb,—
That tomb of Joseph's, where at last He lay;
Nor hasten through the pearly dawn with hearts of midnight gloom,
As Mary on that wondrous, wondrous day.
But the blessed Christ will meet us, as He met the ones of old,
When every hope was buried Oh rejoice!
For the One we seek is near us,—yes, e'en at our very side,
If we listen for the music of His voice."

CLASSES.

'10.

Miss Eunice Story gave a very interesting and effective act from "The Great Divide" in Mr. Gilbert's Dramatic Art class. Some splendid work was done by her and those whom

she had chosen to assist in the production. The act was cast as follows:

Stephen Ghent.....	Jean Fowler
Dutch.	Miss Simmons
Mexico.	Miss Morgan
Phillip Jordan.....	Miss Morgan
Polly, his wife.....	Miss Tubbs
Ruth Jordan, his sister.....	Miss Story

The scene was laid in Phillip Jordan's ranch-house. Miss Story presented a splendid type of girl, strong yet womanly, full of that courage that ever marks the Western girl, and yet possessing tenderness and pathos that could not help but rouse the manhood of her purchaser, Stephen Ghent. This character was admirably portrayed by Miss Fowler, whose work is always marked by clearness and strength and reality. The development of the character of Ghent and the impression made upon him by the first real woman he had come in contact with was very evident in the impersonation. In Ghent's two assistants, Dutch and Mexico, the allusion of rough, unscrupulous, half-savage plain rovers was extremely well sustained. The villiany and daring of these two made the audience very sensible of the fact that the personality of the girls who played them was well in the background.

The fashionable young wife of Jordan, who was suddenly transplanted to the rough prairie home, and who constantly deplored the fact, was well interpreted by Miss Erma Tubbs.

Miss Morgan had an added test as she played both the part of Jordan and Mexico, bringing each out with clearness and distinction.

The cast worked well together and the movement and unity of the act was admirable.

On the following week Miss Simmons put on the closing act from "Young Mr. Winthrop." This play was equally as well performed being very difficult from the subtlety of the action and the characters. It centres around the old lawyer and family friend, Brexton Scott, who gathers up the broken ties of the young husband and wife and joins them by his insistent tact and sympathy. Miss Morgan as Scott was a

success, showing the old fellow's legal diplomacy and knowledge of human nature assisted by his sense of humor and the fact that he did not know when he was defeated.

Miss Simmons played a sweet, young wife, showing a woman who failed to read her heart rightly and because of this came so near to losing her husband's love and wrecking her life. The variety of expression and mental changes of the character were very clearly brought out.

The part of the husband was played by Miss Hastings in her usual definite, sweeping way. The character of the man was well revealed in her work. The moods, into which he was thrown by the old lawyer's words of reminiscence were illuminated for her hearers and what he underwent was evident to all.

It was a play of psychological study and showed great skill and preparation on the part of the actors.

Miss Maude Jillson of Glens Falls, N. Y., has been the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Allen, for a few days.

Junior week was surely a complete success and the Valentine party given by this class to the Post Graduates was not the least of its triumphs. The College rooms were beautifully decorated with festoons of hearts and crepe paper. The first part of the evening was with valentine tableaux showing the crucial moment in the wooing of different types of people. These were thoroughly enjoyed and pronounced by all to be most realistic and artistic. Then punch, cake and candy was served in a prettily decorated room. After refreshments, old fashioned dances, cards and conversation filled the remainder of the evening and we went home feeling grateful indeed for the delightful time we had spent and very proud of the Junior class.

The Fair held February twentieth was a success both socially and financially and we thank the other classes for their assistance which they gave by their presence and pocket-books.

'11

Miss Helen Rodger read recently at the First Methodist Church, Cliftondale, Massachusetts. She gave a miscellaneous

programme which was heartily enjoyed by her large and appreciative audience. Her blending of humor and pathos was admirable. Miss Rodgers is a charming girl who is preparing herself for the work of a public reader. She has a fine stage presence, good voice, and high ideals in her work.

At Roxbury on February the eighth, Mary Gregg read "A Lover of Music," by Henry Van Dyke. Miss Gregg is an unusually good interpreter of French-Canadian dialect, and this, added to her pleasing personality, made the evening a most enjoyable one.

Miss Beulah Alcorn recently read at the Baptist Church of Arlington. Miss Alcorn has had a varied experience on the platform, having done social and private work on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Estelle Wilcox gave an evening's recital in Warner, N. H., on the evening of March 3.

Miss Alice Bartlett as reader, with Miss Frances Speakman as soloist, gave three very successful evenings at Bow, N. H., West Swanzey, N. H., and Campton, N. H., recently.

Miss Helen Symonds read before the Women's Club of Dover, N. H., February the twenty-first.

Miss Bertha Wiley read recently at a meeting of the Women's Federation at the Central Congregational Church, Jamaica Plain.

Miss Eva Churchill assisted in a programme at the Central Church, Jamaica Plain, on Washington's Birthday.

Miss Victoria Cameron successfully coached two one-act plays, "Quits," and "A Blind Attachment," given by the younger members of the Church of the Ascension.

Miss Madeline Randall assisted at an entertainment in the hall of the Whitney School of Music, on February the twenty-fourth. Miss Randall's selections showed her charming personality to advantage, as well as did also the little poem which she gave in answer to an encore.

We regret that Miss Esther Appleby has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

A number of Seniors have been improving the moonlight evenings by tobaggoning at Franklin Park.

Twelve members of the Class spent a very enjoyable evening at the Southwick home in Brookline, February the twenty-fourth.

The Seniors are preparing a book of chafing-dish recipes to go on sale after the Spring recess.

Following are the plays which have been produced by the Senior Class thus far this year:

Ciceley's Cavalier; The Duke and the King; Nance Oldfield; The Wire Entanglement; The Flower of Yeddo; Kitty Clive; Guingoire; Holly Tree Inn; Washington's First Defeat; The Grey Parrot; Shades of Night; The Changeling; The Convict on the Hearth; The Privy Council; Carrots; The Open Gate; The Land of Heart's Desire; The Bishop's Candlesticks; The Hour-Glass; Hop o' Me Thumb.

One of the most brilliant social events of the season was the Junior "Prom" on February 18th at Whitney Hall, Brookline. The patronesses were Mrs. Henry Lawrence Southwick and Mrs. Eben Charlton Black.

Friday, February 10, 1911. Senior Recital.

1. "Babbie and Micah," J. M. Barrie
(From "The Little Minister").
Agnes Scott Kent
2. "Ludwig and Eloise," Eugene Field
Mabel Claire Randall
3. "A Christmas Father," Williamson
Helen Symonds

Friday, February 24, 1911. Senior Recital.

- A Few Bars in the Key of G, Osborne
Josephine W. Lyon
- Polly of the Circus, Margaret Mayo
Lois Annabelle Beil

"THE SENIOR.

By Inez Jackson

A Moral Play Modeled on "Everyman."

Presented by the Class of Nineteen Eleven

Time—Present

Place—Boston

Scene—The Senior's Study

CAST

In order of entrance

The Messenger.....	Margaret McCarthy
Dean Ross.....	Otis Earl Knight
Flunks.....	Eleanor Pomeroy
The Senior.....	Warren Ballou Brigham
Fraternity.....	Luzerne Crandall
Sorority Maids.....	

Marguerite Albertson

Victoria Cameron

Athletic Leader.....	Helen Roger
Bluff.....	Madeline Randall
Crushes.....	Mae Green
Class Spirit.....	Mabel Randall
Good Grades.....	Ruth Andrew

CHORUSES

Athletic Girls

Helen Roger

Evelyn Cash

Helen Simons

Eileen Whipple

Meda Bushnell

Bernice Loveland

Society Chorus

Mae Green

Bertha Wiley

Jessie Weems

Ruth Robinson

Sheila McLane

Edith Newton

Gertrude Knapp

Class Spirit

Mabel Randall

Elizabeth Powers

Ruth Barnum

Grace Ham

Mina Decker

Alice Best

Grace Lovering

Alice Bartlett

Lucille Barry

STUNT COMMITTEE

Chairman, Josephine W. Lyon

Faye Smiley

Mae Green

Belle Pugh

Evelyn Cash

Warren Ballou Brigham

'12

Junior Week Program

Feb. 14—Feb. 18

Tuesday—Heart March.

Tuesday—Valentine Party to Faculty and Post-Graduates.

Wednesday—Lecture by Prof. Edward Howard Griggs.

Thursday—Junior "Stunt," "Colonial Days."

Friday—Address by President Henry L. Southwick.

Saturday—Rose March.

Saturday—Junior "Prom."

"Colonial Days"

Presented by the Junior Class of Emerson College.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I. A Colonial Home.

Breakfast.

The Message.

"Out of the North the wild news came."

The Departure.

ACT II. A Camp Scene.

Blair wounded.

Virginia, his nurse.

His dream.

"Sweet as a shadow, short as any dream."

ACT III. The Return.

Virginia's news.

Darkie's jubilee.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Blair Carver.....	Frederick Dixon
Virginia Lee.....	Margaret Davidson
Mrs. Carver, Blair's mother.....	Lillian Walker
Mrs. Warrington, his grandmother.....	Grace Lowry
Dorothy Carver, his sister.....	Julia Krantz
Eleanor Hampton, nurse.....	Jean Welsh

MINUET

Winnifred Bent	Marian Colby
Beulah Batchelor	Jane Rae
Anna Leddy	Grace Rossan
Iona Stevens	Edna Spear
Ella Dornon	Eleanor Hodges
Sylvia Leland	Alecia Conlon

SOLDIERS

Edna Case, Captain

Ruth Roane	Mildred Hamilton
Emily Maps	Alla Martin
Mary Sandstrom	Ella Eastman
Elizabeth Leonard	Rose Boynton

Abbie Ball
May Hackett
Margaret Clough

Olive Clark
Lenella McKown
Ruby Shayne

NEGROES

Old Mammy.....Mrs. Safford
Sam.May Sullivan
Jose.....Ruth Watts
Louise.....Anna Keck

EXECUTIVE STAFF FOR THE JUNIOR CLASS

Nellie Charlotte Burke

Lillian R. Hartigan

Leah King

Musical Director, Evelyn Oelkers

"Auf Wiedersehen"

'13

From the state of Michigan the Freshman class has a representative in Mr. Charles E. Thurlow. He is a native of Battle Creek—the "Land of the Free and the home of the Toasted Corn Flakes." Mr. Thurlow was for some time connected with the Old National Bank of that place.

Mr. Ethan Allen Sniveley comes from Canton, Illinois. He is a graduate of the Canton High School and has attended Lake Forest University, in which institution he was a member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

From Port Jervis, New York, we have Mr. Wilton Bennett, Jr. He has shown some ability in his native haunts along oratoric lines. He is a Port Jervis High School graduate.

Miss Jean M. Matheson comes from Plainfield, Pictou County, Nova Scotia.

Miss Nema Partridge of Afton, New York, took a prize from a boys' fraternity, called in its abbreviated form the G. C. A. C. O. F. N.

Miss Bertha F. M. Gorman comes from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia.

Miss Hazel Pike Hammond hails from Dover, New Hampshire.

Miss Bernice Mildred Durgin comes from Strafford, New Hampshire, and is a graduate of the Austin Cate Academy of Strafford.

Miss Clara B. Gunderson of Huron, South Dakota, took up oratorical work at Huron College.

SORORITIES.**ZETA PHI ETA**

We take pleasure in welcoming as a member Miss Anna Keck of Johnstown, New York.

Mrs. E. W. Gamsley entertained the Zetas at tea on Sunday, February the nineteenth.

Miss Mary Hare of Albany, N. Y., was the guest of the Misses Neahr and Smiley for a week end at the Chapter House.

Miss Ruth Barnum read "Christmas Day in the Morning," and Miss Sheila McLane played several piano solos at an entertainment given at the Seaman's Friend Society on the afternoon of February twentieth.

Miss Edna Spear read before the Nurses Alumni Association at Flemming Hall, Somerville, Mass., recently.

The Zetas who spent vacation at home are: Misses Barnum, Smiley, McLane, Symonds, Keck and Colby.

Miss Marie Neahr spent a part of the vacation in New York city.

Miss Faye Smiley was the guest of honor at a tea given on the afternoon of February nineteenth at Hollis Hall, Harvard.

Miss Florence Hinckley gave several readings at a banquet in Everett on February 22nd.

Miss Faye Smiley has an engagement to read at a concert given in Albany on March 10th.

The Zetas celebrated Washington's Birthday with a party at the Chapter House. Cards were played and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

PHI MU GAMMA

Phi Mu Gamma wishes to thank the student body for their loyal support in the recent production of "The Bachelor's Romance," presented at Jordan Hall on the evening of February twenty-seventh.

The Sorority was entertained at a valentine party at Coolidge Corner, the evening of the fourteenth.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Albertson of Bridgeton, New Jersey,

spent a few days with their daughter, Marguerite Albertson, at the Chapter House.

Mr. A. A. Loveland, Mr. Frank Loveland, and Mr. E. M. Bailey of Hartford, Connecticut, came to Boston to see the performance of "The Bachelor's Romance."

Mr. Howard Boyd of Chelsea, Michigan, was the guest of Meda Bushnell for the Inter-Sorority dance. Mr. Sidney Wight of Cornell was the guest of Miss Lyon.

Miss Maude Fiske of New Hampshire, Mrs. Elence Pierce of West Medford, and Miss Jessie Aequilla of Cambridge, alumnae of Phi Mu Gamma, were present at the play.

Miss Bertha Wiley read before a woman's club at Jamaica Plain. Miss Eva Churchill read "The Blue Bird" very successfully. Miss Janet Chesney will read at the same club during vacation.

Mrs. Hammond of Dover, New Hampshire, has come to Boston to spend the remainder of the year with her daughter, Hazel Hammond.

Miss Loveland, accompanied by Miss Bushnell, spent the Spring holidays at her home in Hartford, Connecticut. Miss Lyon and Miss West spent their vacation at their homes.

Miss Frances Riorden spent the vacation with relatives at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa was delighted to welcome back for a short visit Miss Estelle Van Horn of Peoria, Illinois, who was graduated from Emerson in 1907, and Miss Ruth Adams of Hartford, Connecticut, of the class of 1910. Miss Van Horn is at the head of the department of Elocution in the Peoria Conservatory of Music.

Miss Pocahontas Staufft has been given charge of the Physical work in the public schools of Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

On February 13, we gave our annual Valentine party and enjoyed a jolly evening with original valentines, lots of good things to eat, and an open fire.

Miss Alla Martin delightfully entertained us in her suite

at Hemenway Chambers, on March first, at a birthday party. We were guests of Miss Gertrude Comley on February 22, when she, too, celebrated her birthday.

Mrs. William Howland Kenney has been a recent guest at the Chapter House.

The girls who spent the Spring vacation at their homes are: Misses Edith Newton, Gladys Brightman, Ruth Roane, and Alice Davidson.

A number of the members of the Kappa Gamma Chi Club of Harvard were entertained at one of our recent Sunday afternoon teas.

You become great only through suffering. If all is going well with you, you are likely to become self-indulgent and lazy. Nothing worth while is ever accomplished without infinite labor and work.—E. Charlton Black.

Any great artist has his own technique, but it has to stand aside for the soul of the orator.—Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

Teachers are the most consecrated lot of people on the globe.—Foss Lamprell Whitney.

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX

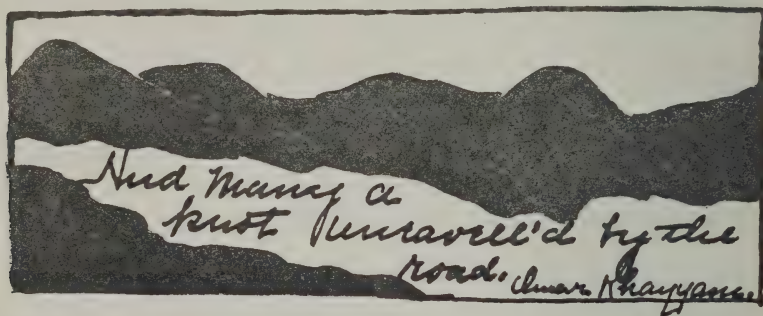
MARCH, 1911.

NO. 5

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THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Mgr. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.



"Pansies
and
Rosemary"

In this issue of the Emerson Magazine Mr. Eben E. Rexford has kindly permitted us to print selections from his late book of poems, "Pansies and Rosemary," in which our readers will find much available material for platform use.

Mr. Rexford is the author of "Indoor Gardening," "Four Seasons in the Garden," and "The Home Garden."

The Noblest
Criticism

I criticise by creation, not by finding fault.—
Michelangelo.

We American students are so prone to criticise everything with which we come in contact that it seems we sometimes forget just how dangerous the negative phase of this habit may become. In the life of a reader, especially, does destructive criticism often prove fatal. Ought we not the more, then, to realize to the utmost our responsibility as an audience, and silently point the way, as did

Michelangelo, by improving that which we are tempted to criticise?

We have so many times noted the tactful method which Emerson teachers take to comment on the work of a student. The good points of the work are always commented on first, after which constructive criticism is given. However, back of teacher and pupil, is the class, and it is amazing how the attitude of that class effects the pupil on the floor. In its hands rests often the success or failure of that pupil. A negatively critical, non-receptive mind can be immediately felt by the one at work. Whereas that kindliness of heart and receptivity of mind can accomplish wonders for a pupil struggling through a difficult interpretation. "I criticise by creation." Remember Michelangelo's words!

Among the Magazines There are two magazines which ought to be on the reading table of every student interested in literature. The first is *The Dial*, a semi-monthly journal of literary criticism, discussion and information, edited by Francis F. Browne and published at the Fine Arts Building, 203 Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

The other magazine, *The Writer*, a monthly magazine for literary workers, edited by William H. Hills and published by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad Street, Boston.

Suggestions A few books from which excellent cuttings might be made for platform use have come to our attention. Here is the list: *Ann of Green Gables* by L. M. Montgomery; *The Spinner in the Sun* by Myrtle Reed; *Old Rose and Silver* by Myrtle Reed; *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* by Frank R. Stockton; *Little Aliens* by Myra Kelly; *Cape Cod Folks* by Sally Pratt McLean; *Lincoln's First Love* by Carrie Douglas Wright; *The Real Thing* by John Kendrick Bangs; *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* by Jerome K. Jerome; *The White Sister* by F. Marion Crawford; and "Short Sixes" by Henry Cayler Bunner.

Much from the following authors is available for platform use: F. Hopkinson Smith, Ellis Parker Butler, Stephen Phillips, Mary Stewart Cutting, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Gilbert Parker, Mary E. Wilkins, and Richard Harding Davis.

In Harper's Magazine of December, 1907, is *The Toy Shop* by Margaret Spalding Terry. From this a cutting might be made. Two stories in the August Munsey, 1909, might be dealt with in the same way. The subjects are *The Fall of Sadri-Azem* by Edward Peple (author of "Prince Chap") and *Wrecked on an Asparagus Reef* by S. E. Kiser.

The lists given above are in nearly every case selected with reference to a so-called popular program.

AT THE ROAD'S END.¹

A long road, a white road that winds across the hill
Away towards the sunset whose fires are burning still:
A road that most men know not, and that few feet may tread,
But it ends beside homes' hearthstone, a little way ahead.

A long road, a lone road, but never lonesome yet
Since there's home to which it leads me and Love cannot
forget

The dear ones, the true ones who watch the hillside way
With a kiss to give me welcome at the ending of the day.

O old road, O dear road, it sometimes seems to me
That life leads home to Heaven as you lead across the lea.
A little time of absence from the dear ones and the friend
And then the kiss of welcome, and the handclasp at the end!

—Eben E. Rexford.

From "Pansies and Rosemary."
By permission of the author.



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK



THE PRELUDE.*

Such wonderful, strange music as I have heard to-night!
 I sat apart in shadow while hill and vale were white
 With the weird, mysterious beauty of moonlight, and I dreamed
 Of things no lips can utter; and suddenly it seemed
 Some Spirit of the Twilight was conscious of my mood,
 And voiced in wordless music the thoughts half understood.

It sang of fame and glory. It seemed on some high peak
 To hear the scream of eagles above the tempests shriek,
 And pines, like friars chanting a mass upon the hill,
 Paused in their misereres and were one moment still,
 Then, o'er the sea's sad moaning and through the thunder's roll,
 I heard them wailing, praying, as for a passing soul.

It sang of Love. A skylark soared upward from its nest
 To sing at Heaven's gateway its roundelay of rest.
 A late bee, homeward-faring from some delightful trip,
 Dropped down among the grasses to kiss a violet's lip;
 Still, through the hush of twilight, upon the hill's dark crest
 I heard the pines complaining, sad with a soul's unrest.

It sang of Peace. The night-winds took up the sweet refrain,
 And the blending of their voices was like softly-falling rain.
 Then I heard that sound far grander than other sounds can be—
 The deep and mighty music of the organ of the sea.
 It seemed God's hands at twilight upon its keys were pressed,
 And I,—I heard Him playing His symphony of rest.

O soul-entrancing music! It died away at last,
 But the spell of it was on me long after it had passed.
 The Earth, like child a-weary, soothed by its mother's song,
 Slept peacefully, forgetting life's want, and woe, and wrong.
 It was God's benediction in language that must be
 The mother-tongue of Heaven that wrought the spell on me.

Oh, the grand, unearthly music that the twilight brought to me—
Like a great voice singing earthward out of Infinity!
I feel my soul uplifted as if by unseen hands
Above the mists and shadows that vex the lower lands,
And with a clearer vision the Hills of God I see
Since I heard Him play the Prelude of the rest that is to be.

—Eben E. Rexford.

By permission of the author.

THE VOICE AS A BUSINESS ASSET.

I come in contact in my work with teachers, public speakers and business men and women, in increasing numbers. I see their vocal difficulties but, more particularly, I hear what they have to say concerning the voice. They have come to me to have their voices trained, and they have given thought to the matter. Their opinion of the voice as a business consideration has weight.

I am reminded here of what a business man of this city said to me at one time on this matter:

"Why should girl after girl come to my office from high school or business college, and young men by the score on one errand or another, and not one out of a hundred possess a well-handled voice? Piping, squealing, rasping, squeezed, choked—everything and anything except round, smooth and unforced. Here these young folks come into life, with the one greatest medium of expression, the voice, utterly untrained. Let's lay aside any consideration except that of cold-blooded "business." If it is desirable to write a good letter, have a wide choice of words, and a concise way of putting things, why isn't it just as desirable to have a voice that carries well, commands attention, and does not attract to itself rather than the matter being expressed?

"They say of a soldier "courage comes with a good aim." Why should not scores of timid young folks who seek office "jobs" be a hundred-fold better equipped to show what sort of stuff they are made of, if they knew how to talk in a clear, "business-like" voice! I hear business men, unceasingly, object to the curious, unpleasant, wearisome voices of the

boys and girls, young men and young women, who seek employment. It will not be many years before they will refuse to consider such for places. I refuse now, and I heartily wish the public schools, business schools and parents would see to it that a capable teacher of the voice has a place in the training of their children."

To paraphrase a familiar Scripture passage, why should the nerves say to the voice: "I have no need of thee." The reaction of one's own voice upon one's own nerves is as inevitable as the reaction of any other sound upon the nerves of those who hear it. Melody produces a pleasant impression, leaves the body and mind soothed and ready to think rationally and calmly, while the effect of discord is directly opposite. The boy or girl, man or woman, who screeches because he is irritated simply increases the irritation in himself. The effort to control any bodily function, to keep it within normal bounds, gives a sense of reserve power, and as surely strengthens the mind and the nerves as proper exercise strengthens the muscles. A child that is allowed to squeal each time it is annoyed or crossed is almost sure to develop an abnormal nervous condition, which may, and often does, utterly wreck its life. The mere effort to master that tendency to shriek has a tremendous upbuilding power.

So much for the effect upon one's self. The effect upon others may be as marked. A teacher whose voice is harsh and unsympathetic may easily take all of the love for study out of the brightest pupil in her class and substitute a shrinking dread. I have seen whole classes, of quite little children at that, show upon their faces the effect of the nervous strain which they had been under during a few school hours, due to the harsh, repellant tones in the voice of the teacher, who was nevertheless faithful and otherwise efficient.

I say "otherwise" efficient. But the fact that she was not efficient in this most important matter renders her whole work well nigh a failure.

What is true of the teacher is true of the minister or the public speaker. It is so with the business man or woman,

and the boy and girl who finds a place in their business affairs. The life of business is more and more exacting, high-strung and strenuous. The brain must think rapidly, accurately and with as few obstacles as possible. The need for making the surroundings contribute to this result is already evident. We have better lighted stores, shops and offices, and an endeavor to make them quiet in operation and restfully harmonious in color. By their very equipment the idea expressed in the term "well-oiled" is being carried out.

Why should not normal schools which prepare teachers for their most important work; theological schools which aim to teach their students how to express the tremendous truths and problems of life; business colleges which are training thousands of our young people for the rush and strain of business life; and our great public schools which are striving to fit our children to go out into the world and make the most of themselves, why should not all these give attention to the voice, which is "the one greatest medium of expression."

It can be demonstrated medically and surgically, even with the microscope, upon shattered nerve fibre, that noises do actually tear down the physical structure. It can be demonstrated in a thousand ways that harmonies lay hold upon the being in a most marvelously upbuilding manner.

With the delicate, yet powerful, mechanism of the voice so fully understood to-day and with the results of ill-trained voices so apparent, I trust that the time is not far distant when the much needed attention will be given to this great medium whereby we convey to others the thought which is ours, and which may have so tremendous a helping power upon their lives.

ADDIE CHASE SMITH, '89.

ON THE ROAD TO DREAMTOWN.

Eben E. Rexford.

Come here, my sleepy darling, and climb upon my knee,
And lo! all in a moment a trusty steed 'twill be
To bear you to that country where troubles are forgot,
And we'll set off for Dreamtown,—

Trot,

Trot,

Trot!

O listen! Bells of Dreamland are ringing soft and low,—
What a pleasant, pleasant country it is through which we go!—
And little, nodding travellers are seen in every spot,
All riding off to Dreamtown,—

Trot,

Trot,

Trot!

The lights begin to twinkle above us in the sky,
The star-lamps that the angels are hanging out on high,
To guide the drowsy travellers across the boggy-lot
As they ride off to Dreamtown,—

Trot,

Trot,

Trot!

Snug in a wild-rose cradle the warm wind rocks the bee;
The little birds are sleeping in every bush and tree.
I wonder what they dream of? They dream and answer not,
As we ride by to Dreamtown,—

Trot,

Trot,

Trot!

Our journey's almost over. The sleepy town's in sight
Wherein my drowsy darling must tarry over night.
How still it is, how peaceful, in this delightful spot,
As we ride into Dreamtown,—

Trot,

Trot,

Trot!

From "Pansies and Rosemary" by Eben E. Rexford.
J. B. Lippincott Company, Pub.
Philadelphia and London.

By permission of the Author.

THE LOQUACIOUS MRS. LIPP.

Good morning! Uh-huh. I'm Mrs. Lipp—Mrs. Levi J., to be more *il-licit*. Spelt with two p's. Odd name, isn't it? Our family on both sides are of *old* colonial stock. My husband's people came over on the June-bug. The June-Bug; What am I talking about?—I should have said the May-Flower. Funny I should call it that. I s'pose it's because I've been burning bugs from my rose bushes all mornin'. They were all Puritans—not the bugs, my husband's folks—and one of them, I think his name was Munyon, wrote that book called the Pilgrims Progress. One of my great, *great*-grandfathers raised the goose, from which the quill was pulled, that signed the Declaration of Independence, and another threshed the oats that fed the horse that Paul Revere road on from Concord to—I never can think of that place—it's somewhere out Somerville way, Oh, yes, Bunker Hill.

That *one* incident was the cause of making me recording secretary of the D. A. R. for *two* consecutive seasons. I never shall forget the night of the installation of officers. Every-one was called on to do something, so I recited. Gave "Sheridan's Ride," I did it as a kind of a musical recitation, that is I had Mrs. Quimby, the butcher's wife, play a voluntary on the melodeon. Everyone said it was *perfectly* thrilling, especially when she imitated the horses hoof-beats. We found out afterwards she did it by rapping two cocoanut shells together, strapped to her feet. You know she never told me a thing about it, and I was so startled when I first heard it I thought there was a runaway and stopped stone still, expecting every minute to see the horse come dashing through the hall. It unnerved me so I had to be prompted, but when I finally finished and sat down goodness me, there was a perfect *whirl-wind* of applause, and then what do you think,—if that Mrs. Quimby didn't have the nerve to come right out on the platform and bow. Did you ever hear of such a thing, and me the *prima-facie* of the whole *proceeding*. Well, what could you expect from a woman who would marry a butcher. * * * You're a book-agent. Oh, don't apologize! I could tell you was one the minute I saw you

coming up the walk. They all have the same expression about the eyes, sort of a hunted look, as if they was trying to hide some crime. I suppose your sample copy is concealed in one of them secret-pockets all Book-agents wear. * * * It gives them a chance to sneak upon you before you realize who or what they be. I got fooled that way once, so now when one calls, I don't let 'em in, but make them do their talking through the screen door. One has to be prepared for all sorts of *impositions* these days. Why, only this Spring I ordered some assorted flower-seeds from a concern in Providence, lilys-of-the-valley, darnations and a lot more that looked *perfectly* beautiful in the catalogue. Well, I planted 'em and when they came up what do you think they were? Carrots, cabbages and beets! I wrote and told them if I'd wanted a *boiled dinner*, I'd gone to a restaurant for it. In the next mail, they sent me an envelope full of catnip. I call such things downright insulting. Excuse me, but isn't that Lizzie Hunt, nee Tupper *as was*, going into the drug store? Oh, you wouldn't know, of course, you being a transom in the town. She married an Argonaut, man that goes up in a balloon and comes down in a parasite, sort of an umbrella contrivance. They called him "Prof-fessor Tupper, the Human Bat," on the hand-bills. She met him on the Fair Grounds at the Cattle Show Tuesday, they were married Wednesday, and Thursday she was a widow, or might as well be, as the Prof-fessor made an ascension that afternoon and the last she saw of him he was going over the cheese-factory bound in a northerly direction. She never so much as received a postal from him since. Must be an awful strain, not knowing any minute when he is liable to *drop in* on her. * * * I s'pose your a widow. I never saw a book-agent that was'nt, and they've *always* seen better days. Of course you was reared in the lap of luxury and had your own horse and carriage and servants at your command. That's what they *all* say. You don't seem *quite* so brazen as some of them. That will come in time, I suppose. I thought some of taking it up myself, after my first husband passed on, but I concluded I wasn't enough of a talker. Levi—Mr. Lipp;

my present husband, as is, was a solicitor when I met him. He was canvassing for the Rutland Granite Works, selling tomb-stones. He had to resign, the business was so *dreadful* depressing. It prayed on him so he signed one of his letters to me "Sacred to the memory of yours truly, Levi J. Lipp." That settled the business as far as I was concerned. It's bad enough to know you've got to die sometime, without having it thrown in your face every minute. * * * * *

I don't want to seem inquisitive, but is that your natural color or some lotion you use? I see it doesn't come and go, so I thought it might be one of them *new* preparations. * * * *

You must get terribly discouraged if people don't treat you cordial. That's one thing I *will* do, is to listen to what people have to say, even though I'm bored to death and may not like their looks. Appearances are so deceitful and oftentimes a sad exterior may hide a laughing heart and vice-versus. I always let them go on and say their say, then when they're all through, I dismiss them with a firm, but gentle "No." It's so much more genteel than setting the dog on them, the way Mis' Hoadley did. Hello! There's a hand-organ! First one I've heard this Spring. About a year ago an Italian came up to the verandah with one and a monkey dressed up fit to kill. Had on a little red suit and a feather stuck in its cap. It did look so cute. Well, Evaline, our cat, was asleep in the corner, when all of a sudden, without any warning, right alongside of her this hand-organ started and at the same time the monkey appeared over the rail. Well, Evaline being roused out of a sound sleep naturally was startled and she gave one jump, landed on the monkey's back, and *the* excitement began. I never shall forget it till my dying day. They rolled over and over on the verandah, broke my best jardineery and for five minutes you couldn't tell which was Evaline and which the monkey. It was just one mass of red suit, cat fur and crazy Italian. First one was on top, then 'tother. Evaline scratched and yowled; the monkey squealed, fit, chewed and jabbered, and the Italian swore like a Chinese pirate. The string holding the monkey got tangled around the Italian's legs and he tripped and fell

over into my best rose-bush, with the hand-organ on top of him. Finally as a last resort we turned the hose on the monkey and Evaline to get them apart, and I thought, my soul, the monkey would be drowned before we could make him let go of Evaline's tail. She finally got loose and ran up into a tree and it was two days before we could coax her to come down. It set me into a nervous headache that I didn't get over till Christmas, and since then every time Evaline hears a hand-organ she runs and hides.

Well, I s'pose now we've had a book-agent and an organ grinder strike town, next will be an umbrella mender or a band of gypsies. You know it never rains but it pours. What is the title of your work? I suppose it's either a "Compendium of Useful Information," "Side-Lights on the Civil War" or "Hints to Young Mothers," and is in three different bindings—cloth, calf, or de-luxury. I suppose yours is a dollar down and the balance in monthly installments. I bought the "Life of Admiral Dewey" that way, and I thought, my soul, I never would live long enough to see the last payment. If you want to know how Methusalah felt, buy a book on the installment plan. What's that? You're *not* a book agent. Well, for lands sake, who be you, then? The new minister's wife! Well, I shall give up. I surely am delighted to meet you. And to think of my taking you for one of them book-agents and wasting all this time when we might have been talking. Walk right into the sitting-room and take the Horace chair, and be careful and not trip over Evaline.

CHARLES T. GRILLEY, '93.

A DREAM OF BRIGHT MEADOWS.

(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.)

For all the weary winter—the hills so white with snow,
We'll reach the summer meadows, where the daisies love to grow;
The whisperin' of the lilies where streams in music flow,
An' the skies lean down to tell the world "Good mornin'!"

For all the land so lonesome, the wailin' wind an' sleet,
We'll greet the gracious gardens where Love's rosy memories meet,
An' Love shall time our footsteps, while our souls are singin' sweet,
Where skies lean down to tell the world "Good mornin'!"

ALUMNI NOTES.

'95. Mrs. Frank Lincoln Howes (Corinne Underhill) of 26 Still street,

Brookline, opened her house on Thursday afternoon for a subscription reading of Rostand's "Chantecler" by members of the Shakespeare class of the Thursday morning Fortnightly Club of Dorchester, which was given for the benefit of Franklin Square House. Mrs. Adelaide Ford Hibbard appeared in the title role, and others in the cast were Elsie Adams Woelber, Mary E. Whiting, Florence A. MacAuliffe, Lillian V. MacDonald, Alice Taylor Jacobs, Sarah Shurtleff, Helen W. Hale, Alice Sawyer Totman, Cora Livermore West, Bertha S. Davis, Marguerite R. Scales, Helen I. Allen and Georgia P. Bates. Mrs. Alice P. Bates, president of the club, gave explanatory notes and there was violin music by Miss Ruth Stickney, with Mrs. Cora Gooch Brooks at the piano. The affair was given in the spacious drawing room, which was filled with 200 or more guests from Boston and other places, the stage being set in the billiard room, which leads out of the former apartment. Those who witnessed the performance were enthusiastic in their praise of its excellence and the occasion was one of the most notable private entertainments given in Brookline this season. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. After the performance refreshments were served in the dining room, which opens on to the conservatory. The ladies who poured were Mrs. W. H. Riddle of Brookline, Mrs. Henry Z. Cobb of Winchester, Mrs. James M. Geough of Brookline, and Mrs. Lloyd Green of Longwood, who were assisted by Dr. Eliza Taylor Ransom, Mrs. Mary Ramsey Weiss, Mrs. Arthur W. Spencer, and Mrs. O. L. Ames of Boston. Among the guests were Mrs. Wanton Vaughn of Chestnut Hill, Mrs. Edward Pierce of Brookline, Mrs. George Holland Richmond, Mrs. Brown of Malden, Mrs. John Carey, Mrs. Joseph Remick of Winchester, Mrs. John Gould, Mrs. F. Benjamin Thayer, Mrs. John Alden, Mrs. Cheseboro of Providence, Mrs. Friend and Mrs. Watters of Winchester, Mrs. Lenox of Lynn, Mrs. George Richardson, Mrs. James Butney and Mrs. Edwin Holmes of Malden, Mrs. Harry Barrett, Mrs. Reginald De Haven, Mrs. Harry Von Schuyler and Mrs. Lenox Van Renssalaer, the three latter of New York, Mrs. George Potter, Mrs. Elmer Foye of Brookline, and Mrs. W. Flood, also of Brookline.—The Boston Globe.

'08. Agnes G. Smith, teacher of Expression at the State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia, and Margaret Haliburton, the Primary Supervisor of the same school, have written a text-book entitled "Teaching Poetry in the Grades." This book will be published in a few months by Houghton, Mifflin Company as a double number in the Riverside Educational Monographs. The book should prove valuable to all teachers of Reading and Methods in Reading.

'03. A crowd which completely filled the house, was at the Grand

Theatre last evening to hear Miss Maude Hayes of the Moorhead Normal School give a reading of Frances Hodgson Burnett's little drama, "The Dawn of To-morrow." The audience was one which responded most enthusiastically and an intense interest was shown in the manner in which the entire house greeted her presentation of the production. The play, with its high toned moral, was one which touched the heart strings, and the lesson given was one that was worth the time and attention of any thinking person. Miss Hayes received many congratulations for her excellent work.—Fargo Forum, Fargo, N. D.

'09. Miss Henrietta McDaniel has been scoring a success in the part of Peter in "The End of the Bridge," the prize play produced by Mr. Craig at the Castle Square Theater. Miss McDaniel responds to many curtain calls at each performance.

'98. A comparatively large audience assembled Saturday evening at

University Chapel to witness the splendid exhibition of the Woman's Physical Culture Training Department, as conducted by Mrs. Martha Hudson White. . . . The dumb bell drill participated in by twenty young women in Greek costume showed what exquisite grace and freedom of movement can be gained by such exercise, which if persisted in insures also a perfect physical development. Following the drill were three numbers known as the Gymnastic Dances, (a) Gavotte; (b) Dutchess Dame, and (c) Heel and Toe Polka Drill, beautifully led by Mrs. White herself. These dances are at present the rage in Germany, and are just being introduced in this country—a fact which stamps Mrs. White as being up-to-date in matters relating to her department. . . . The fencing bout delighted the onlookers. . . . The entertainment was a remarkably fine exhibition of the beauties and possibilities of physical culture, and Mrs. White deserves a large amount of praise for the excellence in training reached by her pupils. —The Fayetteville Daily, Fayetteville, Washington County, Arkansas, Monday, February 6, 1911.

'09. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. MacIntyre have again received glowing accounts of their daughter's vocal success in Berlin, Germany. During Christmas holidays, this little artist sang at two very fashionable afternoons, nobility alone comprising her audience at one of these most brilliant affairs. So thoroughly did she charm her hearers that many cordial invitations as a guest were accorded her. On January 8th, Miss MacIntyre again sang before an immense gathering in the Philharmonic Hall, where critics and audience alike signified their unqualified approval by an enthusiastic reception of her.—From The Daily Planet, Chatham, Ont.

'96. Says the Minneapolis Journal: Charles M. Holt's happy selection of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells" for the annual production of 1911 by the Dramatic Club of the University of Minnesota resulted, at the Shubert Theatre last evening, in an amateur performance of unusual atmospheric quality and histrionic effectiveness. The ordinary amateur performance is little more than an occasion at which a lot of people you know dress up and play at acting. Last evening there were many moments, and not infrequent sustained passages, during which the presentation of this beautiful comedy actually transported its auditors from Minneapolis in 1911 to London in the early sixties.

THE PROBLEMS OF COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

In an interview which appeared in the Sunday Journal of February 5th, Professor Charles M. Holt who is dramatic director of the Masquer's, spoke concerning the value of dramatic performances to college students. What Mr. Holt has to say is so true and so much to the point that we quote in full.

"First, the play must be selected," says Mr. Holt, "and as a university is supposed to stand for the best in drama as well as other fields of culture, all cheap plays are barred. The play should have literary value as well as good acting possibilities. Then it should be a play that has not been recently given locally by professionals, and if possible, it should represent some phase in the development of the drama, as 'Trelawney of the Wells' pictures the stage in the sixties. Finally the play should suit the peculiar abilities of the actors in the club. Now, if anyone thinks the above requirements easy, let him try selecting a play once.

"After the play is selected the next step is to cast it. A committee of members of the university faculty, and the dramatic director of the club hear the young Thespian read two or three passages from the role he wants to act. Fitness of personal characteristics and looks for the particular role, a good voice and a free, easy bearing on the stage count most in the final choice. Sometimes the play is cast in a few days and sometimes it takes two or three weeks. Sometimes even the obliging dramatic critics of the local press are asked in to help decide among a half-score of aspirants for the leading role.

"The cast once chosen, they settle down to two or three rehearsals a week for from six to ten weeks. Fun at rehearsals? Well, yes, sometimes, if it is fun to go over part of an act eight or ten and sometimes twenty times in succession, until it moves like clock work, always trying to remember some new bit of 'business,' and never speaking above a whisper out of character for a period of two hours.

"After the characters have been developed, the 'business' learned, the situations worked up by acts, the whole play must be gone over many times for smoothness and progression and finally several rehearsals at the theatre to get familiar with the scenery and 'properties' and the play is ready.

"And all this work for one or two performances," someone remarks. "Yes, but in my opinion," answers Mr. Holt, "the training in memory, precision, promptness, self-control and more than all these, the spirit of mutual helpfulness necessary for a successful performance, is well worth all the time spent."—The University of Minnesota Alumni Weekly.

DR. BURTON CRITICISES "TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS."

Head of the English Department Compliments Masquers on Their
Production of Pinero's Play.

The justification of college dramatics is a double one. They can be made a valuable part of English culture; and can enable college and town audiences to see plays of worth and significance not likely otherwise to be seen. Our representative college clubs are therefore taking this work seriously and doing some really fine service in this way.

The performance of Pinero's masterpiece, "Trelawney of the Wells" at the Shubert Theatre, is a case in point. Here is one of the best modern plays, not seen in Minneapolis, I believe, within the last decade; and under the capable direction of Mr. Holt, a band of intelligent and earnest amateurs rendered the drama in a fashion to give pleasure to a large audience and leave with it a clear idea of the quality and meaning of the piece. I call this a genuine cultural service and hope "The Masquers" will always try to realize their

opportunity, their duty; indeed, such has been prevailingly their record.

I would emphasize the ensemble effect of the performance. There were, of course, relative excellencies; but by adequate stage setting, picturesqueness of costumes and a sincere and sympathetic interpretation of the spirit of the piece, on the player's part, an effect of atmosphere was obtained which bred illusion for the audience; one did not feel merely that there was a group of our friends play-acting and more or less disguised,—the usual mood in which one witnesses amateur dramatics.

To touch a little upon particulars:—

But I wish to return to the first thought; here was a worthy play adequately rendered and calculated to give both pleasure and profit to any audience, without any necessity of apology by the Club, or concession by the public. Such evenings justify college dramatics,—and no other kind does.

RICHARD BURTON.

'09. We note the following item from Granville Center:—

Miss Anna Mann, a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, teacher of the Center School, gave a very entertaining recital in the Congregational Church, Friday evening. She gave five recitations, which were well received. The rendering of "If I Were King" merited special mention.

'98. Miss Elizabeth Barnes, Director of the Expression department at the Frances Shimer School, Mount Carroll, Illinois, is at present preparing her pupils for a public recital, and coaching three plays, as well.

'10. Miss Grace M. Weir, whose home is in West Pittston, Pa., is at present filling the position of instructor in elocution and gymnastics at the Northland College, Ashland, Wisconsin. Recently she assisted in a recital in the Ashland Presbyterian church, and the local newspaper gave her the following complimentary notice:

"Every number of the programme of last evening was well chosen, and was given with a grace and feeling which showed a keen understanding and appreciation of the finer side of dramatic interpretation. There was a pleasing variety in the selection of subjects, which showed

Miss Weir's thorough understanding of her ability, as well as a careful knowledge of what an audience expects in a recital of that nature. Her easy transition from the depth of Oliver Schreiner's "The Lost Joy" to the character of the gossiping 'Old Maid' in James Foley's 'His New Wife;' and her splendid interpretation of the intensely dramatic 'Potion Scene' from 'Romeo and Juliet,' show the unusual versatility and breadth of her talent. Every number was greatly appreciated by the audience and Miss Weir responded to several encores. The two strongest numbers were 'King Robert of Sicily,' Longfellow, given with piano accompaniment, and the two scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet,' Shakespeare.

'08. The University of New Mexico Weekly of Feb. 4th contains some splendid notes on the work of Miss May Ross, Head of the Department of Expression. At the first faculty lecture Miss Ross read "The White Blot" by Henry Van Dyke, while at a Monday's Assembly, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Miss Civilization" were given.

'92. Says the Boston Times of Feb. 18, of Ada Coates Phillips:

The very attractive picture which appears on the front cover page of to-day's issue of The Times is that of Ada Phillips, who is to-day not only one of the most attractive, but one of the most popular entertainers now before the public. Her repertory includes "Monologue Stories and Plays," and in whatever she undertakes she is invariably successful. She certainly is a genius, and is greatly appreciated by all who know her. She has had experience and knows how to entertain, and as a result she occupies an enviable position among the readers of the country. She has already won many honors, and her triumphs are sure to multiply. A great many of her engagements have been with women's clubs, and so delighted have they been with her work that her services have been engaged for two and sometimes three return engagements during the same season. Last season she filled a great many engagements, but this year she will doubtless double the number of her appearances. She gives Shakespeare plays and has a large repertoire of miscellaneous selections. In dramatic dialect of humorous selections she is equally successful. With a most fascinating stage presence, a face full of expression, a voice of phenomenal richness, and a mind of great capability, the future seems to beckon her with certain assurances of success.

Emerson College is
after an endowment
of \$150,000. It de-
serves it. Its useful-
ness is unquestioned.

From the Journal of Education, Feb. 9, 1911.

Unless your learning is making you more useful and an
addition to society, you might better not have it.

E. CHARLTON BLACK.

We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives who thinks the most, feels the
Noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey.

Embryo.

J



UST as of old! The world rolls on and on;
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold,—
Just as of old!

Time loiters not. The river ever flows,
Its brink or white with blossoms or with snows;
Its tide or warm with Spring or Winter cold;
Just as of old.

Lo! where is the beginning, where the end
Of living, loving, longing? Listen, friend—
God answers with a silence of pure gold—
Just as of old.

By permission of the Author.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

The Morning Summons.

W

HEN the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the spring-time all the ample heaven
fills;



When the shy things in the wood-haunts, and the hardy
on the plains,
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through winter-
sluggish veins:

When the summons of the morning like a bugle moves
the blood,
Then the soul of man grows larger like a flower from
the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cordial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward! calls the laggards into
line.

There is glamor of the moonlight when the stars rain
peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing to
know;
While the night is hushed and holden and transpierced
by dreamy song,
Lo! the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture of the
strong.

By permission of the Author.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Pub., Boston.

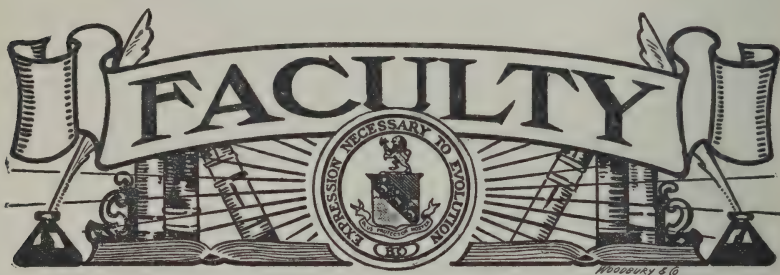
RICHARD BURTON,
in "Message and Melody."

Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XIX.

APRIL, 1911.

No. 6.



HINTS ON AMATEUR STAGE WORK.

Maud Gatchell Hicks.

There is perhaps no form of entertainment that is more often attempted than the presentation by amateurs, of some classical or modern play, and none that gives more pleasure to both participant and listener. It is doubtful whether there is any form of training that can do more, in the same length of time toward overcoming self-consciousness in the student of dramatic art. The effort to reveal an identity other than one's self, to assume "phases of character" and "states of emotion" foreign to one's self, tends to put the uncomfortable self into the background and to bring the comfortable self into the foreground.

It is the aim of this article to offer some suggestive hints that may prove helpful in the process of preparation that should precede the presentation of a dramatic work.

"The play's the thing."—A word of caution, then, may well be given at the outset—One should not let his "ambition o'er-leap itself" in the selection of a play. This word in no sense excludes the plays of Shakespeare or the old comedies, but rather points to them. Such plays do not depend for their successful presentation upon scenic display or elaborateness

of detail. It is against the play which depends upon theatrical facilities, so difficult for amateurs to obtain, that this caution is directed. True it does not require much skill to work out the little tricks that are used in creating effects, such as hoof-beats, the rumble of carriage wheels, the patter of rain, the slam of a door, thunder and lightening, or the swash of waves; but "this overdone or come tardy off," as is frequently the case, reveals the unskillful and makes "the judicious grieve." The eye demands that the illusion of reality shall be sustained in the picture upon which it looks, and much that is ridiculous may be avoided if, in the choice of a play, care is taken to have simplicity in mounting and in mechanical effects.

It is wise, generally, to choose such plays as the stock companies present; plays with evenly balanced parts. In these the difficulties, that so frequently arise from petty jealousies over prominent parts which can be given to but one or two persons, will be avoided.

It is of great importance that material should be chosen upon which it will be worth while to spend much time, particularly if the presentation is to be representative of the work of a department in an academy or college, or is to stand for the ambition and achievement of a club. Knotty (and naughty) problem plays should be shunned. No attempt should be made to solve them. "Leave them to heaven and to those thorns that in their bosom lodge to prick and sting" them. The theme should combine popular appeal with bright comedy and the pictorially human.

After the momentous question of choosing the play has been settled, comes the casting of the parts. This is a critical time for the coach,—critical in more than one sense of the word, especially if he does the assigning.

In selecting the players, three points must be taken into consideration:—temperament, appearance and voice. Appearance in amateur work, and for that matter in much professional work of today, though it obviously limits the development of versatility, is not the least important of the three. It is well worth considering that the leading woman should be

taller and have a more dignified presence than the soubrette or ingenue. Also that the leading man should be taller than the leading woman. It is of course quite possible that a short man fall in love with a tall woman; these things do occur in life, and the appeal to the eye should by no means over-balance the desire to secure the ablest possible interpretation of the parts. On the other hand it is true that in the theatrical world the heart of the hearer is reached and convinced through three mediums, sight, hearing, and an instinctive sense that recognizes reality and discriminates between art and artifice. It has been said that the comedian in life should be the tragedian dramatically, and vice-versa. If we do not fully accept this view, we may at least agree that it will not do to settle the question of one's fitness for dramatic impersonation by the native qualities alone. So, if your shorter man can play the part with the tall woman, the part should be given to him rather than run the risk of having the short-coming fall in a more critical place, namely, in the power of convincing interpretation. Trust to ingeniously developed stage business to modify the effect of the deficiency.

The first rehearsal is the next thing to be attended to. Much of the success of the future rehearsing depends upon the impression created by the first. Nothing here can equal the importance of harmony and enthusiasm on the part of the cast. As a means to secure these desirable ends—the coach should be so familiar with the play that he can give a suggestive impersonation of the characters, in reading it to the company.

Twenty-five rehearsals are not too many for a four-act play. Less than this results in sketchy characterization or inadequate action. At the second rehearsal the business of the first act should be mapped out,—business in general, like entrance and exit, crosses and dominant bits of action. At the third rehearsal the second act should be covered; at the fourth, the third act; at the fifth, the fourth act. Details in business develop constantly throughout the progress of rehearsals. Guard against too many changes of business; study to outline an adequate form before you conduct your rehearsal.

sal and hold to that. While professionals may be able at the last moment to alter completely a given form, it is fatal to attempt to do this with amateurs. At the fifth rehearsal the study that has been given to the parts should enable the player to give a fairly clear subjective analysis of the role which he is to essay. This should be called for at this time and be supplemented by additional light and elaboration from the coach. The first six rehearsals generally move very slowly and laboriously, but no discouragement should be felt even though there be failure to see real growth before the tenth. After the characters are analyzed, all that is said and done must be developed consistently, as expressions of each type under varying conditions. The player should be guarded against the tendency to imitate the coach. Every aid possible should be given to quicken and stimulate the dramatic imagination and sympathy of the actor, but he must be allowed sufficient freedom to develop his own style; he must never be allowed to think that he can substitute the labor of the director for his own struggle and effort. The result of imitation without assimilation is the stalking through the play of the idiosyncrasies of the director ("motely accoutrement") of the idiosyncrasies of the director ("motely accoutrement") clothed in the particular point of view of the interpreter. Much that is ludicrous will be avoided if this method is abandoned. Acting, considered as an art, is not imitation, but interpretation with opportunities of being creative.

At the sixth rehearsal, act one should be called and work in detail should be begun; at the seventh, act two should be called, in like manner; at the eighth, act three; at the ninth, act four; and at the tenth, the entire play should be run, to test the state of the whole. At this rehearsal it is folly to attempt to work out new bits, but the aim should be to reveal the strength or weakness of the effort as a unit, in order to renew and redouble the energy.

Throughout the remaining rehearsals the following schedule is suggested:

Eleventh, acts I and II worked in careful detail; twelfth, acts III and IV worked in careful detail; thirteenth, the entire

play; fourteenth, acts I and II in detail; fifteenth, acts III and IV in detail; sixteenth, the entire play; seventeenth, act I and particular situation of any other that needs special attention; eighteenth, act II and another particular situation; nineteenth, act III and another particular situation; twentieth, act IV and particular situation; twenty-first, entire play; twenty-second, acts I and II; twenty-third, acts III and IV; twenty-fourth, entire play; twenty-fifth, dress rehearsal, costumes, props and all effects to be used at production. During all rehearsals, after the first rough outlining of the business, some object should be used wherever a prop is demanded, that the action may take on the quality of a habit. Do not trust to pantomiming such business. A plan of campaign like the above holds both cast and coach to preparing definite work that definite and progressive results may be realized at each rehearsal. It also often does away with calling the entire cast for every rehearsal since all may not be included in each act.

The purpose of frequent rehearsing of the play, as a whole, is obviously to develop dramatic unity. To prevent an unbalanced and uneven performance, with heights and drops, the cast needs to be familiar with the logical development of the theme to its climax.

The coach should not ask for the parts to be memorized before the rehearsals begin. After the business has been marked out and the actor feels acquainted with the character and somewhat at home in the assumption, will be time for him to memorize the acts in logical order.

Acting has its conventions and they will differ according to the type of drama chosen. When the form is poetical and the motive heroic or romantic the method used must be broader and more highly colored than when the form is prose and the purpose to interpret ordinary life.

During the period of training, the development of business should be guided by four tests—definiteness, naturalness—"naturalness plus the ideal" (however realistic the motive, acting must retain its character of being an art; and in approximating nature, the best acting is distinguished by eco-

mony of means—suggestion is the highest standard) variety and picturesqueness.

One of the most obvious stamps of the amateur is the nonchalant manner in which he indefinitely strolls about, erroneously thinking that this vague wandering indicates ease and freedom. He should be taught to go from one given point to another, with a definite purpose and a limited sphere for action, often actually counting the number of steps necessary for a given effect.

Another indication of the amateur is the manner in which a cross is taken. The inexperienced will almost invariably sidle or back into place, with one eye cocked over the shoulder, giving the impression that he fears his companion in misery may resolve himself into a dew, during the operation. Still another is the bent head, with "eye scanning the ground as if in search of a lost pocket-book." In "straight" work the normal position and carriage of the body should be demanded, with the altitude of the eye such that it seems capable of perceiving and reflecting all in the situation to which it relates itself. The actor's presence should suggest a sense of bigness, distinction and authority. No little time should be devoted to the manner of entering and leaving the stage. It is a good general rule to follow to be near an exit before the cue to leave the scene has actually been given. Unless a definite point is to be made of the action itself, for the purpose of added illumination, nothing is gained by covering a great distance on stage after the last words of a speech have been given, but very often the movement of the scene is retarded very materially. The entrance of a character must be an addition to the atmosphere of the situation, otherwise the character has no purpose or reason for coming upon the scene.

Action should never be created for action's sake. There should be a constant return to the text where there will be found all impulses for action, either in the words themselves or in a demand for an illumination of the type of being portrayed, as it acts and reacts upon itself, upon its associates and upon its environment. While being addressed by another, silent characters should be taught to be expressive listen-

ers, and to reflect, through dramatic response, the impressions being received from the one speaking, that the replies may grow out of those impressions and not seem a mere building upon the verbal cue. In really great acting the body is as instinct with movement in passive intervals, when the actor is listening, as in the active moments of delivering lines. In an average amateur performance there is little unity of action in the individual, or in the "give and take" of the dialogue. As a matter of fact, there should be such rhythmic continuity in action and in the progressive development of the dialogue, as will unify all parts of the stage picture.

It is well to remember that stage "up" and "down" is as usable as stage from right to left. The tendency of amateurs is to play too much "up stage." One of the most practical of directors used to say, "Come into the sun!" meaning to play below center rather than above. To break the monotony of much necessary horizontal crossing, it is well to practice using stage diagonally. With the exception of opera, when solo work is done, and in broad farce, when a very intimate relation to the audience may be sustained, no action should occur below curtain lines. The apron of the stage should be as small as possible. The proscenium is the frame for the picture, and action that throws one outside the frame destroys the relation of the part to the whole picture.

Length of line gives power and beauty to action. Stage turns that are not cramped should be worked out. With women, where much depends so far as the picturesque is concerned, upon the manipulation of gowns and drapery, this is particularly important. Careful drill and much time must be given to the manner of approaching a seat and dropping into it; also to drill upon character, gait and gage of step.

Many bright hits upon stage traditions appear from time to time, such as—"Be sure to sit on the table, if one is in the room. This is a stage tradition that must be preserved inviolate—of course, gentlemen do not sit on drawing-room tables in real life; but that has nothing to do with the case. After drinking stage wine always smack the lips and emit a loud 'Ah!' If this occurs in comedy, rub the stomach at the same

time. Always rub the hands together before receiving stage money; also rub the hands before sitting down to a stage meal," etc., etc.

In groupings, the art principle, that the unity of the part may be sacrificed for the unity of the group, holds good. This is often noticeable in pictures that are formed for but a fraction of time. Care should be exercised to have the pictures upon which the curtain is rung down, illuminative, forceful and sustained. Tableaux curtain calls seem most satisfactory.

Much depends upon the tempo in which a play is rehearsed. It is as fatal to use the tempo of a pastoral drama in a farce as it would be to attempt to set the music of a "Barn Dance" to the time of a dirge. Here will be recognized the importance of "cueing in" and timing of action. Each act should be held to a definite number of minutes for running. One of the most important elements in any art is atmosphere, —atmosphere, that subtle, illusive, intangible something, that influence that we all feel and acknowledge, but which, like the will-o'-the-wisp can hardly be said to be here or there and yet is everywhere, an irresistible spell. It is gained, theatrically, through skillful and harmonious manipulation of stage paraphernalia; and dramatically, through clear and sympathetic conception, consistently sustained impersonation, and artistic execution. No matter how clear the idea may be in the mind of the actor, no matter how well sustained the impersonation, there must be art in the execution or the result will fail to create the illusion of reality.

Another of the most important features of a successful presentation is the costuming. Here correctness is an essential, a thing that is easily possible since all public libraries have illustrated histories and some have books with colored plates of costumes of the various nations and periods. The coach should make a careful study of all such helps, that the costumer to whom he may write or upon whom he may call shall respect his knowledge and so be the more likely to serve him well in the matter of careful detail.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of the

color scheme. Most of us are sensitive enough to realize the value of harmonious coloring.

Especial care should be taken to recognize the need of modifications in style for the sake of becomingness, to meet any exigencies of the situation and for the eternal fitness of things. Among the many fascinating details attendant upon a theatrical presentation is the "make-up." If a professional is not to be employed to do this, the individual taking part in the play should be encouraged to experiment with himself until the desired effect is obtained, and then to practise frequently, to perfect his work, always bearing in mind that the secret of the successful make-up is the looking like the character portrayed, without the bald evidences of grease-paint, lining pencils and putty. The aim should be to have the effect seem natural to those in the audience who are seated half way back in the orchestra. Any distance front of this line cannot be held to the test of naturalness. The number and power of the stage lights, as well as the size of the auditorium will, of course, regulate the brilliance of coloring.

Thus far only those conditions that appeal to the eye have been discussed. "Lest we forget" the importance of the spoken word, let us emphasize the fact that every one of the visible effects must be related to the audible ones. Length of line in delivery of text is quite as important as in action, and is a necessity for projection and carrying power. Desirable as it is, it is not enough that speech be correct—that is, correct from the standpoint of pronunciation and articulation. One may be absolutely correct and fail utterly to be artistic in speech—indeed, he may become pedantic and annoying. Beauty of diction is as essential as harmonious and unified action.

A continued study of the drama and an endeavor to interpret a range of characters should have a broadening influence upon the individual. The perspective that helps one to grasp and comprehend the motives and impulses that actuate human beings under varying conditions of life, must ultimately develop a more tolerant spirit, a deeper sympathy and a patient helpfulness toward those whom we find beside us daily,

struggling and falling, yielding and overcoming in the great drama of life.

Our attitude toward amateur theatrical work must be deeper than the desire to "strut and bellow" before an audience of admiring friends and relatives. By banishing the tendency toward artifice and cheap theatricalism and maintaining an ambition to earnestly and honestly take up the task of an amateur presentation, much enjoyment and benefit may result both to the player and his audience.

Though the play be given solely for recreation, amusement, or entertainment, yet it will be found that the best fun is that from which one gets a wholesome re-action in the consciousness of having done something that was worth while; and if the presentation marks a mile-stone in the serious endeavor of one to become an artist in dramatic interpretation, let him remember that he who aspires to be great must climb to the heights and sound the depths of human experience.

The dramatist, like the poet, is born, not made. There must be inspiration back of all true and permanent art, dramatic or otherwise, and art is universal; there is nothing national about it. Its field is humanity and it takes in all the world; nor does anything else afford the refuge that is provided by it from all troubles and all the vicissitudes of life.—William Winter.

FACULTY NOTES

Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks, to whom this number of the Magazine is dedicated, is a teacher of Dramatic Literature and Interpretation at Emerson College. Mrs. Hicks brings to the students the fruits of her wide experience as a platform artist and teacher. Her personality is ever an inspiration to the many students under her instruction. Always helpful in all phases of Emerson College life, Mrs. Hicks has won for herself the devotion of a large circle of friends and co-workers, as well as the love of the student body.

Dr. William G. Ward is about to publish a new edition of the Poetry of Robert Browning. There has been a growing

demand for this text, which Miss Chamberlin has always used in the graduate class.

President Henry L. Southwick, shortly after College closes, leaves for a lecture trip to the Pacific Coast. Recently, he has lectured at Utica, New York, also at St. John, Moncton, Antigonish, Halifax, Wolfville, and Truro in Canada.

On Thursday evening, April 6th, the Kappa Gamma Chi Sorority presented Mr. Edwin Morse Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. William Howland Kenney in a recital at Chickering Hall. Mr. Whitney is a graduate of the College, and is well known throughout the country as a reader and member of the Whitney Brothers Quartet. Mr. Kenney is a member of the faculty.

The recital was given for the benefit of the Emerson Endowment fund.

Prof. Walter Bradley Tripp's annual tour took him through the South and South-west—(ten states in all) to educational institutions. He was on the first lyceum course given in Lexington, Kentucky. The call was largely for Dicken's work, especially "David Copperfield" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." In March, Prof. Tripp read throughout Virginia and the Middle West.

This summer he will teach at Knoxville in the Summer School of the South. During July and August he will be Director of the Boston Summer School at the College.

Dr. Richard Burton, who has kindly allowed us the use of "The Morning Summons" as a frontispiece, will lecture at Emerson College early this coming fall.

We regret that the illness of Miss Gertrude McQuesten has kept her from College so long. She is now on the convalescent list and will return to College before Commencement.

Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert directed a dramatic recital given in Jordan Hall, April 8th. "Out of the Shadows," "Ninette and Ninon," "An Old English Garden Dance," "Good-night, Babette," "A Spanish Affair," and "Nita" were presented.

Prof. Charles Winslow Kidder is making an extended trip on behalf of the Endowment Movement. At Syracuse, New York, he aided in establishing an Emerson College Club,

also at Chicago. He will go west as far as Minneapolis, and will return to College the week preceeding Commencement. A full report of the Emerson College Endowment fund will be given in the Magazine for May.

THE SPINNER IN THE SUN

By Myrtle Reed.

(A cutting from the book of the same name.)

Miss Evelina Grey, having been absent from her home in Rushton for twenty-five years, returns to it alone and broken in health and is immediately and officiously befriended by her nearest neighbor and old school-mate, Miss Mehitable Smith. Miss Hitty is an active spinster with a deep-rooted aversion to the sterner sex, which she tries to instill into her eighteen-year-old, orphaned niece,—Araminta Lee, accompanied by whom she sets out early one morning and climbs the hill toward Miss Evelina Grey's.

A brisk, steady tap sounded at Miss Evelina's door. Much to her surprise Miss Mehitable stood there armed with a pail, mop and broom. Behind her, shy and frightened, stood Araminta, similarly equipped.

"We've come to clean your house. We've cleaned our own and we ain't tired yet, so we're going to do some scrubbing here. I guess it needs it."

"I can't let you. You're too kind to me—and I'm going to do my cleaning myself."

"Fiddlesticks! You ain't strong enough to do cleaning. You just sit down and me and Minty will begin upstairs."

She ascended the stairs where the quaking Araminta awaited her.

"It'll take some time for the water to heat. Remember what I told you, Minty. The first thing in cleaning a room is to take out of it everything that ain't nailed to it."

None too carefully Miss Mehitable tore up the rag carpet and threw it out the window. (Sneezing violently.)

"There's considerable less dirt here already than there

was when we begun, tho we ain't done any real cleaning yet. She can't never put that carpet down again; it's too weak. We'll have to get a bucket of paint and paint the floors. I always did like the smell of fresh paint, anyhow."

Miss Mehitabel was presently in her element. The smell of yellow soap was as sweet as incense in her nostrils and the sound of the scrubbing brush was melodious to her ears. The furniture, too was thoroughly scrubbed, and as much paint and varnish as would come off was allowed to come.

"I'll have that floor painted. It'll be clean underneath and that's more than it has been. Evelina'll sleep clean to-night for the first time since she come home. I'm going home now after my dinner. You can clean till I come back, and then you can go home for your own lunch."

When Miss Mehitabel came back, however, she was greeted by a portentous silence. Hurrying upstairs, she discovered Araminta had fallen from the ladder and was in a white and helpless heap on the floor, while Miss Evelina chafed her hands, and sprinkled her face with water.

"For the land's sake! What possessed Minty to go and fall off the ladder! We'll lay her on the bed in the room we've just cleaned. She'll come to presently. She ain't hurt."

But Araminta did not "come to." Miss Mehitabel fairly drenched her with water without avail.

"What did it? Did she see anything that scared her?"

"No. I was downstairs and heard her scream,—and then she fell and I ran up. It was just a minute or two before you came in."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to have a doctor. Don't pour any more water on her. If water would have brung her to, she'd be settin' up by now. And don't get scared. Minty ain't hurt."

With this comforting assurance, Miss Hitty sped downstairs and ran toward Doctor Dexter's. Dr. Ralph, his son, answered her frantic ring at the door.

"I don't believe you're anything but a play-doctor, but if your father hain't in, reckon you'll have to do."

"Play-doctor is good. Anyhow, I'll have to do, for father's not at home. Who's dead?"

"It's Minty. She fell off a step-ladder and ain't come to yet."

Doctor Ralph's face grew grave. The carriage was at the door waiting for a hurry call.

"Jump in. You can tell me about it on the way."

When they arrived Araminta was still unconscious. Doctor Ralph worked with incredible quickness and Miss Hitty watched him, wondering, frightened, yet with a certain sneaking confidence in him.

"Fracture of the ankle and one or two bad sprains. Plaster cast and no moving."

When Araminta returned to consciousness Doctor Ralph's hand, firm and cool, closed over hers.

"Don't you remember me, Araminta? The last time I saw you, you were hanging out a basket of clothes. I called to you and you ran into the house. Now, I've got you where you can't get away."

Araminta looked pleadingly at Aunt Hitty, who had always valiantly defended her from the encroachments of boys and men.

"You come down stairs with me, Ralph Dexter. I've got some talking to do to you. Evelina, you sit here with Araminta till I get back."

In the parlor, Doctor Ralph was questioned ceaselessly.

"What's wrong with Minty?"

"Broken ankle."

"How did it happen to get broke? I never knew an ankle to get broke by falling off a step-ladder."

"Any ankle will break if it is hurt at the right point."

"I wish I could have had your father. When can Minty come home?"

"Minty can't go home until she's well. She's got to stay right here."

"If she'd fell in the yard (Peer over spectacles) would she have to stay in the yard till she got well? How much is it going to cost?"

"I don't know. I'll have to come every day—perhaps twice a day," he added—remembering the curve of Araminta's cheek and her long lashes. "Don't worry, you know doctoring sometimes comes by wholesale."

"There's regular prices, I suppose—broken toe, broken ankle, broken leg—each one so much. Is that it?"

Doctor Ralph was siezed with a violent fit of coughing.

"How much is ankles?"

"I'll leave that all to you, Miss Hitty; you can pay me whatever you think is right."

"I shouldn't pay you anything I didn't think was right, unless I was made to by law. As long as you've got to come every day for a spell, and mebbe twice, I'll give you five dollars the day Minty walks again. If that won't do, I'll get the doctor over to the Ridge."

Doctor Ralph coughed so hard he was obliged to cover his face with his handkerchief.

"I should think that if you were as good as you pretend to be, you'd cure your own coughin' spells. First thing you know, you'll be running into quick consumption. Will five dollars do?"

"I couldn't think of taking as much as five dollars, Miss Hitty. I should not have ventured to suggest over four and a half."

"He's cheaper than his father. That's because he ain't as good a doctor. Four dollars and a half then, is it a bargain?"

"It is, and I'll take the best possible care of Araminta."

He went out, his shoulders shaking with suppressed merriment, and Miss Hitty watched him through the front window.

"Seems sort of decent and not too grasping. He might be real nice if he wasn't a man."

With the welfare of his young patient very earnestly at heart, Ralph went up the hill the next morning. Miss Evelina admitted him. He started up stairs. Half way up, he heard the murmur of voices and stood just outside Araminta's door, shamelessly listening.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The idea of a big

girl like you not bein' able to stand on a ladder without fallin' off. It's your mother's foolishness croppin' out of you. I've stood on ladders all my life and never so much as slipped. I believe you did it a purpose, tho what you thought you'd get for doin' it puzzles me some. P'raps you thought you'd get out of the housecleaning, but you won't. When it comes time for fall cleanin', you'll do every stroke yourself, to pay for this trouble and expense. Do you know what it's costin'? Four dollars and a half of good money! I should think you'd be ashamed!"

"But Aunt Hitty"—

"Stop, don't you Aunt Hitty me! You needn't tell me you didn't fall off that ladder on purpose. Four dollars and a half. And all the trouble besides. I hope you'll think of that, while you're laying here like a lady and your poor old aunt is slavin' for you—workin' her fingers to the bone."

At this point, Doctor Ralph Dexter entered the room, his eyes snapping dangerously.

"Miss Mehitable, will you kindly come down stairs a moment? I wish to speak to you!"

Dazed and startled, Miss Mehitable rose from her chair and followed him. He drew her into the parlor and closed all the doors, carefully.

"I was standing in the hall, and I heard every word you said to that poor, helpless child. You ought to know, if you know anything, that nobody would fall off a step-ladder on purpose. She's hurt, and she's badly hurt, and she's not in any way to blame for it, and I positively forbid you ever to enter that room again."

"Forbid: Who are you to 'forbid' me from nursing my own niece?"

"I am the attending physician. It is my case, and nobody else is going to manage it. I have already arranged with Miss Evelina to care for Araminta, and"—

"Arrange no such thing"—

"One moment. If I hear of your entering that room again before I say Araminta is cured, I will charge you just exactly one hundred dollars."

He opened the door and pointed suggestively down the hill. She lost no time in obeying the gesture, but scudded down the road as though His Satanic Majesty, himself was in her wake.

Some days later, with her mouth firmly set, Miss Mehitable climbed the hill. In her capable hands were implements of warfare—pails, yellow soap, and rags. She carried a mop on her shoulder, as a regular carries a gun. She presented herself at the house and when Miss Evelina opened the door she spoke:—

“Havin’ said I would clean your house, I’ve come to finish it as I promised, and I hope it won’t effect your nursin’ of Minty, and if that blackmailin’ play-doctor comes while I’m at work, you can tell him that I ain’t speakin’ to Minty from the hall, nor settin’ foot in her room, and that he needn’t be in a hurry to make out his bill, ’cause I’m goin’ to take my time about payin’ it.”

She went up stairs briskly, and presently the clatter of moving furniture fairly shook the house over Miss Evelina’s head. It sounded as if Miss Mehitable did not know there was an invalid in the house.

But it was not in Miss Hitty’s nature to cherish wrath long, while the incense of yellow soap was in her nostrils and the pleasing foam of suds was everywhere in sight.

Presently she began to sing, in a high cracked voice which wavered continually off the key. She went through her repertory of hymns with conscientious thoroughness. Then a bright idea came to her.

“There’s wa’n’t nothin’ said about singin’. I wa’n’t to speak to Minty from the hall, nor set foot into her room. But I ain’t pledged not to sing in the back room, and I can sing any tune, I please, and any words. Reckon Minty can hear.”

The moving of the ladder drowned the sound made by the opening of the lower door. Secure upon her height, with her head near the open transom of the back room, Miss Mehitable began to sing:—“Araminta Lee is a bad girl; she fell off of a ladder and sprained her an-kle, and the play-doctor said it was broke to get more mon-ey, breaks being more valuable than

sprains. Minty is lay-ing in bed like a lady, while her poor old aunt works her fingers to the bone, to pay for doc-tor's bills and nursin'. Four dollars and a half (chanted mournfully) and no-one to pay but a poor old aunt who has to work her fingers to the bone. Four dollars and a half—almost five dollars.

"Araminta thinks she will get out of work, but it is not so, not so. Araminta'll find out she is much mistaken. She'll do fall cleaning all alone, alone, and we do not think there will be any sprained ankles nor any four dollars"—

Doctor Ralph Dexter appeared in the doorway, his face flaming with wrath. Miss Mehitable continued to sing, apparently unconcerned, though her heart pounded violently against her ribs. By a swift change of words and music she was singing, "Rock of Ages," as any woman is privileged to do, when cleaning house or at any other time.

"Let me hide"—

"I should think you'd want to hide. If I hear of anything like this again, I'll send in that bill I told you of. I know a lawyer who can collect it."

"If you do, you know more'n I do."

"I mean exactly what I say. If you so much as climb these stairs again, you and I will have trouble."

Sniffing disdainfully, Miss Mehitable went down into the kitchen, no longer singing.

"You'll have to finish your own cleanin', Evelina. That blackmailin' play-doctor thinks it ain't good for my health to climb ladders. He's afraid I'll fall off as Minty did and he hesitates to take more of my money."

And Miss Hitty gathered up her paraphernalia, and prepared to depart.

Araminta had been greatly distressed by the recitative in the back bedroom and her cheeks were flushed with fever.

"Your aunt has gone and is never coming back here any more."

"Oh, Doctor Ralph, isn't she?"

"Never any more. How long have you lived with your Aunt Hitty?"

"Ever since I was a baby."

"H-m: And how old are you now?"

"Almost nineteen."

"Has it been so bad to be shut up here away from Aunt Hitty?"

"No. I have always been with Aunt Hitty, and it seems queer, but very nice. Some way, I feel as if I had grown up."

"Listen, child. I want to talk to you. Your Aunt Hitty hasn't done right by you. She's kept you in cotton when you ought"—

"I was never in cotton, except when I had a bad cold."

"That isn't just what I mean, but I am afraid I can't make you understand. There's a world full of big beautiful things that you don't know anything about; great sorrows, great joys and great lives. Look here, did you ever feel badly about anything?"

"Only—only—my mother, you know. She was—was married."

"Poor child. Have you been taught that it's wrong to be married?"

"Why, yes. It's dreadful. Aunt Hitty isn't married, neither is the minister. It's very, very wrong. Aunt Hitty told mother so, but she would do it."

"Listen dear. It isn't wrong to be married. Aunt Hitty has been unjust to deny you life. You have a right to love and it's been kept away from you. You have been in a cage all your life. I am going to open the door and set you free."

From the window Doctor Ralph observed the enemy in full retreat. Her back was very stiff and straight when she marched down hill, firmly determined to scorn Doctor Ralph Dexter and leave Araminta to her well-deserved fate. One thought and one only illuminated her gloom. "He ain't got his four dollars and a half yet. Mebbe he'll get it and mebbe he won't. We'll see."

COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT

Attention of Alumni and friends of the College is called to the change in dates of Graduation Week as printed below. Many are aware, through notices in the newspapers, of the proposed changes in Chickering Hall, by which the property will be converted into a theatre during the coming summer. Alterations will be made on the building at once, so it has become necessary to change the date of the closing exercises by bringing them forward one week. Class drill work will continue as usual through April; so there will be no loss in actual work to the student.

It is not known now whether the remodeled building will furnish adequate quarters for the College or not, but this will be determined soon, so that a definite statement can be made in the May issue of the Magazine.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK, 1911

Sunday, April 30

10.30 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon

(Union Congregational Church)

Monday, May 1

8.00 p. m. Post-Graduate Play

"Twelfth Night"

Tuesday, May 2

9.30 a. m. Physical Culture Drill, Debate, Pantomime

2.30 p. m. Senior Recital

Wednesday, May 3

9.30 a. m. Post-Graduate Recital

8.00 p. m. Senior Play

"A Royal Family"

Thursday, May 4

9.30 a. m. Class Day

2.30 p. m. Alumni Association Annual Meeting

6.00 p. m. Alumni Banquet

(Hotel Vendome)

Friday, May 5

9.30 a. m. Commencement Exercises

11.30 a. m. Faculty Reception



SELECTIONS FOR SPRING.

By Caroline Richards.

SPRING

Come, pleasant green, to our New England hills;
 Come, snowdrop white, and crocuses again!
 Your purity our hearts with gladness fills;
 Your beauty makes us wiser, better men.
 We look into your calm, uplifted eyes,
 And in them read God's word
 Through generations heard,
 And cheerful thoughts arise;
 For by this resurrection of the flowers,
 Our faith, in human nature's saddest hours,
 Rises supreme over our doubts and fears.
 And through the changing years
 Our joy is fresh with each return of Spring,
 And high as any bird upon the wing,
 Toward God our souls ascend;
 His perfect love, unchanging, without end,
 Awakes the flowers that sleep,
 And we must read from thence the lesson deep,—
 Our immortality,—eternal Spring.
 And now in faith we plant the seed,
 And leave it Father, as Thou hath decreed,
 To see it rise in beauty to its King.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

A ROBIN'S SONG.

Extract from "The Robin Family."

In the morning Jenny ran out on the piazza to breath the fresh air. The others were there too, and as they stood en-

joying the day, a Golden-robin perched on the top of a bean-pole, nodding a "Good-morning" and seeming to say, "This is charming weather, and I hope you all feel as well as I do." "Hark!" Said Jenny stopping on tip-toe in the middle of a jump, and holding up her hand, "The robin is singing!" So all were still, and listened to his song.

A ROBIN'S SONG

Chirp! Chirp! The grass is green,
The sky is very blue,
And the golden sun lights up the scene
With splendor ever new;
He shines upon broad meadow-lands,
And glorifies the hills,
Glistens on sparkling ocean-sands
And plays on murmuring rills.
He creeps within the mystic woods
Discovering treasures there,—
The dainty fern, the fairy moss,
Old tree, and blossom rare.
A breeze sings through the pine boughs
Whose murmur seems to be
Like the rushing and the surging
Of an unseen, distant sea.
The slender grass-blades quiver
With dew-drops round and bright
Which answer back the sunbeams
With flashes,—light for light.

Chirp! Chirp! Did you ever know
A merrier holiday?
Do you hear that distant echo
From regions far away?
Do you see beyond the misty line
Where earth and heaven meet,
Field, forest, beautiful as thine,
And flowers just as sweet?
You cannot? O your sense is dim,
But trust me, I can see
That all the earth is dear to Him
Who gives to you and me
The wealth which gladdens more and more
This happy heart of mine,—
Beauty, the never-changing law,
Joy, everywhere divine.

Chirp! Chirp! I should rather be,—
Content to fly and sing,
A bird in the old apple-tree
Than other living thing.
To rise toward golden sun,
With fleecy cloud to play
While lights and shadows quiv'ring run
Across the meadows gay;
Or lovingly to tend my mate upon her nest;
Believe me, little friend
The bird's life is the best.

Chirp! Chirp! Did you ever see
Such a pleasant spot as this,
Here in the dear old apple-tree
Whose leaves the sunbeams kiss?
And of all the nest-homes far or near
There is none so snug as mine,
And of all the birdlings born, dear,
None so beautiful as thine.
There's one undying strain, love,
Which all creation sings;
Through boundless space to worlds above
The mighty chorus rings;
The little dust-grains at our feet
Join the enchanting song,
And silver stars in cadence sweet
The harmony prolong;
And do you think I can be still
In sunshine or in rain
When joys untold my spirit fill
For Spring returned again?
Then sing of faith, and hope and love
In the red light of the dawning,
When earth awakes her work to prove;
Chirp! Chirp in the morning!

THE CRICKET'S SONG

Now the silver stars are peeping
O'er the snowy cloudlet's rim,
And the crickets watch are keeping
In the evening shadows dim;
Over meadow, hill and river
Fades the golden sunset light
And the rippling waters quiver
Silvered by the moonbeams bright.

Cricket, sing the peaceful sight;
Chant the beauty of the night.

O'er the face of earth and ocean
Moves the spirit as of yore,
While Man whispers in devotion
As in ages gone before,—
All earth's beauty ever springeth
From the Father-Spirit's hand,—
And the little cricket singeth
Watching o'er the darkened land.
Cricket, let the good news ring,—
Love to every living thing.

Soon from out the darkness breaking
At His word,—“Let there be light,”
A new world of glory waking
Will enchant our wondering sight;—
Rosy-tinted clouds of morning,
Chirping bird and humming bee,
Blossoms waking with the dawning,
Make the day's sweet minstrelsy;
Cricket, sing of joy new-born,—
Sing the hope of coming dawn.

KAFFY O'LAY

(A pet carrier pigeon)

Where pine trees smell sweet on the shores of the bay,
And the summer breeze murmurs throughout the long day,
Lives in his nest with his Love so gay,
A little brown pigeon named Kaffy O'LAY.

He basks in the sunshine's golden light,
And all is well to his spirit bright;—
He has no fear for the coming day,
But trusts and lives,—dear Kaffy O'LAY!

He broods with his mate on the eggs in the nest,
So sweetly protecting the bird he lives best;
And coos a love-song as the hours pass away,
For blessed in giving is Kaffy O'LAY.

He knows that no other can seem to him fair;
Is glad in her pleasures, and helps her in care,
And happiest always by her side to stay,
For tender and loyal is Kaffy O'LAY.

But he knows through the ether in safety to fly
 By a path ne'er discovered by weak mortal eye;
 For the indwelling Spirit of God shows the way,—
 So sacredly wise 's our Kaffy O'Lay.

O Kaffy, may I be as tender and true,
 As trusting and innocent, dearest, as you;
 And learn life's best lesson of love every day,
 From God's little brown pigeon, dear Kaffy O'Lay!

IMMORTALITY

(Adapted to the music of Mendelssohn's two-part song, "The Sabbath Morn")

Winter's dark night is past; now dawns the summer's day,
 We twine bright wreaths through golden hours,
 And by the resurrection of the flowers,
 There shines upon our souls a ray,—
 The light of immortality.

Our care lasts for a night; joy cometh in the day;
 Faith, hope, and love, the flowers of heaven
 Tell our faint hearts that life is given;
 Bright shines thy golden ray,
 Thou light of Immortality.

O amaranthine flowers! This wreath shall never fade;
 There is no death, but falsehoods end;
 On wings of truth our spirits aye ascend
 Towards Him who faith, hope, love hath made,
 On whom eternal Truth is stayed.

MY GARDEN

My garden under the willows is a wild one which I neither plant nor water; Nature does that for me, and I am her humble beneficiary. And it is rich indeed in all that makes a wild garden lovely. Here under some half-dozen large old willows is hidden away a cosey retreat, a refuge from the heat of the sun, and a very treasure-house of wonders. That these wonders are common does not lessen their interest and beauty, but rather enhances both. What is there here that a garden should have? Flowers, of course; and such flowers! A wide space under the trees is literally covered with the fern-like leaves of Herb Robert. I have never seen such a growth of it elsewhere; it is a perfect fairies' carpet! It

spreads its pink blossoms under the gnarled old trees, and even up on the branches themselves where in the notches of the lower limbs a little soil has lodged in which the seeds have sown themselves. It seemed an intrusion to enter this elfin parlor, for I am sure that the woodland fairies who dance by moonlight on the green, come to this carpet under the willows. Around grow sumachs and wild apple-trees which make the shade and seclusion complete. To the left is seen through the interstices of the leaves the slope of a green hill, bright in the sunshine, while on the right a stone-wall bounds the garden and separates it from an adjoining field.

I am not the sole proprietor of this real estate. I hold it conjointly with the robins and sparrows, cat-birds and woodpeckers, while Chip, the squirrel, sits on the tree and asks why I am there at all! The butterflies and bees know more of the flowers than I do, and I realize that these first comers have the right of way, and that I am here on sufferance to hold my place, as the legal term is, "during good behavior."

There are many luxurious seats in this sylvan parlor, and even a tempting cradle up in the tree itself; but my favorite place is under a wide-spreading willow, near an old tree-stump lying not far from the stone-wall.

As I sat there one afternoon I heard at intervals a low sound, something between a moan and a grunt, repeated so many times that I thought the nearest neighbors must have established a pig-pen in the next field, although the voice was hardly that of the professional pig. Reflecting, however, that this might be the attempt of an amateur grunter, I paid no more attention to it until I suddenly became aware that there was something moving among the shrubbery by the stone-wall. From the motion of the plants I guessed that the creature was digging among them, so I waited curiously to see what would happen. In a moment it came into full view; a small black animal with a little chubby face, round nose, black eyes and a neck so short that it was entirely covered with the coarse, stiff hair of the body. The legs were short with little black hand-like paws, the tail wide and flat, covered thickly with fur. This unexpected stranger mounted the tree-stump

a few feet from me. He advanced slowly making the low sound which I had previously heard, and came straight towards me,—to me, his city cousin almost exploding with curiosity! As he came nearer I could see on his back the quills which marked him as the porcupine of the New Hampshire woods. My bag was lying close beside me, and as he stepped upon it his attention was diverted; he turned and went around at the back of the tree; otherwise I see no reason why he should not have crossed my lap,—and a porcupine in one's lap would certainly be a novelty. I peeped around the tree; to my great surprise he had climbed up into it. He stopped to nibble something with great relish and then went up into the very top branches. It was evident that he was hunting for his supper, perhaps some poor bird's eggs would be a dainty morsel.

As it was my supper-time also, I was obliged to leave before the play was over, but I have seen the little fellow three times since. He lives near the stone-wall, and comes out regularly between five and six o'clock in the afternoon.

This exciting adventure has made the visits of the squirrel seem quite commonplace. But I am very fond of little Chipmunk who gathers up the nuts which I place in his way, stuffs them into his cheeks, and runs away to stow them up against the rainy days which come to us all.

So when the sun is setting, I reluctantly pick up my bag, cross the bed of myrtle which covers the entrance to my retreat, say Good-night to the tall primrose which is closing its yellow cup, and leave my garden to cousin porcupine and the fairies.

ALL ON A SUMMER DAY.

A Fable

One day in Summer a bird sang in a tree-top, and his song was full of joy: "I know a little nest where tiny eggs are laid, and she I love the best sits watching in the shade," chirped he; "my love is beautiful as the golden summer, gentle as the breeze that stirs the leaves, bright as sunlight itself, and sweet as the pink blossoms which nod to the sun-beams. O life is glad! I would rather be a bird in this tree of mine,

than any other living thing!" So he twittered and whistled and chirped up and down the musical scale, through the pleasant hours.

The squirrel said to his mate, "Let us play jokes and games; drop nut-shells down on the caterpillar's head, play tag on the tree-boughs, peep into the robins' nest, and chatter at the sheep in the grass! What a time for fun!"

A flower opened her dewy cup in the sun. "It is good to be a sweetbrier rose," she said, "light, and color and fragrance make earth lovely, and life is one sweet summer day."

"That is what I think, only I can't say it just that way," said little Mr. Toad down in the grass. "It is very comfortable here. Mrs. Toad and I had a good hunt for game last night, and now we are resting in this cool grass. It is best to be a sensible toad and enjoy the day."

"Yes, enjoy the day!" cried Ruby, a red dragon-fly poisoning like a living gem on the grass-blade in front of Mr. Toad; "Enjoy the golden summer day! Is it not enchantment! I was born in the dark at the bottom of the lake, and never dreamed of all this, till the water-spider darting about on the surface of the lake told me about the beautiful world up there; so I climbed on the stem of a water-lily and peeped out into the air and light. Then I saw the world, and knew that I could fly. Do you see my pretty wings, Mr. Toad?" "Yes, you are a handsome fellow."

"And here is my brother Emerald, and my sister Amethyst," said the happy dragon-fly. Emerald was a large-sized member of the family with green head, and Amethyst a slender little creature of a pale, luminous purple.

The three companions flew away together, their gauzy wings shining in the sun.

Mr. Toad blinked his eyes and said,—“Everyone to his own taste!”

So said the grasshopper jumping up and down, and the bee diving into the flower-cup. "Caw! Caw!" said the crow on his way to the woods. "I know the deep forest where my nest is hidden; where away in the silent places the only sound is the murmur of the wind in the pine trees, and the

silvery voice of the hermit-thrush ringing like a tinkling bell. Along the wood-path grows a tangle of vines, and green velvety mosses mixed with gray lichens cover the ground and rocks. Caw! Caw! I am coming, for the secret depths of the pine woods hold what I enjoy;" and the crow flew on, but never told where his nest was hidden.

A poet wandered down the wood-path at sunset, and he too sang. His song had in it the joy of the bird, the fragrance of the rose, the color and sparkle of sunlit wings, and the sea-like voice of the pines; for he sang of happy youth and constant hope; of joy born out of darkness into a world of light, of love which is as a light over a dark sea.

So much was said and sung on that long, summer day; but it was after all, the one song, always old and always new, which the breeze sweet with fragrance, and musical with unnumbered voices, bore up to the Spirit of Eternal Love.

THE LOST FATHER

I had lived as the prodigal, and like him had come to grief; but when I, as he, turned homeward, the Father was not there.

I went to the priests and said: "I pray you, restore unto me the Father. For I have spent my strength and my desire, and all my life, and must die; and he is the only one who can help me."

And they sang their hymns and conjured with prayers and mighty words. But the Father I saw not.

I went to the philosophers and said: "I pray you, find me the Father. For I have wasted my life and am in distress, and I am alone and frightened and sick; and he is the only one who can help me."

And they ransacked their wisdom and their spy-glasses, and traversed the heavens and the secret places and explored the nebulae and the abysses; but they said: "The Father is gone and we find him not."

And one of the eldest said to me: "Are you also one of those who seek after the father? One thing I will tell you: he who seeks shall find—but not that which he seeks."

"The Father is he whom the children created in their own image; and they made him large and set him up for a help and a comfort unto themselves; for they were little and could not be fatherless.

"But when they grow older and are dissatisfied with the things of home, and they pray for help and it comes not, and when they

ask questions and none answer, then they go in search of the Father and find—themselves.”

I went to those who see visions and dream dreams and conjure spirits, and pry into that which is concealed, and said: “Can ye show me the Father?”

But they showed me shadows. And the shadows replied to that which I did not ask.

Then I grew weary and sought no longer.

Translated from the Norwegian of Arne Garborg—by A. E. B.

CLASSES

'10

In Mr. Gilbert's Dramatic Art class some very interesting and effective work has been done. Following are some of the plays with the cast of characters:

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Cast

Alwin Bennet

Alderman Phelan

Dallas Wainwright

Miss Hastings

Miss Simmons

Miss Morgan

HER OWN WAY

Cast

Georgiana Carley

Mrs. Carley

Sam Coast

Dick

Miss Simms

Miss Simmons

Miss Hastings

Miss Austin

“WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE”

Cast

Kara—the Fire-fly

Bridgie

Hughie

Wallace

Babette—the Maid

Junnie Hirsh

Richard Carewe

Dick Carewe

Mrs. Church

Miss Austin

Miss Story

Miss Newbury

Miss Cameron

Miss Hastings

Miss Fowler

Miss Simms

DAWN OF A TO-MORROW

Cast

Sir Oliver Holt

Polly

The Thief

The Dandy

Glad

Miss Simmons

Miss Tubbs

Miss Story

Mr. Brigham

Miss Fowler

GRADUATE RECITAL

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1911

- | | | |
|---|--|------------------------|
| 1 | The Master's Violin | Myrtle Reed |
| | Helen Marjorie Kinne | |
| 2 | The Picnic and the Proposal (from "David Copperfield") | Dickens |
| | Alice Jessenia Davidson | |
| 3 | Recompense | Annie Hamilton Donnell |
| | Dorothy May Simms | |
| 4 | De Stovepipe Hole | Drummond |
| | Alice Estelle Simmons | |
| 5 | King John (Act IV. Scene I) | Shakespeare |
| | Ruth Inez Morse | |
| 6 | Saunders MacGlashan's Courtship | David Kennedy |
| | Florence O'Brien | |
| 7 | The Mallet's Masterpiece | Edward Peple |
| | Veroqua Sheldon Petty | |

GRADUATE RECITAL

TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1911

- | | | |
|---|---|-------------------------|
| 1 | The Redemption of David Corson | Charles Frederic Goss |
| | Christine Frances Hodgdon | |
| 2 | The Angel | Ralph Connor |
| | Jane Phelps Allen | |
| 3 | King Robert of Sicily | Longfellow |
| | Wilda Wilson Church | |
| | (Musical interpretation, J. Rossitter Cole) | |
| | (Grace Burrage Kenney, at the piano) | |
| 4 | She of the Triple Chevron | Gilbert Parker |
| | Georgia Newbury | |
| 5 | The Shet-up Posey | Annie Trumbull Slosson |
| | Gertrude Newbold Comly | |
| 6 | One Good Time | Mary Wilkins Freeman |
| | Eunice Fay Story | |
| 7 | The Dawn of a Tomorrow (adapted) | Frances Hodgson Burnett |
| | Janet Richardson Chesney | |

'11

The press notices of "Les Enfants" by Gertrude Litchfield are as interesting as they are numerous. Among those newspapers which we have noted are: **The Salem Evening News**, **The Daily Free Press-Tribune**, **Waltham**, **The Christian Science Monitor**, **The Boston Evening Transcript**, and **The Worcester Evening Gazette**.

Says the Worcester Evening Gazette:

One who has ever lived where the French-Canadian dialect is heard, where the fascinating jumble of idioms, phrases and adjectives and the queer mixture of moods and tenses prevail, cannot fail to appreciate this charming little book of verse, the poems of the children. In a brief foreword, Miss Litchfield explains that she has endeavored to depict, not the French-Canadians of Canada, but of New England, where it has been her privilege to associate with them as a teacher and a friend. This she has succeeded in doing, catching the dialect and the idioms with an accuracy that is strongly reminiscent of Drummond and his dialect of the Canadian Northwest.

Miss Litchfield has done even more than to successfully catch the dialect, for she has succeeded also in faithfully portraying the humor and the pathos, the imaginative powers and the philosophy of these sturdy people, who number now almost a million in this country.

The collection includes a number of patriotic poems, poems of childhood and poems of the children of an older growth, all entertaining and exceptionally well written.

The following notice from the Salem Evening News is of interest:

Miss Gertrude Litchfield of Boston and the Emerson College of Oratory appeared before the Murray Association last evening and gave a delightful entertainment, consisting entirely of the reading of poems of her own composition in the French-Canadian dialect. Miss Litchfield taught for some time in a school made up entirely of little children of French-Canadian parentage, and she made an enthusiastic study of both the school-life and the home-life of these children. The result is seen in a very intelligent and sympathetic dramatic representation of these children at their play, of the youth at their love-making, of the elders at their story-telling. Miss Litchfield is certainly an artist in her chosen work. She has recently published a little book of this verse, entitled "Les Enfants."—The Salem Evening News, Salem, Mass., Tuesday, January 31, 1911.

Edith M. Noltimier, an Emerson College student, gave an evening's entertainment of four numbers at the Somerville Baptist church on March 1. A large audience greeted the reader. Especially were they pleased with Miss Noltimier's portrayals of child impersonations, which showed a rare appreciation of child life in its varied phases.—Boston Times.

The twentieth annual banquet of the Tilton Seminary Alumni Association was held at the Copley Square Hotel in Boston, Friday evening, March 24th. President Huntington of Boston University was the guest of the evening. Grace Loverin gave three readings.

Eileen H. Whipple, a Senior at the Emerson College of Oratory, is a promising platform artist of varied talents. Her child impersonations are realistic, and the lights and shadows of her more serious work well blended. A recent recital at the Frances Willard House was most successful, when encore after encore showed the appreciation of her large audience.—Boston Times.

The Senior Class at the Emerson College of Oratory gave a delightful recital in Chickering Hall last Thursday evening. The programme included "The King of the Golden River" (Ruskin), Alice M. Bartlett; "A Set of Turquois" (Thomas Bailey Aldrich), Estelle O. Wilcox; "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (Longfellow), Marion Gertrude Webster; "A Lover of Music" (Henry Van Dyke), Mary Gregg; "Monsieur Beaucaire" (Booth Tarkington), Jessie Maynard Weems.

The great reputation of the pupils of Emerson College for doing good work was fully sustained, and every number on the programme was a best number.—Boston Times, March 18.

SENIOR RECITAL

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1911

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 | The Other Wise Man | Henry van Dyke |
| | Marguerite R. Albertson | |
| 2 | Over the Balister | Caroÿn Wells |
| | May E. Greene | |
| 3 | "Marie" (adapted) | Laura E. Richards |
| | Madeline Isabel Randall | |
| 4 | The Lie | Annie Hamilton Donnell |
| | Bertha M. Wiley | |
| 5 | (a) A Confidence | Paul Lawrence Dunbar |
| | (b) Almost Beyond Endurance | James Whitcomb Riley |
| | Edith May Noltimier | |
| 6 | Prisoner of Zenda | Anthony Hope |
| | Eileen Harrison Whipple | |

SENIOR RECITAL

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1911

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------------------|
| 1 | "The Crisis" (adapted) | Winston Churchill |
| | Ruth I. Robinson | |
| 2 | "The Lance of Kannana" | Willard French |
| | Lucile M. Cobb | |
| 3 | "If I Were King" | Justin Huntley McCarthy |
| | William Donald Martin | |
| 4 | "The House of Rimmon," Scenes I and II | Henry van Dyke |
| | Eleanor Wilbur Pomeroy | |

'12

It seemed wise to elect a Class President for the remaining six weeks of school. Miss Sylvia Leland as Vice-President had carried us through our many difficulties so splendidly that we all were extremely grateful to her. Miss Leland was made President for the rest of this term, Miss Lillian Hartigan, Vice-President, and Miss Jane Rae, Class Marshall.

We are glad to welcome Miss Neva Ferne Walter of West Pittston, Pa., into the Junior class.

Miss Ione Stevens spent the Spring vacation with Miss Leuella McKown at her home in Booth Bay Harbour, Maine.

Miss Agnes Kent read recently at a tea given by the Alpha Phi Fraternity at Boston University.

Miss Ella Eastman attended the Exeter and Andover Musical Concert given at Exeter.

SORORITIES

DELTA DELTA PHI

At a charming luncheon, given at the Chapter House on March twenty-third, Miss Estelle Henry announced her engagement to Mr. John Ahlers of Meriden, Conn. The wedding will take place in the early Fall.

We were greatly surprised to receive on the morning of March first cards announcing the engagement of Miss May Greene to Mr. E. Banfield Hersey.

Miss Vera McDonald entertained ten of the Delta girls at a most delightful house party at her home in Allston, during the entire Spring vacation. Two of the most charming affairs were a theatre party given on Thursday evening, and a dinner-dance, given the last night, which happily celebrated Miss McDonald's birthday. We all say with one accord, that it was the crowning feature of the school year for us.

Miss Jessie Weems spent the week-end with her sister, who is a Senior at Smith College.

Since her return from Europe, Miss Dorothy Henry has been visiting her sister, Miss Estelle Henry.

Miss Edna Kerr, Miss Wintie Whitesel, Miss Jessie

Weems, and Miss Estelle Henry, were entertained at the Harvard "Hasty Pudding Club" play, given at Jordan Hall, on March thirty-first by Mrs. Charles Kidder.

Miss Mary Slifer, of the class of '09, spent a few days with us, at the Chapter House.

At the home of her parents in Kingston, N. Y., Miss Elizabeth Carl was united in marriage to Mr. Everett Fezzenden, on April the fifteenth.

Miss Knapp has given several readings in Dorchester.

Miss Green gave a reading in Brookline recently.

Miss Whitesel was a guest of Miss Lyon at dinner.

Miss Fowler and Miss Knapp had a very pleasant visit at Dean Academy, Founders' Day.

ZETA PHI ETA

The Zeta Phi Eta Sorority extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Willard in their sorrow.

The Zetas were charmingly entertained by Miss Winifred Bent on March 29th, at a dinner party given at her home in Somerville.

Miss Minabel Garrett assisted at an entertainment given for the "Daughters of Maine," at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Minot in Dorchester.

Miss Marie Neahr acted as hostess on her birthday, March 31st, and entertained the Zetas at a most enjoyable party.

The Misses Colby and Keck spent a week-end recently at a house-party in Pawtucket, R. I.

Miss Edna Spear read at an entertainment given at the Girls' Trade School, on March 17th.

The following is from the Daily Northwestern, published at Evanston, Ill.:

ZETA PHI ETA SCHOLARSHIP

At a meeting of the faculty of the School of Oratory the offer of Zeta Phi Eta Sorority to give a perpetual post-graduate scholarship to the school was accepted. Every woman of the oratory school is eligible, but the winner will be the one who has proven her ability as the best reader. The selection will be made by the faculty. This movement on the part of Zeta Phi Eta is but a fulfillment of the prophecy that fraternities must be a benefit to the whole student body as well as to a separate group.

PHI MU GAMMA

Miss Marguerite Albertson successfully coached and presented scenes from "The Mid-Summer Night's Dream" at the Church of the Shepherd Memorial, Cambridge, on the evening of March 30th.

Miss Marguerite Chaffee has completed a season of reading, touring the Western states under the White Entertainment Bureau. She will spend the remainder of the school year in the city.

Mr. George Roberts of New York City was the guest of Miss Ruth West.

Mr. and Mrs. Hicks and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pierce have been dinner guests at the Chapter House.

Miss Janet Chesney gave an evening's reading at Farmington, Conn., on March 14th.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gamma Chi wishes to heartily thank the student body and faculty for their generous support in our recital, presenting Mr. and Mrs. William Howland Kenney and Mr. Edward Morse Whitney, on the evening of April sixth.

Miss Ida Rappin of Buffalo, New York, was a recent guest of Miss Evelyn Oelkers.

We again successfully gave our evening's program on March twenty-fourth, at the Prospect Union, Cambridge. Two dates are booked for Malden during April.

Miss Christine Hodgdon delightfully entertained us at her home in Malden on the afternoon and evening of April 1st.

On March 30th Miss Alice Davidson read at East Boston, and again March 31st at Norwood.

Miss Gladys Brighton spent a recent week-end at her home in Fall River.

The girls at the chapter house were recently entertained by Masters Fosti and Sheridan Russell at Hemenway Chambers at their miniature grand opera.

THE CHARM OF A VOICE.

"At the recent celebration of Lucy Stone's birthday almost every speaker who had known that gifted woman had something to say about the charm of her voice. So sweet was it that, in the words of Miss Anthony, "men used to say that they couldn't help voting for woman suffrage if she asked them to do so." Her name was always put last upon the programme of a public meeting, because she left such a pleasant impression upon her audience'."

The current literature of Great Britain is full of slighting allusions to the voices of American women. They are justified in a number of cases, alas! far too large. But an American women's voice need not be loud and shrill. Nothing in her constitution, nothing in the climate, requires it so to be. It is true that weak utterance or a "cracked" voice may proceed from ill health; but the high, nasal tones that our foreign critics find so disagreeable are almost invariably due to sheer heedlessness.

Nobody needs to be told that noise and emphasis are different things, but people forget—and scream; and every such outburst, whether of joy or anger, coarsens the voice, especially if, as is frequently the case, 'the last breath in the lungs' is used in the effort.

'Breathe deeply, speak slowly, and keep an even temper,' is the advice a specialist gives the girls of a famous finishing school. The secret of a pleasing voice could hardly be conveyed in fewer words, nor is the knowledge of any other secret more essential to a women's charm."

A BAD TONE.

"Do we really know a man till we have heard his voice. Not what he says, but how he says it, gives us an insight into his human character. Kind words may have a bitter meaning, and blunt words may sound sweetly if the tones are gentle and loving. Avoid the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule. The tone of scolding wears upon the throat, and just where a woman who is not over strong is apt to feel the ache of extreme fatigue. The children, too, who are great imitators, will be sure to catch the scolding tone, and will talk to their dolls, to one another, and by and by to their own children, very much as their mothers are now talking to them. By all means avoid this bad tone, if you wish to govern others."

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX

APRIL, 1911.

NO. 6

EDITORIAL STAFF

ELEANOR W. POMEROV, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Post Graduate News.....VERROQUA S. PETTY

Senior Class News.....CAROLINE RICHARDS

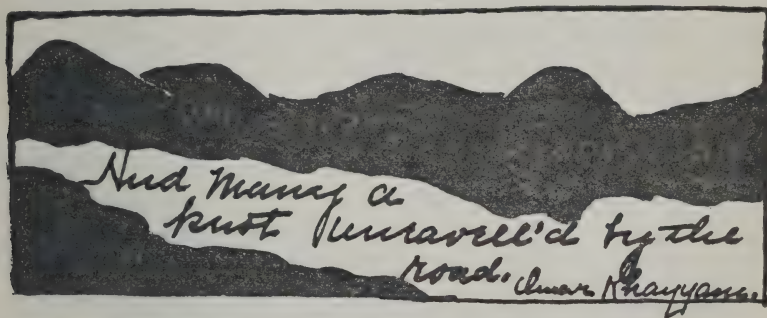
LOIS BEIL, *College News Editor.*

Junior Class News.....MARION COLBY

Freshman Class News.....LYNN D. HUNT

VICTOR D. BUTTON, *Bus. Mgr.*

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Mgr. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.



"Let me do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room,
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way'."

"Then shall I see it not too great nor small
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best."

—Henry Van Dyke

Just at this season of the year, hundreds and thousands of students are nearing the time when they are to go forth from their Alma Mater's. Some have practically settled the choice of a profession, and are looking forward confidently to a

position awaiting them in the fall; others, are still uncertain as to just what niche they are to occupy in the world—fearful, perhaps, that there may be no niche for them at all. They are wasting splendid energy, day after day, in counting up the long lists of college graduates and, the seemingly, too few positions to be filled. The work—the daily tasks which come to the hands of these students grow irksome, and they are wholly unfitting themselves to assume the duties of teacher (if this be the chosen field) when the call at last comes. If they would only stop to realize that never, in this broad land of ours, has the demand for teachers been as great, as it is today—and as the demand increases, so likewise does the standard of requirements. Our Universities, Colleges, Normal Schools, Academies and high-schools, are calling for strong, resourceful teachers and it is from the graduate lists of our educational institutions that this demand must partially be met. Therefore, why not serve by putting aside all idle fears for the future—and fitting ourselves for service, until the door of opportunity at last swings open?

Some are to enter other fields of service—the church, the office, the home—and to each belongs the responsibility of his place in the world. Earnestness and contentment in, as well as love of the work being done are necessary to the highest achievement of any life.

Worth The Emerson students will recognize Emersonian
Quoting philosophy in the following extract:

“A young man who was entering on the teaching profession asked an old teacher, ‘What are the first essentials in teaching?’ The answer was something like this: ‘The first essential is truth; be sure that you have it right. The second is clearness; be sure that you are understood. The third is interest; be sure that you put it in an attractive way; that will hold the attention and make the truth stick.’

“The more you think of this advice the better it seems. It is good for teachers and for any one else who talks to others, whether in a social chat, in business, in lecturing, or in preaching.

“Truth is first. What is the use of talking if you do not tell something real? Fancies may be helpful, but they should be told as fancies, not as facts. Opinions, suppositions, guesses, theories, handed

out as truths may be like false finger-posts that point the traveler the wrong way.

"Clearness is next. This is not so easily accomplished as may be thought. There are several hindrances to it. Two are prominent: namely, lack of distinctness in the speaker's mind and a desire to parade one's-self. A clear thought and simple speech will usually secure clear expression.

"Then comes interest. It is a common mistake to put this first. A timely truth clearly told will usually have a hearing, for such things people want to hear. But there are many ways of winning the ears of those who do not wish to listen. To place chief stress on these is a serious blunder. 'I must hold my class,' says a teacher. Yes, that is important; but it is more important to know what to do with them when you hold them. No, better keep to the true order; first truth, then clearness, then interest."

"Self-Cultivation in English"

We are most interested in a text-book used by the Junior Rhetoric class on Self-Cultivation in English by George Herbert Palmer, Professor of Philosophy, Harvard University. This little book is one of the Riverside Educational Monographs, published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company. The headings are of interest:—The Mastery of English as a Tool. Lood Well to Your Speech. Welcome Every Opportunity for Writing. Remember the Other Person. Learn Your Subject. Work Day After Day Unwearingly. Seek the Company of Good Speakers and Writers.

IF ONE WERE A BOY AGAIN

In some papers of the late Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, was found a memorandum which read like this:

"If I were a boy again, I would read every book that I could reach. I would strive to find out from good books how good men lived.

"If I were a boy again, I would cultivate new patience with the faults of others, and study my own with greater care. I would strive for humility.

"If I were a boy again, I would more and more cultivate the company of those older, whose graces of person and mind

would help me on in my own work. I would always seek good company.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the Bible even more than I did. I would make it a mental companion. The Bible is a necessity for every boy.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the life and character of our Saviour persistently, that I might become more and more like unto him."

Of all methods of reaching the public heart, the drama is the most direct, the most exciting, and the most impressive. It appeals to hundreds of people who never read a printed article seriously, and it appeals to them with remarkable force and vigor.

Some young actresses would do well to look carefully into the psychology and color scheme of their voices. There is many a hard, strident or nasal little voice on Broadway that is causing its owner unwittingly to wonder what is keeping her back. One of the best assets that any young actress can have is a good, resonant, velvety speaking voice; and that, fortunately, is one of the things that can be cultivated nicely, the harshness taken out of it, a velvety lining substituted for a brassy one and the sharp edges filed down. There are several young women who might be named in the class of beings whose voices exercise an instinctively repellant influence on people in front, even before the speakers have stepped into view.—*Dramatic Mirror*.

David Belasco has again been writing of women and theatre, and as the discover of many famous stars, he should know what he is talking about. This is one of his utterances: "The soul of the theatre must surge and throb in her blood. Also she must study to interpret human agonies as well as human joys. While waiting for an opportunity she can best spend her time reading, minutely observing everything that transpires about her. She should study nature and the naturalness of things, particularly animals, since they are void of self-consciousness, the great obstacle to dramatic art."

MODERN DRAMAS SUGGESTED FOR PLATFORM USE

Prince Chap—Edward Peple

Miss Civilization—Richard Harding Davis

Mercedes—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

The Piper—Josephine Preston Peabody
The Melting Pot—Israel Zangwill
The Man From Home—Booth Tarkington
The House of Rimmon—Henry Van Dyke
Chantecler—Edmond Rostand
The Dawn of a To-morrow—Frances Hodgdon Burnett
Lonely Lives—Gerhart Hauptmann
The Master Builder—Henrik Ibsen
A Doll's House—Henrik Ibsen
The Scarecrow—Percy W. Mackaye
Pelleas and Melisande—Maurice Maeterlinck
The Blue Bird—Maurice Maeterlinck
Cathleen in Houlihan—William Butler Yeats
The Faith Healer—William Vaughn Moody

LIFTING YOURSELF

A struggling young lawyer went to a famous attorney for advice and encouragement. After patiently hearing his tale the older man replied:

"There's nothing like encouragement in the legal profession, my friend. When I was going through the mill there was only one man who stood by me.

" 'You'll succeed, old boy,' he used to say, 'you've got the stuff in you, no matter what others say. You just go on plugging and you're bound to nail that mark Success.' And it was these stimulating words that really brought me through a winner!"

"Who was this very encouraging person, may I ask?" inquired the eager young man.

The great attorney looked upon him with a reminiscent smile:

"Myself!"



IMPORTANT NOTICE

A great many requests have come to us for an enlargement of the Magazine, in order that personal notices, programs, and adaptable readings may be printed in full. Since such an enlargement would greatly increase the cost of publication, these requests for the present cannot be granted, as the Magazine is already overtaxed with expense. This is regrettable, because we are anxious at all times to publish Alumni news. But the four departments,—into which the reading matter is divided, and which represent all phases of the College,—must be kept well balanced, and should at no time exceed forty-eight pages in size.

However, there is a waste of over one hundred dollars worth of Magazines each year, which, if sold, could be devoted to general improvement. The waste is due entirely to the fact that a great many subscribers change addresses without giving us notice; others, receiving the Magazine, cancel subscription late in the season; while scores of others we do not hear from at all. We are always glad, if it be an accommodation to the subscriber, to continue the Magazine and receive subscriptions at the close of the year, but in all cases notice at the beginning of the year should be given. Magazines, if paid for one year, will be continued the next unless we are otherwise notified.

Occasionally upon sending out bills, subscribers will reply declaring previous payment. In such cases the mistake may be on their part in failing to send money, or on ours in failing to give proper credit. But we are always glad to accept the subscribers' statement and call the mistake our own.

At this time there are numerous out-standing subscriptions. Since our books for the year are soon to be closed, we trust these will be taken care of at once. If you have not already done so, kindly remit by return mail.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON*

The Emerson College Club of Boston met at the College on the evening of March 8th. The subject of the meeting was "Daniel Deronda" and its Author. An admirable and carefully prepared paper on the book was read by Miss J. Montford Low. This opened the way for lively and interesting discussion. Remarks were made by Dean Ross and others, thus the evening passed pleasantly and profitably. The hostesses, Mrs. Marmein, Miss Hadcock and Mrs. Ellison, prepared a dainty repast in green and white.

Received too late for last issue.

The Emerson College Club of Boston was delightfully entertained on April 4th by Mrs. Conrad Gereock at her home in Brookline. The subject of discussion for the evening was Henry D. Thoreau. Dean Ross, a scholar in the field of Thoreau, and one who loves and understands the man as but few have allowed themselves the privilege of doing, talked to us long and delightfully—taking us in imagination rambling among the haunts of the great naturalist, until we would banish wintry April and in reality revisit Concord and re-read "Malden" with the spring-time and Dean Ross's inspiring words for company.

The next meeting of the club will be on May 2nd, at the home of Mrs. Frank Lincoln Howes in Brookline. The evening will be devoted to Music.

The Emerson College Club of Boston gave a Dutch Supper on April 8th in the College Rooms, for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. The committee consisted of Mrs. Anna E. Marmein, Chairman, Mrs. Eva Ellison, and Miss Edith Hadcock.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY*

The Emerson College Club of New York is holding its

meetings this year in the rooms of the Twelfth Night Club at Twenty-three West Forty-fourth Street.

At the January meeting the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Grace Burt Homan; First Vice-President, Mrs. Grace Bronson Purdy; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen; Recording Secretary, Miss Leslie Thompson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Margaret Klein; Treasurer, Miss Anna McIntyre. After the business was transacted the ladies from Mount Vernon furnished a brief, informal program and served light refreshments.

An evening with Dickens was the order of the February meeting. The program opened with a paper reviewing the life and works of Dickens by Mrs. Spencer Wiggin. The Quarrel of Sarah Gamp and Betsey Prigg from Martin Chuzzlewit, was presented by pupils of Miss Klein from the Flushing High School; two scenes from Bleak House by Miss McIntyre and Mrs. Viola Vivien Todd; Mr. Bumble's Courtship from Oliver Twist by Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker and Mr. W. Palmer Smith; and a scene from David Copperfield by Mrs. Homan, Mrs. Wiggin and Mrs. Sara Handy McClintock. The ladies from Brooklyn acted as hostesses and furnished refreshments. The record attendance of the year was at this meeting. At least thirty graduates and pupils of Emerson were present with guests to bring the total number up to about seventy-five.

The topic for the March meeting was "The Making of Plays." The speakers were Mrs. Clarence D. Stone, Miss Ruth Lane Hooper, and Mr. Roy C. McGrue. Miss Juliette Griffith delighted the company with several solos. Ice cream, cake and coffee were served by the Manhattan constituency.

Received too late for last issue.

ALUMNI NOTES

'og. Miss Carmen MacIntyre (Carmen Ercell) receives the following flattering notices in Germany:

At the concert the other evening in the Volkslieder Hall, Miss Carmen Ercell was heard in "The Minstrel from Hildach," English, Scotch and American songs. The English songs were "The Last Rose

of Summer," and a serenade by Meidlinger. The Scotch songs were "Comin' Through the Rye," and "I Love Me a Laddy but Me." an American lullaby concluded the program.

All were very much enjoyed and Miss Ercell was repeatedly encored, in fact she was quite the success of the evening, receiving quite an ovation. All songs were so beautifully sung and so well interpreted, that every one could follow them even though word for word could not be understood as Miss Ercell sang in English. It is unusual that songs sung in another language than their own take with a German public.—Berlin Lageblatt.

Boisen Courier, Berlin, Germany.—A delightful evening was given in the Neuen Schauspielhaus on Feb. 9th. This evening was the opening night of a series of concerts to be given once a week during the balance of the winter season.

The best number of the evening was given by Miss Carmen Ercell, a young Canadian singer, who sang and acted a scene from Nicolais' Opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Miss Ercell as "Frau Fluth," made a decided success. Her technique is faultless and she sings with remarkable interpretation and expression. Her acting also deserves special notice, being natural and artistic from every point of view.

In the second part of the program, Miss Ercell sang Scotch songs in costume, which also delighted the audience exceedingly.

Lokul Anseiger.—At a concert in the Schouspielhaus last evening we heard Miss Ercell as "Frau Fluth" in a scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This difficult scene, done in costume and acted as well is a novelty for Berlin, and surely pleased the audience, judging by the applause.

Miss Ercell was in splendid voice and her perfect renditions delighted everyone as did her clever acting and bright humor. The Scotch songs in the second part were exquisitely sung.

The B. Z. Newspaper.—Most people best enjoyed the scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," given by Miss Carmen Ercell, as "Frau Fluth." Miss Ercell has a very taking personality, possessing a beautiful voice of remarkable range and sweetness, perfect control of every branch of technique and a splendid talent for acting combined with a droll humor. Her Scotch songs were also much enjoyed.

The Voss.—Miss Carmen Ercell as "Frau Fluth," in the scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," made a decided hit. This is something new for Berlin, and an exceedingly difficult piece of work to take a scene from an opera and act and sing it so well that no one misses the preceding scenes. Miss Ercell was quite at home, however, and her splendid singing and acting were much enjoyed.

'96. We are interested to note in the Twentieth Century

'02. Magazine for March, an article entitled "A National Defect and the Remedy" by Eden Tatem ('96), also the department on "Direct Legislation" by Katharine B. Mills ('02).

'93. Prof. Albert T. Harris of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, recently addressed the students at chapel. Prof. Harris spoke especially of cultivating creative power, also of cultivating the art of using devices. In his address he quoted as an illustration, a fable which, in brief, is to the effect that the Creator, after having made the world was confronted by four men. The first asked: "What is it for?" The second: "How did you do it?" The third: "Let me have it." The fourth, worshipped—then retired and created a little world of his own. The first man, says the fable, was a philosopher. The second, a scientist. The third a capitalist, and the fourth, an artist.

'09. Surely, Henrietta McDannel is to be congratulated on her successful impersonation of the boy Peter in the Harvard prize play, "The End of the Bridge," now beginning its sixth week at the Castle Square Theater. It is estimated that already 80,000 people have seen this drama. Miss McDannel as Peter is naturally the center of attraction, and we know that in the role of Lord Fauntleroy, which she is soon to play, she will be equally charming.

'01. There has recently been added to our College library "The Arch Satirist" by Frances De Wolf Fenwick.

'98. Another loved graduate of Emerson has passed beyond the gates of mortal life. Ellen Miriam Kurzenknabe was one whose soul was capable of great things and whose work and influence showed character of high order. Her delicate constitution and limited means restricted her service to a small circle of friends; but she has entered now the larger life of the spirit and we know that we can say to her as to Browning, "Fight on! Fare ever there, as here!"

'08. The Houghton, Mifflin Company announce on the new list of the Riverside Educational Monographs "The Teaching of Poetry in the Grades" by Agnes G. Smith and Margaret W. Haliburton.

"Those accustomed to visiting and studying schools know how poor and inadequate is the teaching of poetry both in reading classes and in memorizing exercises. It is undoubtedly true that the common indifference to poetry is to a considerable extent due to this ineffective teaching during the impressionable years of pupils. This book will serve to remedy this serious defect in our school instruction. The authors are instructors in English in the State Normal School, Farmville, Va."

'08. Mary Frances Hogan died at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, on the ninth of March. Miss Hogan was a teacher of expression as well as a reader. Prior to her death, she was ill for about a year, and her death was hastened by a fall, causing a fractured hip.

Among recent guests at the College have been; Maud Williams ('09) of Poultney, Vermont, where she is teaching; Cora Morris ('02) Superintendent of the Y. W. C. T. U. Medal Contest Department of Lewis County, New York; Agnes M. Safford ('92) teaching at Westbrook Seminary, Woodford, Maine; Mary L. Hussey ('91) who has recently resigned her position in the Lowell Normal for a year's rest at Seattle; Gertrude L. Trufaut ('99) teaching at Exeter, New Hampshire; Clara B. Woolson ('94) teaching at East Northfield, Seminary, Massachusetts; Adelaide Patterson ('10), Assistant Principal at the Belcher School, East Milton, Massachusetts; Frances Woodbury ('10) of the Luisey Morrison Stock Company at Lynn; Charles T. Grilley ('93) prominent as a Lyceum reader; Elbert Foland ('01) a well-known reader, and Prof. Albert T. Harris ('93) of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

'10. Bertha W. Fiske, who early in the season successfully coached "Alice in Wonderland," and later played in "The Backsliders" by George Egerton, is now resting at her home in Madison, Connecticut. Says Miss Fiske, "Yes, I learned a lot, and it makes me want to say to Emerson students—grasp every opportunity given you, develop your own special ability, and never loose your grip on the things worth while."

'03. Maud Hayes, teacher of Expression at the State Normal School, Moorhead, Minnesota, coached the pageant, "Joan of Arc," presented by the Senior Class on March 18th and 20th. The production is based upon Michelet's history, with an adaptation of the Schiller text for the main lines. Scenes, illustrative of peasant life, and characteristic songs and dances of court and hamlet were introduced. In all, about seventy people appeared.

Noteworthy work is being done by the pupils of Kathryn E. Regan at the Mansfield State Normal School, Mansfield, Pennsylvania. A recital given by Emily S. Gyger, a pupil of Miss Regan's, has received favorable comment.

'08. Mary Barlow is teaching at the Magazine Onachita Academy, Magazine, Arkansas.

'03. Prof. Frederick H. Koch ('03), of the University of Dakota, '09, is to play "Everyman," put on by the Sock and Buskin Club. John Adams Taylor ('09) is to play "Death" in the same production.

'08. Mary S. Bean writes:

"On February eighteenth we had a delightful treat. Mr. Tripp presented "Twelfth Night," and not even in Emerson College was he ever given a greater ovation or enjoyed any more deeply.

You Emersonians, who find yourself regretting the absence of different members of the faculty, just stop and imagine what their visits mean to the absent members of "the family."

I am very delightfully located here in Lexington and am enjoying the work immensely. We put on "Mice and Men" at Commencement."

'93. Word has come of the death of Mary Bolles (Cone) Edgerton. Bright as a conversationalist, a good and genial friend, a loved and lovable wife and sister, her sudden going has brought grief that time alone can heal.

Splendid notices appeared on March 17th in the Concord Evening Monitor of the annual prize speaking contest by the pupils of the public schools, again successfully coached by Mrs. W. W. Bemis.

'07. Mrs. Bertha S. Papazian, a graduate of Emerson College, is to star to-night in a play which she has written and staged herself, "Outwitting Providence." The story tells how a woman saved the day for the victims of the Armenian massacre of 1909, and the play is historically correct.

Herself the wife of an Armenian, she is to play the part of an American girl opposite a real Armenian, G. Malcolm, a lawyer and a graduate of Amherst and Harvard, a Turkish nobleman in the play. Mrs. Papazian is a young woman of unusual charm, with a voice such as one seldom hears on our Western continent. She is to produce and take part in another of her own plays in a fortnight.—*Boston Post*, March 15, 1911.

Cordial greetings have been received from Emma B. Goldsmith ('10); Mrs. L. J. Corbley (nee Sydney Thomas) ('06); Mrs. L. Stephens MacIntyre ('09); Hortense M. Booth ('97); Miss Henrietta F. Upton ('95); Augusta Center ('00); M. Florence Johnson ('86); Bertha W. Fiske ('10); Elizabeth Barnes; Mary S. Bean ('08); Elizabeth Keppie ('08), and Elizabeth White.

'08. Elizabeth Keppie writes: This year has undoubtedly been the most pleasant and interesting of my experience since leaving Emerson. They say everyone in California talks "Climate." But how can one help it? To an Easterner of the temperate zone, it is a marvel, and you just can't help raving about it. The rainy season has consisted of a rainy day now and again, and one severe rain of three days and nights. But immediately after the rain is over the sun dries up the roads, and it is just grand.

At Christmas the hills had California holly and now they are becoming decked with wild hyacinths and poppies. I can't describe the fields and hills of poppies. One must see them to say, "My, but this is a glorious sight!" with the correct inflection and gesture. Violets have been on sale at all the street corners for never more than ten cents a bunch and sometimes you could get as many as three bunches for ten cents. Sweet peas have been a close second, with carnations at five and ten cents a dozen. It did seem strange to be able to buy these flowers at such prices at Christmas.

The Los Angeles State Normal is the largest Normal School in the West, and I am most happy in my work here. I am associated in the Reading Department with Mrs. Hunnerwell (nee Alice Osden). She is a happy, open-hearted Emersonian and my "lines are cast in pleasant places." Dr. Mills-paugh, our President, is a man "whom to know is to love,"

and I am glad I am one of his teachers, association with him means growth for me.

Our school registers almost one thousand pupils and our faculty numbers nearly fifty, and they are a most congenial lot of men and women. Our Seniors are planning to give "Pride and Prejudice" as their Commencement Play.

Before closing just a word to the undergraduates. If you ever want to teach in a Normal School, I'd advise you to become familiar with teaching methods in reading in our primary and grammar schools, as you must be able to outline methods and give model lessons to children before your classes. A most helpful book on the subject, and one I advise my pupils to get is "Reading in the Public Schools," by Briggs and Coffman, at \$1.25.

'93. The annual guest day, Thursday morning, under the auspices of the education department, was an unprecedented success. The exercises began at 9.30 a. m., with every available inch of floor space and even the stairs crowded with members and guests. The first part of the program consisted of fancy marching, the Emerson drill, aesthetic dancing and Indian club swinging by the physical culture class, led by Mrs. Mary L. Sherman. The ladies went through their exercises with grace and precision, and their work was a credit to their charming instructor.

Great praise is due to Mrs. Sherman, who has patiently coached the ladies for several weeks, and whose cheery optimism has meant so much during a tiresome rehearsal.—Cambridge Chronicle, April 1, 1911.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW, Misses Dalton, Thayer, Davidson, Burke, Case
MIDDLE ROW, Misses Cash, Smiley, Mrs. Allen

FRONT ROW, Misses Hodgdon, Churchill, Bruggeman, Leland, Andrew

Back to the Farm.



BACK to the farm!

Where the bob-white still is calling
As in remembered dawns when youth and I
were boys,
Driving the cattle where the meadow brook is
brawling
Her immemorial wandering fears and joys.

Home to the farm for the deep green calms of summer,
Life of the open furrow, life of the waving grain—
Leaving the painted world of masquerade and mummer
Just for the sense of earth and ripening again.

Down in the hayfield where scythes glint through the clover,
Lusty blood a-throbbing in the splendor of the noon—
Lying 'mid the haystacks as castling clouds pass over,
Hearing insect lovers a-piping out of tune.

* * * * *

Off to the woodlot where brier bloom runs riot
And wary forest creatures no hunter's snare deceives,
Virgin growth beguiling the solemn-hearted quiet
With songs of winter fires a-ripple through the leaves.

Up to the bars in the twilight's soft reaction—
Winding through the ferny lane to barns of stooping eaves
Welcoming at nightfall to simple satisfaction,
Where the reeling swallow her dusky pattern weaves.

Out in the dews with the spider at his shuttle—
In that half-dreaming hour that awakes the whippoorwill
And sets the night hawk darting sinister and subtle,
E'er the full moon complacent loiters o'er the hill.

Back to the farm!

With the friendly brute for neighbor,
Where youth and Nature beckon, the tryst who would not
keep,

Back to the luxury of rest that follows labor,
Back to the primal joys of hunger and of sleep!

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI.

—Scribner's Magazine.

Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XIX.

MAY, 1911.

No. 7.



EXTRACTS FROM THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON TO THE GRADUATES OF EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

By Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, Union Congregational Church,
30th April, 1911.

Subject: "Powerful Personality." Ephesians v: 1.

This is the fourth Baccalaureate Sermon which it has been my pleasure to preach to the Graduates of Emerson College. My first sermon, delivered four years ago, was upon the subject: "Some Dominant Notes in True Living." The next subject was: "Undying Inspiration"; last year, "The Lure of Perfection," and this year I am going to speak on "Powerful Personality." My text is the very first verse of the fifth chapter of Ephesians,—“Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children.”

Unconsciously your course has taught you to be imitators of your teachers. There is a sense in which that is a very true and fine thing to do; there is a sense in which being an imitator is not killing your own powers, but bringing your powers to the highest efficiency. The trouble with a great many people in this world is that they do not have the

right things to imitate. The great mission of the school is to set before the young people of our country those things which are worth imitating. When we think of our teachers whom we can meet and see and learn to know so well, it seems very reasonable to ask us to imitate them, but my text takes a very great advance step upon that, and asks us to imitate God. A good imitator of the living God will become a "Powerful Personality". That's my message. Personality is the very key to the world after all. The thing we love, the thing we enjoy, the thing that touches us most is personality. The thing most difficult to describe is personality. After we have examined all methods, analyzed all processes, gone through all the details by which men have arrived at results, we are still conscious of something we have not touched at all, and we call that personality. Buchham has given to our consideration what he calls the four great elements of personality: self-consciousness; unity; freedom; and moral worth. This will serve us as a suggestive outline.

First, let us take self-consciousness, as it differs from self-sensitiveness. Self-sensitiveness is what we had when we first entered school; we were conscious of our manners, our hands, our limitations. The greatest thing the school does first for the student is to awaken self, that he may begin to be conscious of his power to know, his power to judge, his power to feel, his power to act. The great mission of the school to the student is to awaken that self, that mysterious self that the friends about have never understood, that those that come in contact casually never understood, the student himself has never understood. The school awakens that self, and he begins to be conscious of powers mystical and strange within, and because he is conscious of those powers he begins to attempt things that the unawakened self would never have dreamed of attempting. Now, after this awakening, there comes a very depressing period of discouragement. It is because the awakened self sees the light falling upon the path of self-development, self-control, and self-application. A hopeful sign it is to hear the first mur-

murings that suggest an awakening to the untold ignorance within. Then the teacher takes heart, and the student begins to grow, and the awakened self sees as the unawakened self did not see, and the awakened self feels, and knows, and judges, and considers, and strives as the unawakened self would never have done.

The second element is that peculiar marvel of life,—Unity. That mysterious person that organizes all the knowledge that comes, that co-operates all the powers, that plunges his *entire* self into the work; does not enter it with a part of his power, but organizes and combines and co-operates every endowment God has given, that is a "Powerful Personality". How strangely we retain our memory throughout all the world, and think our ways through the changing scenes and experiences! Sometimes it is so dark we cannot look ahead to see where we are going, we cannot look about us to see the landmarks, and yet that marvelous Person that combines and unifies all the powers keeps going steadily on. The marvel of God's creation is the way the soul lives through the changes of this world.

The next element of a "Powerful Personality" is freedom. How strangely we define this before we are awakened! Freedom to many a soul means nothing more than license, but freedom is never license, it is always obedience to law. I could sit at this organ and give these fingers the greatest possible freedom this morning, but there would be no result such as you heard upon the echo organ a few minutes ago. These fingers would be working by license; the organist worked by law; I could strike many keys, but they would not be the right ones. The person who lives by license goes out in the world striking many keys, but the discord that comes is the sorrow of the world. The greatest freedom we know anything about is the freedom by law. At first we feared the lightning, we shivered and trembled when it lighted up the sky, we held our ears when the thunder came. The first thing we could do was to fear the electricity of the sky. After a while we began to understand some of the laws of electricity, and men began to take it in their hands, and to

hold it to their heads, and to hang it about in buildings, and to harness it to cars, and attach it to wheels, but at first we were affrighted because lightning was not known according to its laws, and now we use it with the greatest possible freedom, for we have learned the law of lightning. The student, that passes faithfully and carefully through a true, earnest search of knowledge, opens the soul to the inspirations of teachers and friends, is the one that is passing away from the freedom of license into the glorious freedom of law.

The next great element in "Powerful Personality" is moral worth. Some people have set the world thinking, some people have set the world feeling, some people have set the world loving and serving, and it has been very difficult from their education, from their degrees, from the institutions through which they have passed to explain why. The great secret of it has been the moral worth; this is where my text will speak to you, you imitators of the teachers in expression,—in control and power, there is before you today a larger field in which to test the power of your personality. The great ocean liner is never tested until tested by the sea in all its moods; she never finds herself until she finds herself in a storm, and so you are testing today in a very new sense that personality which the course of your school can never give you. The day comes when the cry must be heard, "cast off the ropes", and the ship moves out of the peaceful waters of the harbor into the tossing billows of the deep. The day has come for each one of you to hear in your own soul the cry, "cast away from the wharf, now, you must be tested in the great world of service", and there your personalities will register whether they are powerful or not. Oh, I plead with you out of the depths of a heart that knows what it is to fight, hear me while I raise into the light the great importance of moral worth. How many beautiful lives have been wrecked because this has not been felt. There is no way to perfect your lives in this world without the testings of the storm, sooner or later you must come to the day when by the light of your ideal alone you sail the darkened sea. Stand the test, because you are imitators of God! The very revelation of

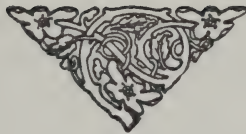
God through Jesus Christ makes us able to imitate him; we would be groping in the darkness but for this revelation.

The great difference between Christianity and other religions is this marvelous personality. We are not bound by fears as we used to be bound by the trembling fear of the lightning; we are not bound by superstitions, false hopes and strange incantations; we walk out into the marvelous light of a "Powerful Personality" that reveals to the world God. Just as naturally as children follow their parents, pupils their teachers, we strive to imitate the living God through the matchless Christ who has revealed Him to us. We are not left alone. The great moral worth of this revelation makes us feel that we are of moral worth. Potent, though latent, in every man is this great character, and this is the mission, and this is the message of the living Christ to us.

There is no limit to the power of personality when it takes the wings of faith, and like unto the mighty Christ strives to serve the soul of man. This is the great mission of each one that casts away from the moorings of the school and moves out into the testings of the great world of service. This is the thing that is worth while. Personal qualities are immeasurable, they are indestructible; when the body falls to pieces, and all the possible manifestations of that person in bodily life is ended, then in that greater and freer opportunity which God gives the soul, personality still lives on. We are not ashamed to bow in humble submission to Christ, we are not ashamed to approach the living God. The great words then that I would leave with you to make you live to be a "Powerful Personality" are simply the words of my text.

Out in the mysterious changes of the world we sometimes do not find that sympathy which understands the soul, we meet those who cannot read our aspirations, those who do not dream our dreams nor see our visions, and are surrounded by those who cannot feel nor know the mighty callings to a life worth while. In the midst of it all, listen again and again that the words may come back to you,—
"Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children," and

some day that unawakened soul will surrender, some day the influence of your personality will steal into the heart like a ray of sunshine, some day a soul will stand up and take new hope to live, and the mystical secret of your worth to the world will be a personality powerful and divine that no human mind can describe.



EMERSON COLLEGE ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION TREASURER'S REPORT.

May 10, 1911

Since the last published report I have been through the middle West, going as far as Minneapolis and St. Louis, meeting as many Emersonians as I could reach. In Hartford and Minneapolis I had a very pleasant and profitable meeting with the respective Emerson College Clubs. In Syracuse and Chicago new Clubs were formed, and plans are already in progress for others, one at Pittsburg and another for those located along the Valley of the Susquehanna. There are a number of Alumni in Buffalo, others in Cleveland and we hope soon to hear that Clubs have been formed in these cities. In the latter city there are four Emersonians teaching in four of the High Schools and there is a call at the College for a fifth. (In this connection I might add that of the twenty High Schools of Greater New York nine of them have Emerson teachers. Further. There is an Emerson Alumnus in every State and Territory in the Union with the single exception of Alaska.)

We have received a great many hearty pledges of support to the Endowment Movement and heard many an enthusiastic wish expressed that the desired end be accomplished. We realize that the task in hand is a difficult one but by no means an impossibility. To those who have not yet contributed I would say that we earnestly desire to have the name of every alumnus, former student and friend of Emerson on our subscription list. No sum is too great to be used to good advantage, no amount is too small to be appreciated. May each one give according to his ability.

Beyond anything that the Alumni and students can do it will also be necessary to appeal to friends of higher education for assistance. Are there not some of your acquaintance who would be willing to help the good cause along?

The fund now stands as follows:

Total of pledges and cash to date	\$13,834.06
Cash to date	8,504.06

CHARLES W. KIDDER, Treasurer

FACULTY NOTES.

Mrs. E. Charlton Black has added to her repertoire Ibsen's "The Master Builder." Says Mrs. Black of the play:

"The Master Builder is the most individual, the most characteristic, of Ibsen's plays....The dramatic movement is the symbolistic revealing of the soul of Halvard Solness, who, after years of defeat and moral compromise, at last through faith and courage and love attains to all that he had dreamed and meant to be....Hilda Wangel symbolizes creative power sprung from high ideals; Knut Brovik, vision without courage; Ragnar Brovik, ability without vision; Aline Solness, cold, unlovely performance of duty for duty's sake; Kaia Fosli, artistic aspiration devoid of moral enthusiasm."

After ten years in Chickering Hall the College is to move to a new home in Huntington Chambers, No. 30 Huntington Avenue. Chickering Hall is to be entirely remodeled during the coming summer and a new stock theatre, The St. James, is to be opened in the fall.

In its new location the College will be within two minutes walk of the Trinity Court, Huntington Avenue, and Back Bay Stations. Three car lines giving access to any part of the city and suburbs pass the door. It is within a few minutes walk of the shopping and theatre district, and from its advantageous position opposite the Public Library, on Copley Square, offers the most central and attractive location in Boston to the student.

Old students on their visits to the College next year will find attractive offices and class-rooms, and a beautiful hall seating over four hundred, for use in the morning exercises, class recitations and recital work.

Come and see us in our new home, and help us to prepare for one more move to our own building, controlled and fully occupied by ourselves.

On Thursday morning, April 20th, Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick read Macbeth in Chickering Hall.

Miss Gertrude Chamberlin, whose work in the "Brown- ing and Tennyson" class is so warmly appreciated by our graduates, recently gave a paper and reading before the Bos-

ten Browning Society at its two hundred and fifth regular meeting. The subject was an experience founded upon a visit to the Galerie des Cerfs, at Fontainebleau, recalling the poem by Browning which treats of Queen Christina of Sweden and Monaldeschi. The two threads of interest: the difficulties overcome in gaining entrance to the deserted and Galerie des Cerfs; and the delineation of Christina taken from historical sources, were skillfully interwoven. The dark shadow of Monaldeschi's assassination was relieved by the humorous touches of Miss Chamberlin's experiences, in unearthing anew the locality of the tragedy. Indeed the personal note gave the essay a certain charm, removing it from the field of purely historical narrative. The dramatic rendering of the poem: "Cristina and Monaldeschi" which followed was warmly applauded by the large audience gathered in Huntington Chambers Hall.

Miss Chamberlin was asked to repeat the paper before the "New England Women's Press Association" in April and we understand that she has accepted an invitation to present it again on May 9th at Boston University.

The Summer School, under the direction of Prof. Tripp, will be in session from July 10th to August 4th. Prof. Tripp, Mrs. Southwick, Miss Smith and assistants comprise the faculty. Courses in Voice Culture, Literary Interpretation, Platform and Dramatic Art, Physical Culture and Pedagogy will be given. Information concerning this course may be had from Dean Harry Seymour Ross or Prof. Walter Bradley Tripp, Director.

Mrs. Southwick has been giving recitals in Pennsylvania and Virginia where she has enjoyed meeting the graduates who are teaching in various institutions of learning. These calls from old friends are a source of inspiration, and the interpretations given by one of so wide experience must quicken the enthusiasm of all students. Mrs. Southwick intends to go further south after the close of College. Next season the line of travel will be further West and North.

THE MASTER'S VIOLIN.*

by

Myrtle Reed.

(Adapted)

Lynn Irving, a young man having some talent as a violinist, had come to Lancaster to continue his studies with Herr Kaufmann, a master of no small fame. During the boy's stay in town, he and his mother were visiting at the home of a relative, where Iris Temple, an attractive young girl, was also staying.

One morning Lynn called upon Herr Kaufmann to see if the Master would take him as a pupil, but found only Fraulein Kaufmann at home. However, as she expected her brother to return soon, she asked Lynn to come in and wait for him. While sitting in the old German parlor, Lynn noticed a violin lying upon the piano—a Cremona—and as the thin fine shell attracted his attention, he instinctively touched the instrument, and snapped a string. Almost before the deep resonant tone had died away, the Master's sister appeared, and indignantly demanded that he put the instrument where he had found it. Seeing that he had unwittingly committed a serious offence, Lynn offered an apology which was received in an uncompromising manner. To his relief, Herr Kaufmann soon appeared, and after a short conversation in German with his sister, in which the latter evidently told of Lynn's offence, came forward.

"Now, you would like to speak with me?"

"Yes, I want to study with you."

"Study what? Manners?"

"No—I want to play."

"Oh, it is to play! Well, I can teach you nothing."

"Herr Kaufmann, I have come hundreds of miles to study with you. When I was a little child, I can remember

*By permission of the author Myrtle Reed McCullough, and G. P. Putnam, Sons, New York City and London.

my mother telling me that some day I should study with the great Herr Kaufmann. You'll take me won't you?"

For an instant, the Master seemed upon the point of yielding, unconditionally, then he came to himself with a start—"One moment,—why did you lift mine Cremona?"

"I scarcely know why. I was here alone, I had been waiting a long time, and it has always been natural for me to look at violins. I certainly had no intention of harming it, nor of offending anybody. I am very sorry."

"It is mine Cremona,—nobody touches it but myself."

"Herr Kaufmann, believe me, if any act of mine could wipe away my touch, I should do it here and now. As it is, I can only ask your pardon."

"We will no longer speak of it. We will attempt to forget."

He went to the window and stood with his back to Irving for a long time. His thoughts had leaped a quarter of a century back. Again he stood in the woods beyond East Lancaster, while the sky was dark with threatening clouds, and the dead leaves scurried in fright before the north wind. Beside him stood a girl of twenty, her face white and her sweet mouth quivering.

"You must take it—it is mine to do with as I please, and no one will ever know. It is part of myself that I give you, so that in all the years you will not forget me. When you touch it, it will be as though you took my hand in yours. When it sings to you, it will be my voice saying: 'I love you!' And in it you will find all the sweetness of this one short year. All the pain will be blotted out, and only the joy will be left—the joy that we can never know."

Her voice broke in a sob—then the picture faded in a mist of blinding tears. Lynn waited impatiently, for he was restless and longed to get away, but he dared not speak. At last the old man turned away from the window, his face haggard and grey.

"You will take me?"

"Yes, I take you, Tuesdays and Fridays at ten. Bring your violin and what music you have. We will see what you have done and what you can do. Good-bye."

Time passed, and as Lynn progressed with his lessons, he began to realize that his feelings toward Iris, with whom he was thrown in rather close companionship, was more than that of friendship. Although as yet he had spoken no word of love to her, he felt that she could not help but read his heart.

One morning Lynn went to Herr Kaufmann's as usual, but he played carelessly at last the Master spoke.

"Young man, why it is that you study the violin?"

"Why? Well, why not?"

"It is all the same. You have the technique, and the good wrist, you read quickly, but you play like one parrot. When I say 'fortissimo,' you play fortissimo; when I say 'allegro,' you play allegro; you are one obedient pupil."

"What else should I be?"

"Do not misunderstand. You can play the music as it is written. If that satisfies you, well and good, but the great ones have something more. They make the music to talk from one to another, but you express nothing. It is an possibility that you have nothing to express. Have you ever felt sorry?"

"Sorry for what?"

"Anything."

"Of course—I am often sorry."

"Well, you are young and it may yet come. The violin is the most noble of instruments. It is for those who have been sorry to play to those who are. You have nothing to give, but it is one pity to lose your fine technique."

"My mother—she wants me to be an artist."

"An artist! Your mother—she believes in you—is it not so?"

"Yes, she does—she has always believed in me."

"Well, we must not disappoint her. You work on like one faithful parrot, and I continue with your instruction. It is good that mothers are so easy to please."

Lynn went home by a long circuitous route. Herr Kaufmann's words still rang in his ears and for the first time, he

doubted himself. "He said I had the technique. But why should I feel sorry?"

After a long study, he concluded that the Master was eccentric, as genius is popularly supposed to be, and determined to think no more of it. Still it was not so easily put wholly aside. "You play like one parrot"—that single sentence, like a barbed shaft, had pierced the armour of his self-esteem.

That night, as Iris sat alone in the library, Lynn came in and went straight to her. With a heart full of confidence, he told her of his love. To his surprise, the girl rose quickly, "You—love me? you have no more feeling than the ground beneath your feet! You play like a machine—a mountebank, I am going away tomorrow—you will never see me again as long as you live. You—a machine—a clod—a trickster—a thing without a heart."

White to the lips, and trembling like a leaf, Iris shook herself free, and ran out of the room.

Lynn drew a long shuddering breath, while his hands clenched convulsively.

"God!"

From the crucible of Eternity, Time, the Magician, draws the days. Iris had gone and the dream was at an end. Iris had gone, flouting him at the last. "Machine—Clod—Mountebank"—the bitter words rang through his consciousness again and again, "It may be true, part of it, at least. Herr Kaufmann has told me more than once, that I played like a Machine. Clod? Possibly. Mountebank? That may be, too. Trickster with the violin, trickster with words? Perhaps. But a thing without a heart?" Suddenly he remembered that it was his lesson day, and he was not prepared. Common courtesy demanded that he should go up to Herr Kaufmann's and tell the master that he did not feel like taking a lesson—that he had a headache, or something of the kind—that he had hurt his wrist, perhaps.

Herr Kaufmann answered his ring. "So you are once more late?"

"No, I just came to tell you that I couldn't take my les-

son today. I don't think that I can ever take any more lessons."

"And why? Come in!" One look at Lynn's face had assured Herr Kaufmann that something was wrong, and, for the first time he was drawn to his pupil.

"So mine son, it is not well with you?"

"Not very."

"Miss Iris—she will have gone away?"

"Yes."

"And you are sad because she has gone away? I am sorry mineself. Miss Iris is one little lady."

"Yes—she is."

Something in the boy's eyes stirred an old memory, and made the Master's heart very tender toward him. "Mine son, if something has troubled you, perhaps it will give you one relief to tell me."

More eager for sympathy than he realized, Lynn stammered out the story, choking at the end of it. There was a long silence, in which the Master went back twenty-five years.

"That is all. It is not much, but it is a great deal to me."

"So you are to be an artist, and you are afraid of life! You are summoned to the ranks of the great, and you shrink from the signal—cover your ears that you shall not hear the trumpet call! This, when you should be on your knees thanking the good God that at last He has taught you pain! For six-eight years now, you study the violin. You learn the scales, the technique, the good wrist, and nothing else."

"What is it that the art is for? Is it for one great assembly of people to pay the high price of admission? 'See!' they say 'this young man, how smooth he plays his concerts! When it is marked fortissimo, see how he plays fortissimo! It is most skillful! Is the art for that? No!

"It is for everyone in the world who has known trouble to be lifted up and made strong. They care nothing for the means, only for the end, what shall they know of technique? And yet you must have the technique, else you cannot give the message.

"Everyone that hears has had his own sorrow. None of them are new ones; they are all old, and so few that one person can suffer all. It is for you to take that, to know the hurt heart and the rebellious soul, so that you can comfort, lift up, and make noble with your art.

"And you—you cry out when you should be glad. Miss Iris does not love you, and beyond that you do not see. Suppose one thousand people were before you, and all had loved some-one, who did not care for them. Could you make it easier if you knew nothing of it yourself?

"Listen." And the Master told him the story of that night twenty-five years before—when he had stood in the forest with the girl he loved, and she had given him the Cremona in parting.

"I have had mine fame, with the sorrow in mine heart. I have studied and worked until I have made mineself one great artist. Women have cried when I have played, and have thrown their red roses to me. I had the technique, and when the hurt broke open mine heart, I was immediately one artist. I understood. I could play. I could lift up all who suffered because I had known suffering mineself. Mine son, do you not understand? You can give only what you have. Otherwise I should not be fitted to play on mine Cremona—I would not deserve to touch it, and so, in a way, I am glad.

"I have had mine fame, and I have paid mine price, but the heights are lonely and sometimes I think it would be better to walk in the valley with a woman's hand in mine. But at the first, before I knew, I chose. I said, 'I will be an artist,' and so I am, but I have paid, oh, mine son, I have paid, and I am still paying. There is no end!"

"And I—I touched the Cremona!"

"Yes, on that first day, you lifted up mine Cremona, and until today, I have never forgiven. Her hands were last upon it—hers and mine. When I touched it, it was upon the place where her white fingers rested, where many a time I put my kiss to ease mine heart, and you—you took that away from me!"

"If I had only known."

"But you did not know, and to-day I have forgiven."

"Thank you. It is much to give."

Their hands met in a long clasp of understanding.

Lynn went away soon afterward insensibly comforted. Over night, he had come into his heritage of pain, had lost the girl he loved, and, in swift restitution, found comradeship with the Master.

In the maze of darkness through which he somehow lived, there was but one ray of comfort—the Master. Herr Kaufmann had ceased to speak of lessons, though Lynn went there sometimes and sat by while he worked. The Master had admitted him to that high fellowship which does not demand speech.

Upon one of his visits, he found the Master away, but Fraulein Kaufmann, with whom he had long since made peace, urged him to make himself at home until her brother came. Knowing his moods, she left him alone in the parlor, while she went about her work. A severe storm soon came up and Lynn busied himself watching the lightning flash across the sky. He soon turned away, feeling restless and lonely. The Master's violin lay upon the piano, and Lynn took it up, noting only that it was not the Cremona.

As his fingers touched the strings there came a sense of familiarity with the instrument, as one who meets a friend after a long separation. He tightened the strings, picked up the bow, and began to play.

It was the adagio movement of a concerto—one which the Master had said was full of heartache and tears. In all the literature of music there was nothing so well suited to his mood.

He stood with his face to the window, his eyes fixed upon a rainbow which had suddenly appeared in the sky, and deep quivering tones came from the violin. In an instant Lynn recognized his mastery. He was playing as the great had played before him, with passion and with infinite pain. Primal forces spoke through the adagio, swelling with the splendid chords—love—and might—and death. It was the cry of a soul in bondage, straining to be free, struggling to break the

chain and take its place, by right of its knowledge and its compassion, with those who have learned to live. Under the spell of the music, he saw it all—the wide working of the law which takes no account of the finite because it deals with the infinite; which takes no heed of the individual, because it guards us all. Far removed from its personal significance, his grief became his friend, the password, the countersign admitting him to that vast Valhalla where the shining souls of the immortals, outgrowing defeat have put on the garments of victory.

Then there was a faltering step upon the stair, a fumbling at the latch, and someone staggered into the room. It was the Master, blind with tears, his loved Cremona in his outstretched hands.

“Here! Son of mine heart! Play!”



COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT EMERSON

GRADUATE PLAY

Monday Evening, May 1, 1911

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

Dramatis Personae

Orsino, Duke of Illyria
 Sebastian, brother to Viola
 Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian
 A Sea Captain, friend to Viola
 Valentine, gentlemen attending on
 Curio, the Duke
 Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia
 Sir Andrew Aguecheek
 Malvolio, steward to Olivia
 Fabian, servants to Olivia
 Feste, a Clown
 A Priest,
 First Officer,
 Second Officer,
 Olivia,
 Viola,
 Maria, Olivia's woman

Alma M. Bruggeman
 Leola Wheeler
 Georgia M. Newbury
 Sarah J. Morgan
 Alice E. Simmons
 Dorothy M. Sims
 Jean Fowler
 Alice J. Davidson
 Ethel L. Austen
 Christine F. Hodgdon
 Janet R. Chesney
 Addie J. Allen
 Dorothy M. Sims
 Alice E. Simmons
 Helen M. Kinne
 Erma S. Tubbs
 Ruth I. Morse

Act I—Scene 1, The Sea Coast. Scene 2, The Duke's Palace.
 Scene 3, Olivia's House.

Act II—Scene 1, Olivia's House. Scene 2, The Sea Coast. Scene
 3, The Duke's Palace.

Act III—Olivia's Garden.

Act IV—Olivia's Garden.

Act V—Scene 1, Olivia's House. Scene 2, Olivia's Garden.

AESTHETIC PHYSICAL CULTURE

(a) Emerson Exercises

(b) Greek Dance

Ruth Cleveland Barnum

Alice Flora Best

Evelyn Foster Cash

Armina Frances Decker

May Emma Green

Grace Chesley Ham

Laura Vic MacKenzie

Sheila Belle McLane

Belle Zula Pugh

Ruth Ida Robinson

Fay Louise Smiley

Marion G. Webster

Wintie Bowman Whitesel

Estelle Orissa Wilcox

Bertha May Wiley

DEBATE

Resolved: That specialization in present day education is over-emphasized.

Affirmative—Regina Claire Ingersoll, Corinne Antoinette Redfield.

Negative—Ruth K. Andrew, Lucile M. Cobb.

Presiding Officer—Eva Hammond Churchill.

Timekeeper—Bernice Loveland.

THE VAMPIRE CAT

A legend of Old Japan arranged as a pantomime in a prologue and one scene by Clayton D. Gilbert

Music composed by Frank Watson

Dances under the direction of Miss Catherine McDonnell

There is a belief among the Japanese that cats and foxes are frequently evil spirits. To them was accredited the power of assuming the human forms of their victims and thus more easily working their malignant designs upon other mortals.

Characters

The Prince of Mizen

His Chief Counselor

His Chief Warrior

Matsu-san

Yonu-san

The Cat

Sahura (in life the Prince's favorite, afterwards the Vampire)

Miss Estelle Henry

Miss Eleanor Pomeroy

Miss Mary Edwards

Miss Jessica Weems

Miss Lucille Barry

Mr. William Martin

Miss Madeline Randall

Scene—The Prologue is in Sahura's house at midnight. The Scene is in Sahura's house the following day.

SENIOR RECITAL

Tuesday, May 2, 1911

1 Ulysses (arranged)

Phillips

Lois Annabel Beil

2	King René's Daughter	Hertz
	Gertrude Emerson Knapp	
3	Scenes from The Little Minister	Barrie
	Victoria Maxwell Cameron	
4	Judith (arranged)	Aldrich
	Lura Irene Pelletier	
5	The Apology (Anne of Green Gables)	J. M. Montgomery
	Faye Louise Smiley	
6	Scenes from David Copperfield	Dickens
	Otis Earl Knight	

GRADUATE RECITAL

Wednesday, May 3, 1911

1	The Falcon	Tennyson
	Eunice Fay Story	
2	The Piper (Act III, Scene 2; Act IV)	J. Preston Peabody
	Wilda Wilson Church	
3	The Adventures of Lady Ursula	Hope
	Minabel Garrett	
4	(a) Budd's Fairy Tale	
	(b) The Happy Little Cripple	Riley
	Gertrude Newbold Comly	
5	The Courting of T'Nowhead's Bell	Barrie
	Emma Florence O'Brien	
6	The Death of Cyrano	Rostand
	Veroqua Sheldon Petty	

CLASS OF 1911

May 3, 1911

"A ROYAL FAMILY"

A Comedy of Romance in Three Acts by Robert Marshall

Cast of Characters

King Louis VII, King of Arcacia	Mabel C. Randall
Prince Charles Ferdinand, his only son, a boy of twelve	
	Meda Mae Bushnell
Prince Victor Constantine, Crown Prince of Kurland	
	Josephine W. Lyon
The Duke of Berascon, Comptroller of the Royal Household	
	Elizabeth B. Powers
Count Varena, Prime Minister of Arcacia	Alice M. Bartlett
Baron Holdensen, Minister of Police	Bernice Loveland
The Cardinal Casano	Margaret M. McCarthy
Father Anselm, his Secretary	Sybil L. Howendobler
Lord Herbert, English Ambassador at Caron	Henrietta M. Simpson

The Turkish Ambassador at Caron	Faye Smiley
Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household	Bessie R. Gates
First Aide-de-Camp	Grace B. Loverin
Second Aide-de-Camp	Edith S. Newton
Third Aide-de-Camp	Marguerite R. Albertson
Secretary to the King	Henrietta M. Simpson
Gentleman Usher	Bessie R. Gates
Queen Margaret, Queen Consort of King Louis	Marie E. Neahr
Queen Ferdinand, Mother of King Louis	Lenore H. Poppler
Princess Angela, only daughter of King Louis	Helen E. Rodger
Countess Carini, Lady-in-waiting	Helen W. Symonds
Countess Varenna	Gertrude Litchfield
Lady Herbert	Laura V. MacKenzie

Act. I—Caron, capital of Arcacia. An anteroom in the Royal Palace. Ten days elapse.

Act II—Cassantra. A glade in the palace gardens. One day elapses.

Act III—Caron. Scene 1, The Armoury of the Royal Palace. Scene 2, The throne room in the Palace. Period: About 1665.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Thursday, May 4, 1911

Salutatorian

EVA HAMMOND CHURCHILL

Historian

LUZERNE WESTCOTT CRANDALL

Orator

WARREN BALLOU BRIGHAM

Poet

FRANCES A. SPEAKMAN

Prophet

ANNIE AZUBAH HOWES

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1911

During the month of September, in the year 1908, 62 restless, ambitious, oratoric souls migrated into Emerson-College-Land to unite under the Class of 1911 Flag for the purpose of acquiring the adequate training for going forth, individually, and establishing little "oratoric countries" all their own. Thirty-seven of these immigrants have withstood the test of such an undertaking, some having been recalled to their home countries by sickness or the call of duty—or Cupid; others, finding the task too arduous or their capabilities developed beyond repair, gracefully withdrew. But this nation, the sturdy 1911's, which goes forth again in a few days when its history as a collective body shall end, numbers in all sixty-three worthy citizens—twenty-six of whom because of age, experience and ability (mostly age) have completed their work in one and two years. Ours is a living—not a dead history; so whatever may be recorded about the past three years is merely the beginning, for—

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever."

What has been the prevailing spirit, what has been achieved, and who have been the great geniuses of the age? Before considering these vital problems, let us become acquainted with the class as a whole. The class of 1911 consists of sixty-three members, sixty of whom are of the gentler sex; the remaining three pass (within the college) as young men. Why not "The Three Wise Men" of this age? Surely, we cannot deny the existence of at least three wise men in this nation—can we? But there! I forgot to ask Miss Cobb, our eminent debator, if this be logical reasoning. We represent many states from Maine to California, together with Canada, England, and that far-off country—Japan. Many tongues are constantly heard among this people, and as many different types of dress are worn—thus showing originality and versatility. About forty members have had actual experiences in teaching or on the lyceum platform, their terms of experience ranging from ten weeks to ten years. So we

may infer that they, at least, have gained a love for their chosen professions. However, we fear that some of our fair members, although they be not for themselves alone, neither would they be for the world. Such are the statistical qualities of the Class of 1911.

As an organization, our history has been a peaceful and uneventful one. No petty stripes or discussions have entered our ranks to disturb the harmonious relationship that has existed thruout the entire three years. Each individual member having realized and responded to the great responsibility resting upon him, we have had "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether". We have tried honestly and faithfully to uphold the true ideal for which this institution stands. If we have succeeded, it has been due to the sympathy and co-operation that has existed between teacher and pupil and the hard earnest effort put forth by all—being inspired and guided by our beloved president and friend, Henry Lawrence Southwick! This we feel, has been prevailing spirit of the age.

Our history naturally divides itself into three great epochs; the first being labelled by that tantalizing college nomenclature—"Freshman Year!" Saving this period of colonization, we, like our forefathers had difficulties and enemies to overcome, "Enemy I", not an Indian, although somewhat like one—for no matter how many times one might drive him into the forest—he would make another sally at the most unexpected moment—a silent enemy—homesickness! No, he had no weapons but would generally attack when one was alone and sang songs of the dear home land—not unlike those of the Sirens which lured Ulysses and his comrades. "Enemy II"—If you know of anyone who thinks himself very wise and possesses that quality called conceit, just advise him to go to Emerson-College-Land. At the end of the first year he will come to the conclusion that he does not know such a great deal, at the end of the second year he will feel that he knows absolutely nothing, and by the end of the third year he will have found himself at last! Reference—Prof. Walter Bradley Tripp. Conceit and homesickness

banished, the worst of the battles were over. Having become settled in this new country, the next step was to organize a suitable form of government. And right here we must not forget to state one admirable feature of this government—namely—women always had the vote! The first administration was controlled by the Socialistic party with Miss Tracey Eppstein as President. They “stood pat” to their platform and it was a reign of social accomplishments. One notable incident was the banquet tendered to the Seniors. Many explorations were made during this year by small scouting parties to points of interest on the “Bean-Town-Continent.”

The second era, called by that fairly acceptable name—“Junior Year”—was characterized more by scholastic attainments than by social prestige. The Populist party held sway under the able leadership of Miss Eleanor Pomeroy. It was a government “of the people, by the people, and for the people”. Among the many permanent and worthy institutions founded in this period was “The Temple of Class Spirit”. Perhaps the most conspicuous event was the great “Junior Week Exposition”, held in the capitol city “Chickering Hall” and its suburbs. This afforded the citizens an opportunity to see how much progress had been made and to become more closely affiliated with other nations.

Regarding the third epoch, little need be said, as it is fresh in the memories of all and will always remain so. The Democratic party ruled supreme, which no doubt was the beginning and cause of the great Democratic landslide of the past year. Under the administration of Miss Eva Churchill the Class of 1911 has fulfilled its mission and achieved success! The “Castle of Dignity” was builded. A National Library established wherein may be found several volumes of poems by the Misses Litchfield and Howes. Some of the other works deserving special mention, are—

“What I Aspired To Be and Was Not, Does Not Comfort Me”—by Miss Ingersoll. “How To Enact ARIEL With Original Finger Movements”—Containing many appropriate illustrations—Author—I. E. Knight. A series of books of artistry:

1. "Artistic Financiering".....By Miss Cash
2. "Artistic Forestry".....By Miss Poppler
3. "Artistic Walking".....By Miss Gates
4. "Artistic Acting".....By Miss Barry
5. "Artistic Puns".....By Miss Powers
6. "Artistic Curiosity".....By Miss Madeline Randall
7. Artistic Procrastination".....By Miss Ham
8. "Artistic Ogles" (Profusely illustrated) . . By Miss Weems
—And the last but most valued of this series—
9. "Artistic Temperament".....By Miss Edwards

The twin edition—"A Few Smiles by Smiley and A Few Wiles by Wiley".

"The Taming of a Man"—by Miss Sybil Howendobler.

"The Uses and Misuses of Bluff"—Edited with helpful suggestions and examples from experience by Mr. Warren "Balloon" Brigham.

What have been the great movements developed and culminated during this wonderful age? Let us first consider the divine Romance Movement begun—well, nobody knows when or where except those directly connected with it; but resulting in lifelong treaties with certain ambassadors from friendly Powers. The pioneers of this movement are: Miss Henry, Miss Green and Miss Pelletier. Long life and happiness to them all!

A reform movement, instituted in Epoch I, which we record with pleasure was that of raising the standard of Class Stunts. Then there was the Protective Tariff Reform, a tariff imposed upon "fair weather" attendants to rehearsals as a protection of the regular attendants' time. It was pronounced by many as a much needed reform. But a question often discussed in the "catacombs" by observant citizens has been, "Has it proved more successful in practice or in theory?" We point with pride to our numerous activities in Philanthropic Movements, especially thru the medium of the inter-national Y. W. C. A. We have furnished too many efficient and worthy Presidents to this organizations—Miss Mabelle Randall and Miss Ruth Barnum. Under their super-

vision much good has been accomplished along the line of mission work and benevolence in general.

Our internal development has been largely along the lines of grace and beauty—which comes thru intellectual growth. The census of the first epoch (62) compared with that of the last (63) shows an increase in population of one. Now, it has been a matter of great contention just who this one may be, but, judging from a purely infantine basis, we must attribute this honor to Miss Albertson. The discoveries of this age have been of great geniuses. Within the class are sixty and three bright and shining lights each deserving a page or even pages in our history. But time and space will allow only a brief biography of a limited number.

GENIUS NO I—"Thou living ray of intellectual fire!" A person of strong convictions because of the weight back of them. Known to the school by an "Ecclesiastical" smile. Many members of our class have had experience in teaching but all must bow to her. Miss Beil—"Yes!"

GENIUS NO II—It has almost become a proverb that school teachers, as a class, are not endowed with beauty. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to the rule and the class of 1911 has one. But it is not her beauty alone that has distinguished Miss Bushnell. Every morning we have been greeted in the hall by her cheerful salutation and have always found her to be faithful and magnanimous as a student or friend.

FOOT NOTE—The author begs to state that personal prejudice has not influenced the above.

GENIUS NO. III—A little lady from the Far East whose presence here has been an inspiration to all her fellow students. With her several abilities and earnest effort she has accomplished wonderful results. Thoughts of happiness and delight will ever attend the memory of Miss Saegusa.

GENIUS NO. IV—A busy Beau Brummel! Debonair in the extreme, with a winning smile for all. Being the son of a clergyman, he has a profound liking for a church—especially one situated upon a hill. Sometimes, however, he prefers a nap (Knapp) instead of going to church-hill (Churchill). If

he has any fault, it is that of being too conscientious and prompt at rehearsals, with the happy habit of improvising. A man of wide experience, great intellectual power, and genial disposition is our Class Orator—Mr. Brigham.

GENIUS NO. V—Situated in the picturesque Susquehanna Valley of Pennsylvania, lies the little village of Montgomery, which claims a notable representative. An old-fashioned girl and altho possessed of that "tired feeling" is ever ready to lend a helping hand and can always be depended upon. As all great geniuses have their eccentricities, we can easily understand why she is seeking a husband who is both an orphan and a widower. We have all felt the kindness and generosity of Miss Decker!

GENIUS NO. VI—"There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent." A most remarkable little woman—whose motto is—"Silence is golden"—and what it is more, she lives up to it! But when she does "let go," now and then, we are deeply impressed with the latent power underneath Miss Simpson's serene exterior.

GENIUS NO. VII—In every graduating class at E. C. O. Boston has furnished a goodly number and this year is honored with one of whom we must not pass by without a word. She is very fond of canoeing and reads philosophy as a pastime. Possessing a keen sense of humor and blest with an analytical mind, she has won great fame as a jollier of the faculty and playing such parts as the Ghost in "Hamlet". Our President, Miss Churchill, we shall always remember as a peddler of sunshine and a proficient leader.

GENIUS NO. VIII—"The Man From Texas!" For some years he has passed out and in, sometimes out, sometimes in, but generally he is "in it" most of the time. A great favorite of the student body, he is noted for his remarkable self-possession and agility in making stage falls. We trust that he will never have occasion to voice his oft-repeated sentiment—"But I fear that your choice has not been a judicious one"—to his future "partner in life." We hope that his talent and hair will always remain with Mr. Knight!

These are only a few of the many links in the great and perfect chain.

Such in brief has been the history of the Class of 1911. Far more might be said but it would take the pen of a Bancroft to record an adequate and complete history, for the situation has been so unique.

Again we are immigrants—going forth in the world to face new problems—to assume new responsibilities. We separate with one common thought—our gratitude to this institution and its Faculty for making possible this occasion. We hope that our presence here has been an inspiration—that our memory may be a benediction. Standing upon the threshold of a new life with one last, lingering glance at the past, we lift our voices in a farewell song—

“For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll take a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.”

LUZERNE WESTCOTT CRANDALL

THE DREAM OF YOUTH

(Class Poem)

Some say that 'round the infant's lowly cradle,
Rocked to and fro by soft maternal hand,
Hover sweet spirits from the Better Land,
Spirits invisible to mortal sight,
Phantoms that light the day, and guard the night,
The child can see and hear them.

II.

Sometimes the Erl-king comes with snow-white steed,
And lures away the spotless sleeping child,
His breath is icy, and his glance seems wild
To those who watch beside the downy bed;
But to the suffering child with aching head,
He comes a welcome messenger.

III.

Is't true? I cannot say, but this I know,
A child of dreams once roamed the hills of Spring,
All earth was glad, the birds awing;

The sweet flowers sprung from out the sod,
All turned their petals toward the sky and God,
God's sunshine hovered over all.

IV.

I stopped my play and listened.
I heard the music of the swaying trees.
The air was filled with Nature's harmonies.
A voice from Heaven whispered unto me,
"Through my dominion is the Way for thee."
I stopped and listened to it.

V.

And tho a child, I knew that it was God.
I stretched toward Heaven my childish hand.
O, sweet voice from the Somewhere Land,
Come to my heart, with me for aye abide,
Be thou my councillor, my friend, my guide,
"Come oft and talk with me," it said. No more.

VI.

My mind upon my childish tasks were bent,
Often with wearied brain I left my book,
Took woodland path and to some forest nook,
I went my way. The voice was there.
"Come dream with me," it said, "Then go prepare,
For the life of toil awaiting thee."

VII.

I dreamed, and played and toiled.
Soon youth her golden portals opened wide,
I flung my childish joys and pains aside,
"Oh gay glad youth, with joy I welcome thee,
Yet onward, toward the heights my way must be,
The dream voice wills it so."

VIII.

With Youth came new adventures:
Temptations hovered round my path by day,
By night, grim Fears would lurk and stay
Beside my couch; I did not try to seek
My dream voice, so it could not speak,
Yet still it hovered near.

IX.

For when in prayer intense my knees I bent,
And Heav'n forgave my reckless waywardness,
And sent Christ's love to comfort and to bless,

Again the Dream Voice whispered in my ear,
"Fight on. Work on. Despair and Fear
Fling far aside, and live by Faith alone."

X.

"Thou art a part of God's Eternal Will,
Cling ever to thy sweet, pure dream of Youth,
Still trust in God, in Love, in Truth;
A life of usefulness still waits for thee,
Onward and upward still thy way can be,
Tho thou hast failed in part."

XI.

"Learn thou the lesson that thy failures teach,
With new ideals mount again the upward way,
Fix eyes on Heaven. Do not let them stray
To the dull clod which thou must bend to see.
Seek God and Nature oft, thru them I speak to thee,
Let me, the Dream-Voice of thy Youth, still guide."

XII.

I heard; tho now life's scenery shifts again,
This day another page of history we turn,
The goal for which our hearts did yearn
Is reached at last, and far away we see
The future stretch in all its baffling mystery,
New battles lie ahead.

XIII.

And so 'twill be thruout the shifting years.
Old scenes, old cares, old fears will flee away,
New aims, new duties born for each new day;
And with each change we'll seek anew
The purer air, the broader view
Gained from the summits climbed.

XIV.

With each stern vantage won, resolve again
That in the coming years of life
Tho sharp the disappointment, keen the strife,
We'll keep, thru faith and prayer, the Dream-Voice near;
Despair and Doubt and lurking Fear
Will vanish when it calls.

XV.

The victor hand of sympathy
For wanderer who in sin is lost
To lead him back whate'er the cost

To paths of service, hope, and truth;
To the long lost Dream-Voice of his youth
Which bids him live again.

XVI.

The joy of service for the commonweal
The courage of a mind forever blest
With sympathy for all by life oppressed.
Stout hearts, unflinching, welcome still the fight
For home and country, Truth and Right—
This be our Dream of Youth, our hidden might.
Our life's Ideal.

—Frances A. Speakman

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Friday, May 5, 1911

Prayer	Rev. Allen Arthur Stockdale
Address	Rev. Charles F. Dole
Presentation of Diplomas,	President Henry Lawrence Southwick

Professional and Teacher's Diploma

Addie Jane Allen	Helen Marjorie Kinne
Ethel Lillian Austen	Sarah Jane Morgan
Alma Marie Bruggeman	Ruth Inez Morse
Janet Richardson Chesney	Georgia Maud Newbury
Gertrude Newbold Comly	Emma Florence O'Brien
Alice Jessenia Davidson	Veroqua Sheldon Petty
Jean Fowler	Alice Estelle Simmons
Minabel Garrett	Dorothy May Sims
Edith Roberts Hastings	Eunice Fay Story
Christine Frances Hodgdon	Erma Stevens Tubbs
	Leola Wheeler

Diploma of Graduation

Marguerite Ray Albertson	Bernice Louise Loveland
Beulah Maude Alcorn	Grace Belle Loverin
Keturah Ruth Andrew	Josephine Westfall Lyon
Ruth Cleveland Barnum	Margaret Mary McCarty
Lucile Barry	Laura Vic MacKenzie
Alice Maud Bartlett	Sheila Belle McLane
Lois Annabelle Beil	William M. D. Martin
Alice Flora Best	Marie Elizabeth Neahr
Warren Ballou Brigham	Edith Sarah Newton
Esther Bucklin	Edith May Noltimier
Meda Mae Bushnell	Lura Irene Pelletier

Victoria Maxwell Cameron
Evelyn Foster Cash
Eva Hammond Churchill
Lucile M. Cobb
Alice Eugenie Conant
Luzerne Westcott Crandall
Armina Frances Decker
Mary Angelo Edwards
Bessie Robina Gates
May Emma Green
Mary Gregg
Grace Chesley Ham
Elizabeth Helen Hawxby
Estelle Katharine Henry
Sybil Laurana Howendobler
Annie Azubah Howes
Regina Claire Ingersoll
Gertrude Emerson Knapp
Otis Earl Knight
Gertrude Litchfield

Eleanor Wilbur Pomeroy
Leonore Hildreth Poppler
Elizabeth Baldwin Powers
Zula Belle Pugh
Mabel Claire Randall
Madeline Isabel Randall
Corinne Antoinette Redfield
Ruth Ida Robinson
Helen Elizabeth Rodger
Iku Saegusa
Henrietta M. Simpson
Faye Louise Smiley
Frances A. Speakman
Helen Woodbridge Symonds
Anne Chenault Wallace
Marion Gertrude Webster
Jessie Maynard Weems
Eileen Harrison Whipple
Wintie Bowman Whitesel
Estelle O. Wilcox

Bertha M. Wiley

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX

MAY, 1911.

NO. 7

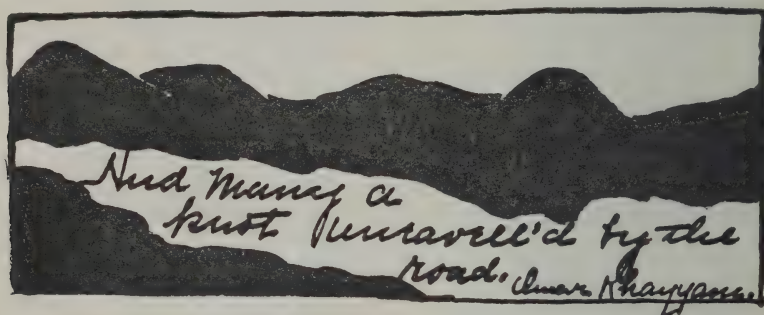
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Freshman Class News.....LYNN D. HUNT

VICTOR D. BUTTON, *Bus. Mgr.*

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Mgr. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.



A Turn in the Road In the road of the College Year there is a new turn, leading many to home scenes, sunlit meadows and long, dreamy summer days. Others are already meeting the problems of new work and new surroundings. *How use the margin of these glorious summer months?* It seems as though the young reader's greatest opportunities for self-improvement are in these very, so called vacation days. A marvellous addition to the repertory might be made during the time which the average individual thoughtlessly wastes. There was brought to our attention the "summer schedule" of one student, who, though we question her accomplishment of all that she has planned (however, "Low aim and not failure is crime,") is to work on.

"*An Evening with Kipling*;" "*An Evening with Longfellow*;" "*An Evening with Tennyson*;" "*An Evening with Browning*;" "*An Evening with Riley*;" "*An Evening with Van Dyke*;" "*An Evening with Dickens*"—besides "*The*

Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody; also a dramatization of "*Old Rose and Silver*," by Myrtle Reed.

Only recently we learned that one of our readers has a repertoire of *thirty-six* complete evenings. Can we believe that this attainment was made by working eight months in the year and resting the other four? Surely, we may all draw our own conclusions, both in this regard, and as to whether it would be safe for us to go and do likewise.

The Last month there was issued a most artistic, in-
1911 teresting and instructive Year Book, a splendid me-
Year morial to "1911." The book is dedicated to Dean
Book Harry Seymour Ross, opposite whose picture is the following tribute:

"To Harry Seymour Ross, Dean of the Emerson College of Oratory, in sincere appreciation of his services, in respectful recognition of his abilities as a teacher, and with grateful sense of his relation as friend to the students, this Year Book is affectionately dedicated."

This dedication says much, to be sure, but especially can the Alumni and the present student body, who have come under the "Dean's" teachings, know just how much his life and work mean to Emerson College and to those who study there. We appreciate this tribute of the Year Book board, to one whose life is given in the service of others.

The faculty pictures are in the front of the Book and at the end of the Group is a splendid likeness of our beloved President-Emeritus, William James Rolfe.

The senior class cuts are excellent, as are the class groups. The records of Junior Week are artistic, the "Prom" being made memorable by illustrated verse—"The Slipper that Went to the Prom." Among the best pictures further on in the book are Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick as "Portia;" President Southwick as Richard III; and President Southwick as Hamlet. A room in the new Art Museum adds much to the attractiveness of the volume, also a glimpse of the Christian Science Church Park.

Among the contents in the way of verse and prose are: "Iris" by Miss Richards; "The Engagement Book Fad" by Miss Poppler; "The College Detective" by Miss Boynton; "If We Knew" by Miss Edwards; "Letters Home," signed Elizabeth and Wilton; "Gettin' Ads" by F. R. Dixon; "The Emerson Consarn" by Rev. A. A. Stockdale and many others worthy of special mention. We understand that Miss Howes writes anonymously. Be that as it may, it is not difficult to find her verse, which has a charm all its own. Miss Churchill's drawings, which we note here and there are excellent. Page after page of advertisements show a triumph for the Business Manager.

That the Book has been warmly appreciated and admired, we know—and only too well does the little picture at the end of the Calendar remind us that "Time Flies," bringing to us another April and another Year Book.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson died at his home in Cambridge, Tuesday evening, May 9th. Clergyman, patriot, soldier, reformer, author and philanthropist, he was famous throughout our Nation.

Colonel Higginson was born in Cambridge, December 22, 1823. He entered Harvard University when fourteen years of age and was graduated in 1841. Six years later he was graduated from Harvard Divinity School and the same year was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Newburyport. At the outbreak of the Civil War he served as Captain of the Fifty-first Massachusetts Volunteers. Later he was made Colonel of the First Carolina Volunteers, the first regiment of the freed slaves mustered into National service. The Colonel took and held Jacksonville, but was wounded, on account of which he was obliged to leave the service. He then reengaged in literary work, which was continued until his death.

Colonel Higginson was an intimate friend of Whittier, Longfellow, Julia Ward Howe, Emerson and Rolfe. He was the last of those writers to whom we reverently refer as

"the old school." When we heard Colonel Higginson pay his tribute to Dr. Rolfe we recognized the authority of the man. It was a privilege to have heard his message.

The products of his pen are many, dating from 1853-1909.

"The nearest I have ever come to writing an epitaph for myself," said Colonel Higginson a few years ago, "was in a pair of verses which were, I might almost say, composed during sleep one summer morning."

The "epitaph" was as follows:

"THE TRUMPETER."

"I blew, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding;
I blew, I blew, the heart within me bounding;
The world was fresh and fair, yet dark with wrongs,
And men stood forth to conquer at the song
I blew, I blew, I blew.

"The field is won; the minstrels loud are crying,
And all the world is peace and I am dying.
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain,
Enough if I alone recall the strain
I blew, I blew, I blew."

Typewritten Manuscripts Hereafter, a Requirement It has become necessary to require that all contributors to the Emerson College Magazine, hereafter submit to us typewritten manuscripts. This will aid not only the Editor of the Magazine, but also the printer and contributors, especially the latter—for a product of the pen cannot be corrected and revised properly until it is in type. Because of this fact, many of our educational institutions are requiring typewritten manuscripts in their literary departments.

We trust that in this measure we may have the hearty co-operation of the Alumni and the student body. We wish again to state that this requirement is not made for the exclusive benefit and the facilitating of the work of the Editorial staff, but for the good of all, and for the betterment of our magazine.

GLEANINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

(These selections are printed by request.)

HOME

I want to go home,
To the dull old town
With the shaded streets
And the open square
And the hill
And the flats
And the house I love
And the paths I know—
I want to go home,
If I can't go back
To the happy days,
Yet I can live
Where their shadows lie,
Under the trees
And over the grass—
I want to be there
Where the joy was once,
Oh, I want to go home,
I want to go home.

—Paul Kester in McClure's
Magazine.

THE CALL OF THE QUAIL

In the morning, when the dew is just a winking on the grass,
When the robins all are singing and the jay-birds giving "sass,"
And the flock of crows are cawing 'round the edges of the corn,
And every one just feeling good to think that they were born;
Then I hear a sound that thrills me, as it comes from hill and dale,
And echoes down the valley—'tis the calling of the quail.

At noon-time, when the orchestra of crickets draw the bow,
When the 'hopper and the locusts join the chorus, don't you know,
And you hear the bees a-humming like a fiddle with one string,
And the air is just a-throbbing with a soothing kind of ring,
There comes floating 'cross the meadow from the hazels near the
swale,
Full of cheer and woodland music,—'tis the whistle of the quail.

In the evening when the shadows linger 'round the garden gate,
And the turtle-dove is calling to its drowsy little mate,
And the swallows twitter softly from their nests beneath the eaves,
And the squirrels scold and chatter as they hide beneath the leaves,
There comes from out the orchard, where, perched upon a rail,
He sends his pleasant challenge—'tis the "good night" of the quail.

—W. E. Hutchinson in *Overland Monthly*

TRAMPING

His heart should sing from dawn to sunset flare—
Wherever foot may tread his path may lie—
His pack must be too small to hold a care
Who takes for guide the gipsy butterfly.

At morn the thrush, at noon the twinkling brook,
At eve the cricket choir shall cheer his way;
His eye shall find delight in every nook;
The squirrels, merry gnomes in red or gray,

The clover bent beneath the booming bees,
The woodchuck, sober monk in russet clad,
The dragonfly athwart the culverkeys
Shall wake his love of things and make him glad.

'Tis well to drink the crystal draughts that flow,
From azure deeps where cloud-built galleons sail;
'Tis well to feel the spirit breathe and grow;
Once more 'tis well to seek the golden trail.

Again along a checkered road I swing
Through friendly woods and fields where daisies nod,
Where still before me drifts on vagrant wing
The butterfly whose beauty praises God.

—Arthur Guiterman

THE PATH

There is a path that I would lead you by,
If you will trust yourself to me for guide;
A path that bends along the woodland side.
Beyond the churchyard, where the dreamers lie
Dreaming their last long dream. A quiet sky
Leans over it, and grain fields poppy-pied

Stretch billowy to eastward, amber-wide,
From where the forest brethren, sway and sigh.
Below the wood a still stands; then a brook
Tosses its unsoiled silver down in glee;

Next is a thymy slope which we must breast
Climbing the gradual pathway to its crest;
And now that we have won the summit, look!
Mysterious as our human life—the sea!

—Clinton Scollard

THE HEALING BREATH OF THE TREES

I have been in the woods to-day,

And my heart has grown strangely calm.
All the wounds of a soul's fierce fray

Have been healed. Like a welcome balm
Has been the breath of the wind. The trees
Of a century's throbbing life,

Swaying yet in the stirring breeze,

Stronger seem for the storm and strife
Of the years that have rolled away.

So, I feel as I sit and think

At the close of this peaceful day,
Will it be, if I do not shrink,

If I neither yet swerve nor sway,
In my warfare with doubt and wrong,
In my struggle to grow more free;

While the strife may be wild and long,
Yet the end I can plainly see.

—Carrie O. Millsbaugh

AWAY IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS

Away in the heart of the hills

No trouble or care we know,
With the song in our ears of the rills
That laughingly lakeward go,
With far overhead the wild sky spread
And the clear blue lake below.

Away in the heart of the hills

With nothing to do but dream,
Where the little trout rise to the dancing flies

Where the lithe trout rise to the dancing flies
From the depths of the crystal stream,
'Mid the wondrous maze of the sun's slant rays,
Through the tremulous leaves agleam.

Away! Away! At the dawn of day
From the thronging city's ills,
From the busy street to a far retreat
In the heart of the distant hills!

—Anon.

A WISH

Just to lie there in the sun, all the day,
Where the sea-gulls go and come, at their play,
Just to watch the islands fair,
Wave-tossed islands hung in air,
Mid the flashing breakers there
On the bay.

Just to hear the drowsy murmur of the breeze,
Or to watch the sunlight flicker thro' the trees,
Just to look as in a dream
Where the white-winged vessels gleam,
Till like fairy ships they seem
On the seas.

That is all the boon I ask, just to lie
Where the little foam-built clouds go drifting by,
Just to watch them fade from view,
For a lazy hour or two
Where the ocean meets the blue
Of the sky.

—Lew W. Smith

THINKING OF YOU

When the setting sun is sinking,
All its evening grandeur linking
With the thoughts that I am thinking—
Thinking of you.

When the twilight stars show brighter
In the milky-way grown whiter,
It is then my heart seems lighter,
Thinking of you.

When the breezes calm and cool me,
Glad for all the stars to fool me,
I consent my heart shall rule me;
Thinking of you.

When the golden dawn is breaking,
And from sweetest sleep I'm waking,
Great love throbs my heart is making;
Thinking of you.

—Clyde Watkins in the Baylor Literary

Out-of-doors is the birthright of every man and woman alive. The roads are free, if the land is not yet; there is plenty of life in the open air to be had for the taking; and with a little thought we may all increase our share in that inheritance of uncounted benefit. No land has a finer out-of-doors than this. Winter or summer, there is hardly a corner of it that will not afford you tolerant and kindly treatment, and reward your confidence a thousand fold. The seaboard, the mountains, the great plains, the farmland valleys, the noble rivers, the forests, the deserts—they are all good to live in. When we breathe and move freely once more, we shall begin to realize our possibilities of greater happiness.—Bliss Carmen in "The Making of Personality."



All subscriptions are positively due with the present issue. To those making payment the magazine will be continued next year unless we are otherwise notified. This notification, stating any change in name or address, should be given at the beginning of each school year to the new business manager. We trust all will re-subscribe, as we are struggling hard to make the magazine a success, but can do so only with your continuous help.

Respectfully,

BUSINESS MANAGER

NORWAY MEMORIES.

Corinne Underhill Howes.

Of all the messages received on the Cincinnati the morning of sailing, none gave more pleasure than the Dean's letter with "bon voyage" from the College—accompanied by our dear Emerson Magazine—the latter enjoyed by fellow-passengers, its introduction and hearty reception, being a veritable delight to me.

Beautifully picturesque looked old England, as we coached through Cornwall and Devonshire, rode to hounds across the Lorna Doone country, climbed through peaceful charming Clovelly, that hundreds of years ago was a great river bed, but now a town as primitive looking as the quaint little donkey—the only means of transport, that through the tortuous and only street ascended and descended with cat-like agility; thence we went from Lands End, Penzance and

Ilfracombe on to Warwick, Glasgow and through the Trossachs to Edinburgh, to Leith—where the good yacht "Oceania" awaited us. Our first landing was at Kirkwall, the Orkney Islands—next the Faroe Islands—Thorshaven under Denmark, a most interesting spot with such bright-faced, friendly people, peering at us from the sod-roofed houses.

Then to Reykjavik, the Icelandic capitol, situated on the southwestern coast of the beautiful Faxafjord. This fjord, the largest on the island, is a magnificent bay extending fifty-six miles from cape to cape; the town contains a Landsbanki, Posthusstraeti, the Domkirkja, and a statue of Thorvaldsen, besides a supreme court, several good schools, the Althings House, also a museum of Icelandic specimens, curios and antiquities and what was a surprise to us, a library of 40,000 volumes and 30,000 manuscripts; here too, are the headquarters of the Icelandic Literary and Archaeological society of Reykjavik. The history of the capitol dates back to A. D. 874.

It being Sunday we attended service at the Domkirkja, though the Iceland merchants seemed much more intent upon acquiring filthy lucre from the Oceanic passengers, then seeking their soul's salvation under the ministrations of the black-robed Shepard, who dwelt among them; but I believe this is characteristic all through Iceland, as good Saint Olaf was not liberal, or the supply of religion was about exhausted when he brought it to them centuries gone by. A public betrothal of one of the fair maidens was performed by this same Danish Shepard in a low, monotonous voice. There followed an exhilarating ride to the hot springs, which nature has so abundantly provided for the inhabitants, who were utilizing them for laundering purposes. Various wines accompanied the dinner given us at the club; after having drunk Volkonmen to all with Volkonmen til Norge or "welcome to Norway," a toast was proposed to the German consul, Mr. Thomson, our host. At the end, every one advanced to the host and shook hands, saying Tak for maden ("Thanks for repast").

In the afternoon a concert was given in our honor and later a pony race. At dinner Mr. Thomson and family were



YEAR BOOK BOARD

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW, Misses Wiley, Mr. Dixon, Misses Hartigan, McCarthy, Mr. Sulvey, Miss Garrett
FRONT ROW, Misses Wheeler, Cameron, Hodgdon, Howes, Bartlett

entertained on board the *Oceania* and a grand ball tendered him at night, extending far into the wee sma' hours of Monday morning. At the ball young men and maidens from Reykjavik came in holiday attire; gay, indeed, appeared the latter, for when betrothed the obligatory distinction is the wearing of gold coronets, white veils and hair unbound.

Hekla, the highest volcanic mountain in Iceland, crowns the extremity of the arm of the cape which separates the Faxafjörð from Breiðfjörð. This whole region is Iceland's classic ground, contributing the scenes of her most cherished Sagas; the region is covered with mountains of which three are volcanic.

We sailed along the Isfjörð as far as Akureyri, the second largest town in Iceland, a most woe begone, weather beaten, little hamlet it is, too; but interesting was the ride in carioles, drawn by staunch Iceland ponies to the Glewa water fall, as up hill and down we rushed pell-mell over ancient lava, seeing not more than one spot of cultivation, not a tree or shrub, no living thing, save a few Esquimaux dogs, silver foxes and huge ravens.

The sail through the Fjörds was sublime beyond description,—there was rain-bow after rain-bow, there were countless waterfalls leaping over the brow of these marvellous mountains, clouded in filmy webs of finest lace, floating here, there, everywhere as if jealous of the wondrous beauties beyond,—while white winged birds perched perilously over stupendous caves or soared higher and higher, never resting until dizzy heights, seemingly accessible to man, were reached, but here the venturesome hunter climbs, for the capturing of the birds means a livelihood.

The booming of cannon announced the crossing of the Arctic Circle. At the third sound, Neptune arises as if from the sea and after delivering a long eulogy the cannon again booms forth, one-two-three and old Neptune disappears. This is in accordance with an ancient custom, for comparatively few cross the charmed circle, but to those who do, a warm welcome is vouchsafed; though Neptune's welcome

and good wishes seemed to cease there, and his wrath waxed strong for storm succeeded storm, almost upon our entrance and for two days our good Oceania was still among rough seas and some few (?) passengers complained of the *petite mal de mer*.

Spitzbergen, north of Norway and northeast of Greenland we next visited. There is the largest glacier in the world, so we are told; and also one of the finest opportunities for greeting the Midnight Sun.

We visited the Isfjord, the finest of the Spitzbergen fjords, sailing through Advent Bay to Bell Sound. From there to the North pole it is presumably (?) but the distance of three hundred miles. Here at Spitzbergen were seen countless sea-fowl. The "bird-rock" on the south side of the island, is the largest colony of its kind in the Arctic regions.

We skirted the west coast, where the Hornsundstind rises picturesquely,—then into Safe Haven with its superb glaciers and where the sun shines but four months of the year.

Advent valley abounds in reindeer and also Arctic fox. It was here on the north coast of Mussell Bay the men of the Swedish polar expedition under Nordenskjöld spent the winter of 1872-3.

Leaving Advent Bay we arrived in Bell Sound. Peaks and glaciers were everywhere, ending in abrupt slopes, granite and gneiss; this great lonely Spitzbergen is called "No Man's Land," though an American company is now working the mines abandoned by the English.

From Advent Bay we sailed to the North Cape and at nine o'clock at night disembarked at the tip end of Europe and climbed the stupendous awe-inspiring Nord Cape—a huge mass of mica-schist rock over 900 feet high and almost perpendicular—to again behold the glories of the midnight sun. Captain Myer told us it was the finest in all his many expeditions to this enchanted land. The soft purple light on the great gray rocks, touched them lovingly, lingeringly, turning them to exquisite wisteria hues; the hundreds of birds, the absolute quiet, the golden sun which rose but did not set—a mysterious something extending far above the hor-

izon, shedding a radiance born of centuries of purple twilights and dreamy dawns—of worlds of beauteous colorings, of resplendent liquid lights, entangled in the meshes of a golden net, then rising majestically, to escape from its thralldom, scattering showers of brilliants gems,—jewels of rarest radiance over the richly-tinted world made us reverently acknowledged nature's supremacy in this wondrous benediction and we bowed in adoration before her.

Sixty miles farther on is Hammerfest, the northermost town in the world; the sun does not set there from the 13th of May to the 29th of July, nor rise from the 18th of November to the 23rd of January, nor do flowers close their eyes in sleep. The harbor of Hammerfest is skirted by the Greunevald-Gade; then west to the Fuglnaes, and at the top of Sadlen are seen the glaciers and snow mountains of Sieland and the Soro.

Leaving Hammerfest we sailed through the Lyngenfjord hemmed in by high mountains, to Lyngen, arriving at 10 p. m. Thence we drove to the Laplanders encampment about a mile from the town, situated in a most picturesque spot. As soon as we entered the Lyngenfjord a few low trees were seen, growing more numerous and somewhat larger as we proceeded, the scenery being the most marvelous and beautiful of any of the Fjords passed thus far. At the Lapp's encampment we were greeted by wizened faced children and dogs—dogs everywhere—old, old men and the oldest of old women. They were clothed in reindeer skins, all living together in their Darfe Goattck as they call their dwellings. They sat on the dirt floors around the fagot fires piled high and filling the windowless and chimneyless huts with smoke; others with the reindeer pipe between their withered lips, herded the several thousand reindeer in their keeping.

These curious people subsist largely on raw fish, the oil of the whale and reindeer milk, doing the milking but twice a week. We bought many of the odd bits of merchandise, but after finding how little they were acquainted with the most ordinary laws of hygiene we gladly relinquished all claim, much to their delight for they could re-sell and purchase whiskey that is their curse. Though it was almost mid-

night the sun was shining and the lights and shadows over vale and hill, water fall and fjord made a dream picture as we took our leave of these peculiarly picturesque peoples, grotesquely clad, their little ones tied fast in skins like our Indian papoose, their bright bead like eyes peeping out from under fur hoods, wonderingly at the strange and interested faces bending above them while the Lord of the Manor reclined, monarch of all he surveys, even to the beast of burden he calls his wife.

The next morning we reached Tromso, where within two hour's ride is an encampment of over 21,000 Lapplanders. Tromso is not nearly as pretty as Lyngen but much larger, containing a handsome Musaeet or museum and several churches and schools. The carcass of a whale was floating in the harbor and the blubber being boiled in kettles on the shore. We skirted through Lofoten Islands that look like walls rising from the sea, purple in color and sharp in outline, with most fantastic shapes and forming a broken chain one hundred and thirty miles in length. Here is the finest scenery on the coast of Norway. In winter, night reigns here with as much supremacy as a day in summer. Here also can be had the grandest view of the Aurora Borealis.

We reached Digermuleu, our next point of interest, a little Lofoten hamlet, where the ascent of the Digermulkollan was made, affording a magnificent view of the whole Nordland. In this wonderful little world we found the greatest variety of wild flowers and grasses of such dainty colorings, wild passion flowers, rocks covered with the English blue bells, and growing among the peat, curious wee yellow and red blossoms.

The afternoon was passed in the steam launches through the Fjords. We sailed under cliffs hundreds of feet above us, where wild goats grazed and exquisitely rare flowers nodded a welcome.

The picturesque Ruftsundis, the finest of the Lofoten straits, east of which rises Suelfjeld, then the whole Vestfjord with open sea beyond. Storgfjord with its imposing mounts is the center of a notable group of fjords, which grow nar-

rower, closer to the shore, until they divide into two branches known as Slygsfjord and Sunelofjord.

Geirangerfjord has picturesque and curiously shaped cliffs, that sometimes when partly hidden in mist seem to pour water from fairy fountains in tiny cascades until a waterfall of beauty indescribable.

At the head of the Geirangerfjord is Maroak or Merok and Hillesylt. We drove to Oie on the Joerundfjord over the wild and narrow Norangsdal and sailed through the Gierangerfjord. Soinfjord and Storfjord regions are a delight. Over the village of Leon rises the snow-clad Bodalsfjeld. An hour's trip on the Leon sea brought us to the Kjendal glacier, the Aflemfjelden and the Skavia mountains, one of the grandest in the Sognefjord in the midst of the wildest and highest mountains in Norway. The impressive and sombre scenery around the Fjaerlandfjord with its streams of melting ice and snow is awe-inspiring.

The little village of Merok at the head of Geiranger Fjord, is on an old Moraine; above it opens the Geiranger basin, on the left of which is Saathorn; on the right are the snow-fields of the Flydalshorn; near here, between the Skager-Rock and beyond the Djuprashytte but a short ascent leads to a glacier cauldron called Jaettegryde. The mountain scenery here is unsurpassed by anything in the Alps. The Flydalshorn, the Vindaashorn, the Saathorn and the Grundalsnibba in the distance are the hills enclosing the Geiranger Fjord through which we sailed, arriving at Dordal in the Nord-Fjord. Solemn seemed the solitude; sheer and awful the cliffs, as we sailed; sometimes unable to discern an outlet—then suddenly a panoramic view would burst upon us almost startling in its magnificence. Motionless was the marvelous green water in these fjords, deep as the cliffs are high, in places 3,000 feet. Only in Capri's blue grotto are there such shades of blue and emerald green. At the terminus of the Naerdfjord is picturesque Gudvangen, a small hamlet at the entrance to the Naerodal valley on the Naeroefjord, a branch of the Lognefjord.

Near by is a waterfull called the Kilsfoss, 2,000 feet in height. Gudvangen is enclosed by the mountains so abruptly

that no ray of sunlight falls directly upon it. Beyond this town of eternal shadows is the celebrated Naerodal ravine so ravishing in its grandeur.

To the right upon which we drove in the Stulkarren, towers the great glittering Jordalsnut, on the left of the Hemre and Hylland. Everywhere was the sound of falling water—waterfall succeeding waterfall, silvery ribbons, foaming torrents, spray and mist everywhere. In three days we saw one hundred and sixty waterfalls, eighty-six in one day's drive and twenty more in sailing through the Naerofjord.

There are no finer, more cleanly roads in the world. They are cut through mountains whose boulders, split off from overhanging peaks by frost or avalanche, frown down as though about to entomb those beneath. Summer traveling by night or by day is all the same so far as the light is concerned; lunching at six A. M. and dining at ten, it is difficult to tell which is to-day, yesterday or to-night.

The Via Mala Gorge is magnificent beyond all dreams. The river Laerdal winds its way there through gigantic cliffs which rise on either side to a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet but barely affording width for the river roaring and writhing, foam-flecked from its seething waters. The most sublime of all these ocean highways is the Naerofjord with its tremendous perpendicular cliffs. Thus we reached the foot of the Stalheimsklev, where we alighted and walked up the "Klev." It is against the laws of Norway to drive up the tortuous winding Naerdal road, splendid though it is, and a notice informs the traveler it is imperative that the horse ascend unburdened, a quaint little touch making us the happier. And the staunch little Norwegian steeds, the strongest, prettiest and most lovable of ponies, seem to appreciate the thoughtfulness. Upon the right of the "Klev" is the Sirlefos and on the left Stalheimfos, two picturesque waterfalls, sinking even the famous Geissbach into insignificance. We reached Stalheim in time for luncheon, but feasting on the grand panorama below and about us was far preferable to being confined even for the few minutes we allowed ourselves. Mountains, forests, turbulent streams, awful gorges and fjords, make a

picture weird and startlingly beautiful. Again we entered our Stulkarrens and were driven down the mountain on the opposite side toward Voss or Vossevangen, where after an afternoon of exquisite scenes we reached our destination, passing the night at the Hotel Fleischer, resembling the Vinge and Trinde hotels at Vassestranden, where we stopped for coffee during the afternoon.

A special train conveyed us to the shores of the river Voss, through innumerable tunnels and along winding ways to Bergen, where it never rains but it pours, and nearly always rains. Bergen is one of the oldest and most picturesque towns in Norway, with nearly 40,000 inhabitants. The harbor, called the Vaagen, in which lay several German war vessels, is extended around by the town, back to the rocky spurs of the Fleifjeld, and over the peninsula of Nordnes, which separates the Vaagen from the Puddefjord and spreads out towards the Lille and Store Lungegaardsvand. The streets are called "Gader," the lanes and passages "Smug" or "Smutter" and the squares "Almenninge."

Bergen was founded in 1075. In 1223 a national diet was held there, at which Haakon Haakossen's title to the crown was recognized.

We did quite a bit of shopping on the Strand-Gade—the enamel ware, which is made exquisitely in Norway, being most seductive.

At the end of the Strand-Gade lie the Torr and Torv-Almening; to the northwest of the Torv extends the Tydske-brygge or German quay, where the northern fishing smacks land. The Funnegaard, next to the Torv has been preserved and converted into a museum called the Hanseatic League. This we visited and were greatly interested. We also visited the Mariakirke, erected in the twelfth century; this was the Hanseatic church from 1408 to 1766; the Nave is Romanesque, the choir Gothic; the unique pulpit and altar dates from the 17th century. The entrance to the harbor is defended by the old fortress of Bergenhaus, with the Rosenkrantz or Valkendorfs Tower, originally built by Haakon Haakonsson and extended by Rosenkrantz in 1565. Several cannon balls built

into the walls and gilded, recall an attempt of English ships to capture the Dutch fleet in 1665. Above the fortress are the scanty remains of the ancient Svesvesborg; the fire-watch is Fort Fredariksberg which crowns the southwest side of the harbor, and between it and the Puddefjord, is the peninsula of Nordnaes, which projects far into the sea. A new quarter has sprung up around the Lille; Lungegaardsvand, a park, a grand cafe, the Norge Hotel and a monument to Ole Bull, that Paganini of the north, are here. Near this park is the Vestlandske Museum with a bronze statue of the painter, Dahl, by Ambrosia Tonnesen, on the facade.

There is also the Bergenske Museum. On the hill is the church of St. John, to the east the Nygaards Park and outside the gate of the park to the south, on the bay of the Solhemsvik is an aquarium—the Damelssens Biological Station.

The Church of the Cross, built in 1170, was visited. The Cathedral, originally a monastery, erected in 1248, consists of a Nave and south aisle only. Outside the Stadsport, built about 1630, runs the Kalfarvee with its old plantations and remarkably luxuriant gardens.

On the right is the Pleisstiftelse, a hospital for lepers.

From the Fjeldvei, a road half way up the Fleifjeld, is obtained the finest view of Bergen, though a more extensive one is to be had from the Fleien about 1000 feet above from which one sees the Hardenger Fjord. This was our last glimpse of the wondrous fjords, for the following day we entered the North Sea from Hamberg. So ended the glorious cruise through the Nordland, where cliffs and fjords seem to restrain the passions of the sea, where the profoundest revolutions occur without violence or uproar, where as one writer has said: "As if wills of granite—or shall we say a moral coldness inherited from the glaciers—checked every tempest, every outburst of joy or grief, every sentiment of triumph; every song of exultation in the feminine as well as in the masculine heart."

From Hamburg we journeyed to Berlin, Dresden, through Austria, Hungary, Italy, France and Switzerland. Again we were in England and coached from one end of Ireland to the

other, spending many weeks in the beauteous land of Innes-fallen, but nothing could approach the cruise on the "Oceana" --the delights of the midnight sun, the Isfjord, the strangeness of lonely Spitzbergen, Advent Bay and Bell Sound—the lavish love of nature for Norway with the marvellous majesty of her mountains, the grandeur of her glorious fjords—the memory of him who lies there on the hill overlooking the lovely Bay of Bergen, the scene he loved so well. Only his Viking ancestors who had grown strong of arm and heart, by sword and battle-axes, could have given to this valiant Norseman—Ole Bull—the power to so wield the bow. But those who have grown to love Norway, to revel in her stupendous beauty and her wonders—to these are given the joy of recalling at will the kaleidoscopic visions and to transport themselves into the fairy land where through all the sweet, tranquil hours, along paths of glimmering gold they are borne upon noiseless wings where fancy's magic wands wave and beckon, keeping time to the wild passionate throbbing of that violin, whose strains sweetly stealing through the evening's soft shadows, fill sky and sea with its weirdly fascinating melodies—the songs of the Sagas—leaving lights lingering on mountain and fjord or flashing forth in radiance sublime through drifting silvery-veiled clouds, as billows of rose and amber and gray float phantom-like above the Siren Sea, revealing colors so harmonious, so indescribably beautiful, so daringly portrayed by the unerring Artist, whose Master-hand paints this bit of heaven on our earth below.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'86

Monte Carlo, Monaco, March 1, 1911

Emerson College Magazine:—

I have received the Magazine for this year. It seems good to get news from the college, especially when so far away.

I was glad to see the number in appreciation of Dr. Emerson. I consider his influence and teaching one of the greatest, if not the greatest help of my life. I became a pupil when there were three members of the faculty: Dr. Emerson, Miss Blood and Dr. (then Mr.)

Alden, and we were under Dr. Emerson's instruction about half of the time. He seemed to see the personal need of every student, and to be able to start him aright on the path of life. As a lecturer, dramatic reader and teacher, I never cease to feel his wonderful influence. But what I received in other lines is as great. I wonder how I would have succeeded in raising my family of children, but for the ideas he instilled into his pupils, that helped in that most important of all the important things of life.

I wish to correct several mistakes in the letter in the Magazine from Dr. Field. Dr. Emerson did not give me a reduction in tuition when I entered the school. He allowed me to make easy payments, and I paid full tuition until I graduated. None of my daughters were ever members of the school for a day. I would have had them all graduate, but they chose other lines of life, and felt they had received Emersonian instruction at home to help them in a general way. It is my sister, Mrs. Niver, and not my daughter, who graduated from Emerson and is now teaching.

I am now sitting on the shores of the Mediterranean, basking in the warm sunshine of the Principality of Monaco. This little country of less than 400 acres is considered one of the most cleanly, healthy and beautiful countries in the world. It certainly is cleanly and beautiful. I have been a victim of rheumatism for several years and my daughter brought me here for my health and in one month there is marked improvement. I wish the school might have a holiday here. As I sit out of doors writing it is hard to realize that there are ice, snow and "blizzards" in dear old Boston.

As I raise my eyes I see the "Cornich road" half way up the mountain side. It is an old Roman road, and over it Napoleon marched his troops to some of his victories. I can see nearly all of Monaco, some of France and one range of mountains in Italy. An American yacht is anchored near. It is beautiful here, but the Riviera must be seen to be appreciated.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON

'09 The following little autobiography recently appeared in the Castle Square Theatre Program Magazine. In the same number was a portrait of Miss McDannel as Peter in "The End of the Bridge," which has recently closed its ninth week at the Castle Square Theatre:

"My childhood memories of acting go back—and it is not so very far back, either—to the age of six. Like many children I delighted in taking a youthful part in theatrical performances, and my choicest recollection is of playing one of the pages in "Cinderella." It was a mere childish play, but I

doubt if I shall ever take such pride again in anything I may do on the stage. Certainly at the time it seemed to me even more important than Peter in "The End of the Bridge" does to me now. Of course we had our box office prices, like a real theatre, and we charged no less than two cents for adults and one cent for children.

So you see my love for the stage and my ambition to become an actress have existed practically all my life. Of course a great deal of this was due to my environment and to the incentive of my mother's example, for she was a trainer of actors and a teacher of expression. I used to delight to go into her studio when I was a tiny little girl, and I much preferred to watch her and to dream dreams of my own future to joining my playmates in the usual games of childhood. While I was studying at the high school, and until I graduated, I frequently appeared in amateur theatricals under the direction of my mother.

But like everyone who has ambitions, I was not satisfied. I wanted to attain a wider knowledge of the art of the stage that always appealed to me, and I wanted the experience that comes from study and actual appearance before the public. I therefore came to Boston and entered the Emerson College of Oratory, and I am sure that the benefit I received there was incalculable. It gave me understanding and self-confidence that was of infinite assistance, and I shall never be sorry that I took a course of study before turning to the stage itself as my profession.

My first steps on the stage were taken in that successful play of rural New England life, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," and although my role was a small one, I did my very best with it in the full assurance that it was the starting point in my public career. After that I filled a few minor engagements, and these led me to the threshold of the Castle Square. You may remember that during the very first week of the current season I appeared as the son of the Indian mother and English father who was taken across the ocean to be educated, and although there was much in that character, it was of course nothing to Peter.

I have wanted so much to do something worth doing, and I feel that I have found it in Peter. It seems to me that this is the chance to bring out what of art there has always been in me, and which I have wanted to express. Peter is a child himself, and he appeals to the simple hearts and minds of little children. The stage is just the place for him, for it reaches all classes of humanity, and I venture to say that he will do much to educate and inspire the public of all ages who go to the theatre. I am glad and proud to act Peter, and I hope I do him justice."

'04 Miss Olive R. Rusk is appointed for next year to Elizabeth College, North Carolina.

'05 Miss Edith M. Wills of Boston, prominently connected with the Scientific Temperance Federation, gave a very fine address on temperance from a scientific standpoint at the Curtis Memorial Free Baptist Church last evening. She also spoke before the Sunday Schools of this church and of the First Baptist Church at noon, using charts. This morning she gave an address with charts before the Ministers' Association. She received a vote of thanks. It was recommended that she seek an opportunity to present the same address before the teachers of the public schools of the city.—Concord (N. H.) Evening Monitor, April 18, 1910.

'09 The Dramatic Recital given by Miss Amy Glen Witter last Saturday evening in the Sons of England Hall was a literary treat as well as a successful and enjoyable entertainment. In her choice of selection, Miss Witter gave her audience ample opportunity to hear her versatility of interpretation. In lyric as well as dramatic selections, Miss Witter was equally capable of bringing out the meaning of true sentiment of the authors. In her lighter pieces Miss Witter entertained her audience by her manner of rendition, and in her more dramatic numbers she thrilled her listeners with the tragedy or pathos of the words as the reading demanded.—Saturday Sunset, Vancouver, B. C.

'04 Miss Emma D. Randall of Whitwright, Texas, who has been with the Dixie Lyceum Bureau five years, has now been engaged to do entertainment work for the Redpath-Slayton Bureau.

'08 Miss May Ross, Director of the Dramatic Department in the University of New Mexico, is coaching the annual

play to be given at the Elk's Theatre. The play is "A Rose o' Plymouth Town."

'09 Mary Eleanor Rogers, social director of the Y. W. C. A. at Brockton, Mass., recently most successfully coached the W. C. T. U. Medal Contest in that city. Miss Rogers has also made a splendid success as coach of "The Village Post-office," presented by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A.

'04 Excellent press notices were given in the Staunton Dispatch and News, also the Staunton Daily Leader of the three-act comedy, "A King's Daughter," given at the Mary Balwin Seminary and coached by Miss Alice May Hamlin, who was with us last year for a post-graduate course.

'10 Grace Martyn Weir, Director of the Department of Oratory at Northland College, Ashland, Wis., is coaching the Dramatic club in "Pygmalion and Galatea," also the Seniors in "The Elopement of Ellen." Miss Weir besides prepares her pupils for a recital each month. Her own recital engagements are many. At a dinner given by Mrs. G. A. Sparling she was the reader. Says a local paper: "Miss Weir appeared with a wide variety of numbers, showing her decided versatility. She made such an impression with her various numbers she gave that she completely captivated the club members and she was received with every evidence of hearty appreciation."

'10 Hugh W. Towne has become a member of the Westminster Company under the direction of the White Bureau. Mr. Towne is a delightful entertainer, making character songs a specialty.

'04 The recital of Professor Bernard Lambert, which occurred Wednesday evening, was very largely attended. This was Professor Lambert's first appearance before a Mount Vernon audience, and he won golden opinions. He was received with applause. His first number consisted of three poems, Tennyson's "Ulysses," Browning's "My Last Duchess," and "Love Among the Ruins." He gave a fine and thoughtful interpretation of these exacting and varied selections. Prof. Lambert read next a scene from "The Merchant of Venice," and a scene from "As You Like It." Mark Twain's "Encounter with an

Interviewer" showed Prof. Lambert's mastery of humorous interpretation. He delighted the audience and gave them an amusing Irish bit for an encore.—From *The Cornellian*, Mount Vernon, Iowa.

'02 Extracts from a chapel talk given by Cora Morris, during a recent visit at the college:

"I am glad of this opportunity because I have something to tell you. I have been asked to speak to you from my own experience. Particularly do I wish to say something which will be helpful to those of you who, when you leave here, do not intend to accept positions in schools or colleges. Perhaps you have not the health or the inclination to meet the continual "grind" of the school year. Perhaps, because of various limitations, you will be unable to secure positions.

"I wish to suggest to you something which everyone of you can do. All of you know of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as an organization and of their work. Many of you know of their work among the young people in the way of oratorical contests. I will explain for the benefit of any who are not acquainted with that branch of the work. At the head of the Department of Contests there is a National Superintendent of Contests; in each state, a state superintendent; in each county, a County Superintendent, and in each city and town where there is a Union a Local Superintendent, or there should be.

"First—To hold a silver medal contest, nor more than eight or less than six girls or boys or girls and boys over fifteen years of age form a class to compete for the silver medal; the literature used to be taken from the eighteen books supplied by the Medal Contest Department and the expense of training and medal is borne by the Union. When six silver medal contests have been held, the six winners of silver medals may form a class to compete for the gold medal; and so on in turn, may be held grand gold, diamond and grand diamond medal contests, being governed by the rules applying to the silver medal contest. The contestants winning grand gold and diamond medals are allowed a discount upon a year's tuition at Columbia College of Expression, Chicago; which offer, I believe, has also been made by Emerson College.

"Young people from neighboring towns and counties may unite to form classes to compete for the various medals. There are also Matrons, Silver Gray and Musical contests. This work bears a two-fold fruit; it interests the young people, and through them, the older people in a righteous cause.

"Many Unions, because the matter has not been brought to their notice or having no one to train the contestants, do not hold contests. How does this concern you?

"You are the ones, you teachers, when you leave here to go to

your homes in nearly every state in our land, to visit the president of your local union, suggest to her the advantages of holding contests, secure her co-operation and be appointed to train the contestants. And then—enter upon the work with a heart full of love and sympathy for all humanity—and especially for the young people with whom it will be your privilege to come in contact.

"This work has become to me, as it will to you, of vital interest. I count it one of my greatest privileges to number among my friends the young students whom I have trained for these contests, and to feel that I am a help to them.

"My part in this work has been small, but if I can create in you an interest which you will carry home in your hearts,—what a widespread movement this may become."

'06 A letter of suggestion from Marshall Pancoast, Director of the Department of Expression and Literary Interpretation at the State Normal School, Greeley, Colorado, reached us recently—also an interesting number of programs, which have been presented by the students. We wish it were possible to print in full the excellent suggestions offered in the programs. As it is, we are giving gleanings, which undoubtedly will be helpful to those at home and in the field. We note a *Myra Keeley* program by the girls of the *Emerson Club*; a *Riley Program*, presented by the Ninth Grade; "*As You Like It*" presented by the Tenth Grade; a *J. W. Foley Program*, presented by the Ninth Grade; *The Real Thing* by John Kendrick Bangs, presented by the Eleventh Grade; a *Harriet Beecher Stowe Program* by the Tenth Grade, besides miscellaneous programs. Among the productions of the *Shakespearean Literary Society* are: "*Prince Ferdinand*," an operetta in four acts; "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*"; "*Martin Chuzzlewit*"; "*Cinderella*," an operetta; "*David Copperfield*," and "*Little Snow White*," an operetta in two acts.

'96 Recently Mr. Charles M. Holt successfully directed the production of "*The Merchant of Venice*" given by the Dramatic Club at the University of Minnesota, where Mr. Holt is the Director of Oratory and Dramatic Art.

'09 While many a time opportunity makes the actress, the actress sometimes meets the opportunity half way. This may fairly be said of Henrietta McDannel, who by acting Peter in "*The End of the*

Bridge," at the Castle Square, has leaped into the limelight at a single bound. It was really her first chance, and aided by the author of the play and by Mr. Craig, she has taken good advantage of it. Miss McDannel's experience at the Castle Square dates back to the first week of the present season, when she acted the son of the hero of "The Squaw Man," but after that she was obliged to wait many a week until Peter came. But Mr. Craig foresaw her talent, and he has done nothing that has shown better perception than in keeping her a member of his company week after week, when there was no role for her to play.

How old is Miss McDannel? Well, that is a secret that need not be disclosed. Peter, the little boy, whom she presents so artistically in "The End of the Bridge," is 10 years old, and Miss McDannel does not look a day older. But, of course, she has passed her 10th birthday by quite a few years, for otherwise the Massachusetts laws would say an emphatic "no" to her appearance on the Castle Square Stage. —The Boston Post.

